

AMUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS—

LOS ANGELES THEATRE

THE GREATEST MUSICAL EVENT OF THE SEASON
One Night of Operatic Music,
THURSDAY, FEB. 5th
... THE CHARMING MEZZO-SOPRANO ...

Zelie
DeLussan

Later Member of the Grand Opera Co.
In an Evening of 11 Acts

ARIAS, BALLADS AND ...

SELECTIONS FROM

"Carmen" "Mignon"

"Pagliacci"

"Cavalleria" etc.

And Operatic Roles and Songs by

French, English and Italian Composers,

made famous by her.

Seats for sale at the Theatre Box

Office. PRICES—50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50

and \$2.00.

LOS ANGELES THEATRE—A COSTUME RECITAL

One Night Only—Saturday, Feb. 7.

EUGENE COWLES

And His Company of Celebrities

IN A GRAND FAREWELL COSTUME RECITAL, PRESENTING ACTS FROM

"CARMEN," "ANANIAS," "THE SERENADE,"

"LES HUGUENOTS" and "ROBIN HOOD"

In roles made famous by him with the Bostonians and Alice Neilson Company.

Seats now on sale. PRICES—50c, 75c, \$1.00.

LOS ANGELES THEATRE—THE MUSICAL EVENT

NEXT FRIDAY AFTERNOON, Feb. 6, at 3 p.m.

FIFTH CONCERT OF NEW SEASON—1902-1903.

Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra

HARLEY HAMILTON, Director.

PROGRAMME: TWO SYMPHONIC POEMS—

"Cortez" (1st) Tchaikovsky (2nd) Liszt

"First Symphony in B Flat" Schumann

Mr. Frederick Zeck Composer

DIRECTOR OF SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, will direct the orchestra for

his two appearances.

Single seats on sale at the Theatre Box Office, Monday, Feb. 24. PRICES—50c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and

\$2.00. Seats still on sale—special location.

CUMMOK HALL—THURSDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 5, 3 O'CLOCK.

MISS ALICE COWLEY will be assisted in her INTERPRETIVE RECITAL BY MISS

REDFORD JOY

A Schumann Afternoon

After interpreting the Symphony Programme, Miss Cowley will play a group of Schumann

songs and also play a group of Schumann songs. Tickets for the remaining four

concerts at 50c. of Cummock Hall. Single admission 50 cents.

CUMMOK HALL—Postponed One Week—

OWING TO THE THREATENING WEATHER, THE

Oriental Symposium

HAS BEEN POSTPONED TO SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 7, 3 O'CLOCK, and tickets sold

for yesterday will be honored at that time. Admission 50 cents.

HUTES—THEATRE—PARK—ZOO—MIDWAY—

Today (Sunday)—Afternoon and Evening.

... BIG SPECIAL BILL ...

Prof. Frank Hamilton, Aeronaut,

Will make a BALLOON ASCENSION AND PARACHUTE JUMP.

THE CATALINA MARINE BAND

(25 Catalina) Promenade Concert Afternoon and Evening.

THEATER

Most Extraordinary Vaudeville Bill Ever Offered, including

MME. SCHELL,

Queen of All Lion Tamers—Positively the Greatest Animal Act Ever Seen—Don't Miss It.

... ALSO ...

JAMES FLYNN

Debut from New York, Comedian and Parody Singer—First Appearance in Los Angeles.

Admission 50c. Ladies and Children, 25c, excepting Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays.

ELECTRIC THEATRE—263 South Main, Opp. Third St.

NEW! NEW! NEW!

TONIGHT—AND EVERY NIGHT.

MAMA'S BABY, MAMA'S BABY,

AND PIGGIE'S BABIES.

Love in the Dark; the Summer Girl's First Bath; Steamship St. Louis Showing Her Speed;

Columbus and the Steamship; the Great Shipwreck; the Great Shipwreck; the Great Shipwreck;

and a number of other scenes.

Admission 50c. and 25c. Children 10c. and 5c. Adults only 10c. and 5c.

CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM—South Pasadena—

... BROOD OF ...

Baby Ostriches Just Hatched

The Original Ostrich Farm of America.

BROADWAY THEATRE—S. W. Cor. Broadway

and Sixth Street.

LOCAL WEATHER REPORT.

YESTERDAY: Maximum temperature 88

degrees; minimum 44 degrees. Wind, S. S. W., east.

velocity 4 miles; 5 p. m., southwest, velocity 10

miles. At midnight the temperature was 50

degrees.

TODAY: At 8 a. m. the temperature was 48

degrees; clear; no frost.

Forecast for Los Angeles and vicinity: Un-

settled, with occasional showers, probably snow

in mountains; light southwest winds.

San Francisco and vicinity: Unsettled, with

showers; continued cold; fresh southwest

winds.

(The complete weather report, including

Commutative Temperatures, will be found on

page 2, Part II.)

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IN TODAY'S ISSUE OF

The Times

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SYNOPSIS.

THE CITY. Mayor Snyder says poli-

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with deadly weapon. ... Ralph He-

OMINOUS ASPECT OF VENEZUELAN AFFAIR.

United States Takes Steps to Forestall Serious Developments.

Navy Yards Ordered to Hurry Work on Gun Carriages and Repairing of Ships—Germany Trying to Buy Warships from Chile—French-American Alliance to Be Extended to Other Interested Nations.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Baron Von Sternberg, Germany's new representative at this capital, today set earnestly about his task of establishing better relations between the United States and Germany and lessening the tension over Venezuela, but in spite of his efforts, there were more sensational developments today than any yet; developments that show clearly and are officially admitted to show that the United States fears serious developments and has commenced preparations to meet anything that may arise.

Along this line was an order issued to all navy yards today to hurry up work on gun carriages and repair work upon ships. Under this order the navy yards of the country will immediately commence working under three shifts per day, thus keeping the machine shops busy the entire twenty-four hours. The Navy Department, in announcing that it has ordered naval work rushed, seems an explanation, simply taking the broad ground that there are elements in the present situation that may bring trouble any week or day, and that the United States must be prepared for whatever happens.

Another development showing that the United States is alert to the situation came from the Navy Department by American statesmen to shield the evidence.

In conclusion the Postmaster-General said he was confident that America would look in a friendly manner on the efforts to secure that reduction for British subjects which it would feel to be its first duty to obtain for American citizens.

ALLIES REFUSE TO FOREIGN CONCLUSION.

BOWEN'S PROPOSAL SURE TO BE TURNED DOWN.

In That Event the Minister Will Appeal to Other Powers to Form an International Combination Against Venezuela's Rapacious Oppressors.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] With the English, German and Italian representatives have not presented to Minister Bowen a final refusal of their governments to accept his terms for settlement of the Venezuelan question, it is now generally understood that this will be done. The administration regards the negotiations as having failed already, and is very much concerned over such an unpropitious outcome.

Eowen's notice to the English, German and Italian representatives that if the allies insisted on preferential treatment, he would appeal to the United States, France, Holland, Spain and other nations which have bills against Venezuela, and thus pave the way for a powerful international combination against the allied governments, has apparently had no effect in London, Berlin and Rome. France is very anxious to form such a combination, but there is a feeling in Washington that the allies will not be influenced by that fact.

It is understood that Bowen has been advised by those of whom he has counsel in his difficulties to draw up a protocol providing for reference of the Venezuelan dispute to the Hague tribunal of arbitration, and lay it before the English, German and Italian representatives.

The allies have already virtually committed themselves to reference of the dispute to the Hague court, provided the Washington negotiations come to nothing, and it is maintained here that they are morally bound to do so in the existing circumstances.

Resort to the Hague court at this juncture is not favored by Bowen, however. He intends to adhere to his original position, and will, in fact, call the French, American, Spanish, Belgian, Dutch, Swedish, and Danish governments into these negotiations, making a virtual appeal to them to help Venezuela out of her difficulties. Should this plan of bringing the allies to acceptance of the Venezuelan plan fail, reference to the Hague will be suggested as a last resort.

With the presentation of Baron Speck von Sternberg to the President, Count Quadt ceased to be the principal German representative here, and will not take further part in the negotiations with Bowen. The coming of the new German plenipotentiary is regarded as a favorable sign by those who hope for the acceptance of Bowen's plan of settlement.

Baron Von Sternberg has already begun to acquaint himself with the sentiments of the United States government concerning the mission of Bowen and will, it is understood, endeavor to bring a full statement of his personal views as to what course should be taken in Venezuelan affairs. His intimate friendship with President Roosevelt gives him a great advan-

tage in ascertaining the feeling of the administration, and no doubt is felt that he and the President will discuss the Venezuelan situation without reserve.

PRESENTS HIS CREDENTIALS.

[BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31.—Baron Speck von Sternberg, the special representative of Germany in the Venezuelan negotiations, who arrived in Washington last night, was presented to President Roosevelt by Secretary Hay today. The call was formal, the Baron desiring to present his credentials as special Minister from Germany to this country, before taking charge of the embassy's affairs in the absence of Ambassador Von Holle. The exchanges were verbal, the President for this occasion waiving the usual preparatory ceremonies, and Baron Sternberg confining himself to an expression of the Emperor's friendly feeling for the United States, and his own gratification at being able to return to America in this capacity. The President responded in a felicitous vein, incidentally expressing the hope that the Baron's coming would result in the settlement of all pending questions, this being an indirect reference to the Venezuelan issue. Bowen this afternoon.

PRaises the President.

[BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31.—To a representative of the Associated Press, Baron Sternberg expressed the gratification he felt at returning to the United States.

"I am reminded of the changes that have taken place since I was here more than ten years ago as a military attaché. Then your President was a Civil Service Commissioner. I do not pose as a prophet, but when I first met Mr. Roosevelt I was deeply impressed with his untiring energy and essential sincerity of purpose. It was this combination which convinced me that some day I should see him at the head of this great nation.

"When I said goodbye to him upon my departure from Washington the first time, I said: 'When I again congratulate you, Mr. Roosevelt, you will be one step nearer the White House.' On hearing of his appointment as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, I wrote him: 'Permit me to congratulate you on the second step nearer the Presidency,' and when he was elected Governor of New York I wrote him: 'The next time I offer you my congratulations it will be addressed to President Roosevelt.'

"I know he would be President, because I knew the stuff he was made of. To me, and the same opinion prevails in Europe, your President is the personification of what is good and great and healthy in America.

"You appreciate the fact that I cannot as yet talk of the primary object of my mission—the conduct of the Venezuelan negotiations. I shall take up the threads and proceed at once in my endeavor to effect a settlement. I want the American people to know that Germany is an anxious for an early conclusion of this question as any of the negotiators.

"I am glad to see the point made that the Monroe doctrine is not in any way involved in the Venezuelan situation."

BOWEN'S HOPEFUL VIEW.

[BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31.—It is learned tonight that Minister Bowen is taking a very hopeful view of the situation. The adverse reply of the allies to his latest proposal had not delivered to him up to this hour. The fact that forty-eight hours have now elapsed since any communication has been received from the allies, gives rise to the belief that the powers are carefully considering his proposals. Baron Speck von Sternberg called on Mr. Bowen this afternoon and was in consultation with him for some time. Minister Bowen did not return the call, but has arranged to do so tomorrow afternoon. The inference is that no reply will be presented to Minister Bowen before that time.

JOHN BULL IN ROLE OF CHRONIC APOLOGIST.

MAKING VAIN EXCUSES FOR THE GERMAN ALLIANCE.

Trying to Alay Popular Irritation at Home and Maintain Friendship with United States While Trenching on the Monroe Doctrine.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

LONDON, Jan. 31.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The British Foreign Office considers it necessary to apologize for the German alliance. This is clear from Lord Cranborne's speech at Sheffield last night, and is a small concession to national feeling. Lord Cranborne even went so far as to declare that he was not at all satisfied at the popular irritation, feeling how certain irresponsible Germans had irritated Englishmen during the Boer war. Lord Cranborne conveniently forgot Count Von Buelow's outburst, which so aroused Chamberlain. Moreover, when he attempted to prove that England is doing no more with Germany in Venezuela than with the Italians in Somalia and other powers in Crete, he conveniently forgets the clause of the Anglo-German compact which binds each power to continuous cordian unity both on land and sea.

But the British Foreign Office in its public utterances always shows this strange aloofness from the common man's point of view. The wonder is that Lord Cranborne brought himself to admit, as he did, that after the defense of British interests, the great business of the Foreign Office is to maintain friendship with the United States. In fact, remembering the man and his post, that is a small admission.

The latest aspect of the Venezuelan affair serves to emphasize, in the minds of Englishmen, the incongruity of the intermediate stage in which the relations of the powers to the South American states now stand. Englishmen see the American Minister at Caracas acting as the accredited agent of President Castro, and yet that Minister's chief at Washington declines all responsibility for the Venezuelan proceedings. It is at this point that English opinion fails to follow

STATE OF ARIMEXI.

Statehood May Be Compromised.

Proposition to Admit the Two Territories as One State Possible Solution.

Contest Over Quay's Omnibus Bill Has Become a Question of Endurance.

Senate Passes Army Reorganization Bill—Statutes of Maryland Heroes Accepted.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Developments in the Senate today indicate that there will be a compromise upon the Omnibus Statehood Bill within the next week, and that there is some probability that the compromise will consist of joining Arizona and New Mexico in a single State and admitting it along with Oklahoma. This proposition was suggested to Senator Quay some time ago and rejected by him, as it was rejected at that time by Senators opposing Statehood for the three Territories, but with the deadlock continuing as at present, both sides acknowledge that there will be an extra session of Congress if something is not done immediately to unravel the tangle.

QUAY'S LATEST STRATEGY.

Senator Quay today got his Statehood Bill tacked on the Agricultural Appropriation Bill as a rider. This was done by the Senate Committee on Agriculture, and a canvass of the House Committee on Agriculture reveals the fact that the committee would do the same thing if it gets a chance. With that condition of affairs in existence, there will be no hope of avoiding an extra session of Congress without cutting the Statehood bill out of the omnibus bill. Quay's latest strategy is to keep the bill in the air until the Agricultural Appropriation Bill would mean leaving no great department up in the air without a dollar with which to conduct its affairs after July 1 next.

CONTEST OF ENDURANCE.

Senator Quay is at all intents and purposes entirely ready to have an extra session forced rather than to surrender to the minority. Senators Beveridge and Aldrich insist that they will welcome an extra session, if they opposition can defeat the bill. The contest has become one of endurance. Senator Quay and Senator Beveridge have each an equal dread of an extra session. Each expects the other to yield, and each is willing to go to the very brink of an extra session before surrendering.

The opponents of the Statehood Bill have little advantage. The bill is comprised of trip fighters, of Senators unexcelled in parliamentary skill, who have been accustomed to rule the Senate. Senator Quay's troops, on the other hand, while containing many veterans, are for the most part green. They have not the advantage of years of fighting shoulder to shoulder, and there is constant danger that Democratic defection of the postmaster Quay and his two chief Republican lieutenants, Gallinger and Foraker, may cause them to disintegrate.

WHO WILL WEAKEN?

The present probability is that the Quay forces will weaken first. If they remain firm an extra session seems to be inevitable. The Statehood Bill was not considered in the Senate today, but it builds its place on the calendar.

GEN. GROSVENOR'S BOOK.

AGENTS HUMILIATE AUTHOR.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Gen. Grosvenor, when asked about the methods of book agents tonight, said: "I never had any other connection with the publishing firm that is getting out our book, than to furnish them with material. I guess the story will cause a ten days' wonder. But the people of my home know that I would be no party to such a scheme. I have known about this thing for some time, and I have warned every one I could, not to be taken in."

"It is not the publisher's fault. He has a large sum of money invested, and I am doing what I can to help him out. He has not yet paid for the book. Why, one of these fellows went to former Senator Chandler and told the Senator I had sent him. I want the public to know that story is all wrong, and that they should be ware and not buy because I am in poverty. I am sorry the thing has occurred."

Many persons have received begging letters from agents for Gen. Grosvenor's book. The letters have repeatedly dwelt with great emphasis on Gen. Grosvenor's poverty, and the fact that a subscription to his "Book of the Presidents" is really a deed of charity to a deserving public man. One wealthy gentleman of this city, well known for his wide interest in philanthropy, gave his check for \$100, but said he did not want the book.

James H. Moran, president of the American Trading Company, received from "Col. H. D. Hampe, one of the agents for the 'Book of the Presidents,' a letter under date of January

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.)

SPORTING RECORD BIG BRUISERS MAY FIGHT.

Leading Heavy Weights in
Tongue Preliminaries.

Out of Much Talk There is
Chance for Some Action.

Exciting Races at Oakland in
Which Talent Pick Winners.
Crescent City Card.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
CHICAGO, Jan. 31.—[Exclusive Dis-
patch.] Three big fight battles may
be pulled off this spring. Out of all
the current talk, something will come.
The Munroe-Barney match is prac-
tically settled. They will meet in
New York Tuesday night, sign articles
and post their forfeits. The match
will be either at Butte, Mont., or Fort
Erie.

Fitzsimmons and Ryan have been
hurling word javelins at each other
from a distance. Both are now at
Kansas City, and should get together
and agree upon terms. Fitz is willing
to meet Ryan during the summer for
\$10,000 or more side bet, all the purse
and the world's middleweight cham-
pionship. Ryan is willing to meet
Fitzsimmons for the championship, and
to wait until after the theatrical sea-
son ends, to sign articles of agree-
ment.

Jeffries is ready for a finish fight,
but Corbett says: "Championship bat-
tles in recent years have not been to
a finish."

Jeffries said: "I insist on a finish
fight. Corbett can name all the other
conditions of the contest. I will de-
posit a forfeit as soon as Corbett
agrees to this one item."

HARRIS AGGREGATION.

TEAM FOR NEXT SEASON.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)
SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 31.—Man-
ager Harris of the San Francisco base-
ball team announces the following list
of players for next season:

Catchers, Tommy Leaky and Albert
Kelly; pitchers, Jimmy Whalen, Ham
Iburg and Harry Lindsey; first base,
Ed Palst; second base, John Burns;
third base, Charles Irwin; shortstop,
Danny Shay; left field, Henry Krug;
center field, Henry Lynch; right field,
Pet Meany; utility man, B. Delmas.

ESHERIN WINS THE CALIFORNIA OAKS.

CAPTURES IT IN HANDY STYLE
FROM NIGRETTE.

Durazo Captures Best Race of
the Day—Jockey Roscoe Trooler Barred
from the Track—Talent Pick Most of
the Winners.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 31.—Esherin,
the clever daughter of Escher, won the
California Oaks at Oakland today from a
good field. The weather was cloudy
and the track muddy. Six fillies went
to the post for the Oaks, Mi Reina be-
ing an added starter. Esherin was fa-
vorite, with Nigrette and Dainty, the
Jennings entry, next in demand. Ni-
grette and Mi Reina set the pace, with
Gravina next on the far turn. Bullman
moved up with Esherin, and, assuming
the lead in the stretch, she won from
Nigrette and Gravina. The race was
valued at \$2500, of which the winner
share was \$1500.

The mile-and-a-half handicap
went to Durazo, the favorite. Gold
Bell finished second, but was disquali-
fied for fouling. The Trotter secured
the place, and Hesper was played
his entry was refused except at
stake. The judges decided to return
to the old rule by which in their dis-
cretion they can place a horse in case
he is disqualified. Up to the present
they have placed horses last.

After inquesting the recent races of
Quis II, the judges recommended to the
stewards that Jockey Roscoe Trooler be
denied the privilege of the course of
the new California Jockey Club. Stun-
dary.

Plurality course, selling: Same Ful-
len, 105 (Shaw), even; won; Rinaldo, 108
(L. Jackson), 8 to 1, second; Nuliah,
110 (Waterbury), 16 to 1, third; time
1:12. Plurality, 1:12. Plurality, 1:12.
Bermuda, Sam Lazarus, Grey Fox,
Ragnarok II, Nat Goodwin, Mara-
schino, Grace Dauphin and Cousin Bar-
rie also ran.

One mile, selling: Diderot, 109 (Bir-
kenhead), 9 to 5, won; Dunblane, 112
(Shaw), 3 to 2, second; Urcin, 107
(Minder), 6 to 1, third; time 1:18.
Fane, Mr. Dingle and Mr. Farnum
also ran.

California Oaks, one mile and a fur-
long, value \$2500: Esherin, 112 (Bull-
man), 7 to 5, won; Nigrette, 112 (Shaw),
2 to 1, second; Gravina, 117 (Waldo),
Dainty and Gorgonette also ran.

Mile and a half, handicap: Durazo,
109 (Waldo), 2 to 1, won; second;
Hesper, 110 (Bullman), 14 to 1, third;
time 1:14. Same, 1:14. Same, 1:14.
Durazo and Bon Mot also ran. Gold
Bell finished second, but was disquali-
fied for fouling.

MEVEY WINS.

RANK SCRAPPING.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)

OXNARD, Jan. 31.—After three
hours of wrangling and scrapping over
the purse and the referee, and amid
howls and yelling, the McVey-Lavelle
fight was called at 1:30 a.m. McVey
won in the first round, after less than
a minute of fighting, with a terrific
right-hand swing to the neck. Frank
McVey of Oxnard referred after a long
quarrel over who was to have the
honor. The white boy had scores of
friends yelling for him as he entered
the ring, and showed himself to be an
exceedingly clever ringster, but
couldn't stand for a moment in the
mid-size before the colored lad's ter-
rific punches. He was down twice be-
fore the final blow that put him to

Inflammation of the Bladder

Mr. Michel Blandypos, Secretary Marlowe Club, New
Orleans, who Suffered from Inflammation
of the Bladder

Cured By

the Only Absolute Cure for All Diseases of the Kid-
ney, Liver, Bladder and Blood.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE



MR. MICHEL BLANDYPOS.

Gentlemen: It affords me the greatest pleasure to testify to the merits of Warner's Safe Cure, as I consider it was the sole means of restoring me to health. I suffered for nearly three years with inflammation of the bladder, causing me severe pains, also the most ter-
rible headaches, and at times I was unable to attend to my regular duties. I doctors
without receiving any benefit and felt very discouraged, when a club friend advised me to
try Warner's Safe Cure. It seemed as if there was not a sound organ in my body when I
began using it, but I gradually improved and felt much encouraged. It took seven months
to fully restore me to health, but during that time I used no medicine but the Safe Cure
and therefore know that I owe my recovery and good health of today entirely to it, and
am pleased to endorse it. Very truly yours, MICHEL BLANDYPOS, 357 Marais St., New
Orleans, La. Dec. 8, 1902. Secretary, "The Marlowe Club."

"Safe Cure" Cures Kidney Disease.

If you have pains in the back, rheumatism, uric acid poison, rheumatic gout, diabetes,
Bright's disease, inflammation of the bladder and urinary organs, acid urine, when you
urinate, excruciating swellings or torrid liver; if a woman, bearing-down smat-
ter, fainting spells, so-called female weakness, painful periods, these symptoms, when you
that your kidneys have been diseased for a long time, for kidney diseases seldom put out
such symptoms as the victim recognizes until they have been working several months. You
should lose no time—get a bottle of Safe Cure at your druggist's. It will relieve you at
once and effect a permanent cure. It kills all disease germs.

Doctors prescribe and hospitals use "Safe Cure" exclusively in all cases of kidney or
bladder trouble.

Warner's Safe Cure is purely vegetable and contains no narcotic or harmful drugs. It is
free from opium, and pleasant to take. It does not constitute. It is a most reliable and
effective tonic; it is a stimulant to digestion and awakens the torpid liver. It repairs the
tissue, cures all inflammation, stimulates the extended organs and helps to heal at
the same time. It builds up the body, gives it strength and restores energy. You can buy
Safe Cure at any drug store or direct.

Be sure you get "Warner's Safe Cure"—take no other.

TEST YOUR KIDNEYS. If you have some morning sickness or twenty-four hours in a
glass or bottle. If then it is milky or cloudy or contains a reddish, brick-dust sediment, or
if particles or germs float about in it, your kidneys are diseased.

Analysis Free.

If, after you have made this test, you have any doubt in your mind as to the development
of the disease in your system, send a sample of your urine to the Medical Department, War-
ner's Safe Cure Co., 100 West Third St., New York, N. Y., and our doctors will analyze it and give
with advice free of charge to you, together with a valuable book describing all diseases
of the kidney, bladder, blood, and urinary tract, and treatment for each. All correspondence
in strict confidence.

BEWARE OF SO-CALLED KIDNEY CURES WHICH ARE FULL OF SEDIMENT AND
OF BAD ODOUR—THEY ARE POSITIVELY HARMFUL AND DO NOT CURE.
WARNER'S SAFE CURE FILLS MOVE THE LOWEST GENTLY AND AID SPEEDY
CURE.

RAILROAD RECORD.

VENNER SUES ROCK ISLAND.

Attacks Validity of Late
Reorganization.

It is Hold-up Game According to
Officials of Company.

Offer Made by Plaintiff to Sell His
Stock Met With Refusal
from Management.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)

CHICAGO, Jan. 31.—A bill in equity
was filed here today, in the State Cir-
cuit Court, by C. H. Venner and Com-
pany of Boston, through their counsel,
James Hamilton Lewis, against the
Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Rail-
way Company of Illinois, the Rock
Island Railroad Company of Iowa, the
Rock Island Company of New Jersey,
the Central Trust Company of New
York, and the officers, directors and
prominent stockholders of those com-
panies, including William H. and James
H. Moore, William R. Leeds, Daniel
C. Reid, H. C. Frick, Marshall Field,
Ogden Mills, and others, attacking the
validity of the late reorganization of
the Rock Island railroad system, and
the legality of the issue of \$15,000,000
of the new stock, and demanding that
the Chicago and New Jersey companies of
the consolidation be declared "frauds,"
as created in violation of the Illinois
Constitution, and that the Central
Trust Company, the holders of the
stock and bonds of the consolidated
roads, be enjoined from voting the stock
or acting as trustees in Illinois, also
that the officers be declared guilty of a
breach of trust, and be appointed for the
stock properties.

SAYS IT IS HOLD-UP.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

NEW YORK, Jan. 31.—[Exclusive Dis-
patch.] Speaking of the suit filed
in Chicago today, a high official of the
Rock Island said:

"It does not surprise us to learn that
this suit has been filed. We do not

feel that any comment on the motive
of complaint is necessary, but do
not object to saying that Mr. Venner
has made overtures to us through our
counsel, intimating that we could
have his stock at a certain figure. We
understand that Mr. Venner bought 100
shares of stock of the Chicago, Rock
Island and Pacific Railroad Company
had been outlined to the public.

"The large financial interests in Wall
street, by their attitude in the Hodge
suit against the United States Steel
Corporation, backed by New York
passing when hold-up schemes can be
prosecuted profitably."

AMERICAN INVADERS.

CAPTURE ST. PETERSBURG.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)

NEW YORK, Jan. 31.—Referring to
negotiations that have been long pend-
ing for the construction of the elec-
tric traction in St. Petersburg, the
American tomorrow will say:
"After more than a year's incessant
negotiations with the various Russian
authorities, Murray A. Verner of
Pittsburgh, backed by New York
capital, has gained the important con-
cession. The entire construction will
cost not less than \$10,000,000.

"The offer of the American syndicate
was in the first instance rejected by
the St. Petersburg municipal authori-
ties, they being hostile to foreign in-
vestors in general, and to the American
scheme in particular."

The project involves the construction
of an underground railway, the chang-
ing of the network of existing horse
tramways into electric roads, the dry-
ing up of the Catherine Canal, the
building of sixteen iron bridges across
the River Nava, the conversion of a
hospital into a huge power station,
and the erection of a new hospital.

DISASTERS ON RAIL.

NEW PREVENTIVE SYSTEM.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

PARIS, Jan. 31.—[Exclusive Dis-
patch.] At a cost of \$3,000,000, the
French Railway administration is
about to establish through its entire
system what is known as a "rail tel-
ephone." It is a new invention, and
will reduce to the minimum, if not
render impossible, the chances of rail-
way accidents, which have lately oc-
curred with frightful frequency in
France.

Experiments conducted with the ap-
paratus, for some months, have proved
its entire practicability. Trains on the
same section of a road have been able
to communicate with each other with
the greatest ease, and have been
warned of each other's presence, and
rate of speed while miles apart; not-
withstanding obstructions on the track ahead
through breaking of the continuous
current, and kept in almost constant
communication with stations.

Jules Coutant, Socialist-Revolution-
ary Deputy for the Arrondissement of
Rennes, who is the inventor of the sys-
tem, said today: "Head-on collisions

...REDONDO BEACH...

If you were told of a new beach proposition that there would
be graded streets, gutters, curbs, sidewalks, electric lights,
three electric lines, two steam lines, two wharves, a magnifi-
cent hotel, the finest fishing, grand view of mountains and
ocean, you'd think it a pretty nice proposition, wouldn't you?

We have all these at Redondo. You don't have to buy
on paper prospects—these things are all in evidence and—
prices are 'way down; villa lots \$500 up; beach lots \$350 up;
business lots \$400 up.

Lots sold subject to building restrictions, alignment
clauses; in fact everything to ensure a profitable investment.
For prices and full particulars apply to

Edward D. Silent & Co., Sole Agents.

Redondo Department,
217 West Second St.
Telephone Main 1576.

(Established 1885.)

216-218 West Second St.

Los Angeles.

Unloading the Surplus



One
of these
fancy
vases,
rich
cut
pattern
in
emerald
or
crystal
glass,
with
gold
band
top, for

19c

Parmelee-Dohrmann Co.
232-234 SO. SPRING ST.

We've been at it a week, but there are still hundreds of articles from broken assortments, besides all the
over-stocks, at radically reduced prices. This list is merely suggestive of the way values run in the
china and glass departments.

Decorated Dinnerware.

Unloading the Surplus.

Matchless sets and not-to-be-duped patterns get
prices that will quickly find new owners for them.

100-piece sets of semi-porcelain, beautifully de-
corated—a \$10 value if they weren't mis-
matched—now, per set, \$8.50

50-piece cottage dinner sets, handsome shapes and
decorations. Work \$10.00 if they weren't
mismatched. Now, per set, \$4.85

100-piece sets of semi-porcelain, in dainty, graceful
shapes, prettily decorated in blue; but a pair-
tern that is to be discontinued. Now, per set, \$10.00

50-piece cottage sets of the same \$5.25

100-piece dinner sets of semi-porcelain in exceedingly
handsome shapes and decorations. Unload-
ing the surplus at \$15.00

50-piece cottage sets of the same \$8.00

100-piece dinner sets of semi-porcelain, equal-
ly decorated, unloading the surplus at \$16.50

50-piece cottage sets of the same \$9.00

Imitation Cut Glass.

Unloading the Surplus.

Cleverest imitations of cut glass ever shown in Southern
California at anywhere near these prices.

6-inch berry bowls in colonial and
other beautiful patterns, 19c

Or with set of six same 38c

6-inch spoon trays and pickle
dishes, each 10c

Handled olive dishes in 8
handsome patterns, 15c

Extra large berry bowls in
handsome cut effects, 35c

Berry bowls in new colonial
or square patterns, 25c

Syrup jugs in colonial
patterns, 45c

Beautiful water pitchers, 1/2 gal.
size, in tankard or squat
shapes, 60c

Every Rug in Our Stock

Both Oriental and Domestic

Has been selected because of superiority in some
particular, some for excellence in design, some for
especial beauty in colorings, and ALL for general
high-class merit. There is not a single rug here
that does not rise out of the ordinary.

In addition, our assortment is most extensive. There
will be found here an ideal to meet every choice
and taste.

Quality, reliability, is ever uppermost with us.

For the coming week, we offer a most attractive
showing in all the new patterns and weaves, Brus-
sels, Tapestry Brussels, Body Brussels, Velvet, Royal
Wilton, Smyrna and Axminster. Every size, both
large and small.

SATISFY YOURSELF THAT OUR CASH PRICES
ARE LOWEST, BY COMPARISON.

Everything Marked in Plain Figures.

Shirey, McConney and Fries.

High Class Furniture, Carpets and Rugs.
538-540 South Spring Street.

THE BRIGGS IS THE PIANO OF PIANOS

Every essential quality of piano construction, tone, touch, scale, design and beauty of finish are combined
in the BRIGGS. They are unquestionably a standard piano of the world. Recommendations from
highest authorities. Call, examine and convince yourself.

GARDNER PIANO HOUSE, L'd., 118 WINSTON
STREET.

BLACK JOINT SHUTS DOWN.

Poolroom to Be Moved Out of City Limits.

"Colonel" and Fitzgerald Yield to New Ordinance.

Going on Central Avenue and There the People are Up in Arms.

After ten years of fattening on the youths of the city, a ten years in which they have converted decent young men into gamblers and criminals at their notorious joint on West First street, Fitzgerald, Black & Co. poolroom magnates, closed down yesterday.

Notices were posted on the walls stating that the business will be removed Monday at the corner of Central avenue, south of the city limits.

There is only one fly in the honey: Fitzgerald, Black & Co. can afford to quit business.

Otherwise their defeat and forced evacuation is a notable victory, the result of a fight against the notorious gamblers that has been waged unrelentingly by the respectable newspapers of the city for over two years. In bringing about this end the moral sentiment of the people at large and the stern hatred of the institution that arose from blighted lives and ruined homes have been most potent factors.

On two former occasions the poolroom men have been forced to leave the city under a storm of opposition. After it had blown over they returned. Whether they will do the same in the present case remains to be seen.

During the past week the Chief of Police has been gathering evidence; no more than he has on former occasions, but enough, it is thought, to secure a conviction under the ordinance recently passed by the City Council. Plain-clothes men, detailed from the police force, have been stationed in the poolrooms taking tab on everything. A telephone operator has been posted where he could take the messages that have come over the wires; all of which "Col." Black has little to say on the subject of his defeat. He stated to a reporter that he will not fight the ordinance, and that he expects to do well in his new location.

Those who understand the worth of a good location, say that the gamblers cannot make the business pay outside the city limits. Added to this drawback strong opposition is promised from the residents in the neighborhood of the new quarters. Citizens there have been canvassing the situation to determine what tangible form they can give to their sentiment.

HARD BUMPS FOR GIRL.
Margaret Cordier Suffers Brain Concussion as Result of Collision Between Traction and Grand-avenue Cars.

Margaret Cordier, the 15-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Cordier, living at Twenty-second and Hoover streets, was seriously injured in a street-car collision which occurred at Sixteenth street and Grand avenue at 2:30 o'clock last evening.

The young lady had been down town with a young brother to purchase some school books, and on the homeward journey took a green traction car, sitting on the rear seat. At Sixteenth street and Grand avenue the car ran into one on the Grand avenue line, and Miss Cordier was thrown violently against a rear seat and thence to the ground, striking her head both times and causing severe concussion of the brain.

Although she was unconscious and died profusely at the scene, the attending physicians could find no fracture of the skull, and at midnight she was resting somewhat easier. Miss Cordier was removed to her home, and hopes of recovery are held out. No one else was hurt.

LETTERS TO THE TIMES.
The Times freely publishes the views of its correspondents, without holding their responsibility. The paper is not responsible for the opinions expressed by its correspondents.

For the Third Rail.
LOS ANGELES, Jan. 31, 1903.—[To the Editor of The Times.] I sincerely

RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE ESMOND WRECK.

A RESIDENT of Yuma sends The Times the following in regard to responsibility for the recent Southern Pacific disaster in Arizona, with the request that it be published in the interest of justice:

"The press dispatches with singular unanimity are exonerating the Operator Clough at Yuma the sole inexcusable responsibility for Wednesday's horror. Railway men acquainted with the situation, that is, practically every operative on the Tucson division, believe otherwise.

"Through public ignorance of telegraphic train-order management, the fact that Operator Clough can show no signature to the undelivered train order seems final. Under date of June, 1902, appears Superintendent's bulletin No. 20, providing as follows: 'Conductors and engineers, upon receiving at any telegraphic office one or more telegraphic train orders will receive also a clearance bearing the number of such train orders, and they must see that all such orders called for upon the clearance are received by them.'"

"Operator Clough had mail and station reports to be forwarded on No. 9 Wednesday night, and that no delay might result to the belated train, upon its approach he transmitted to the dispatcher at Tucson the conductor's signatures to both the Wilcox order and the Esmond order with No. 8. Thereupon he wrote out the required clearance, stating that he had for No. 8 conductor Parker's two orders, placed this clearance with the orders upon the counter before the conductor, and hastened forward to deliver his mail. Conductor Parker signed one order, took it and the clearance, ignoring the imperative mandate of the rule that he should not leave the station until his orders were received, as did also his engineer, and pulled out for Esmond."

"When it is remembered that the

hope that the City Council will grant the request of the Main-street property owners that the Pacific Electric Railway be permitted to lay its track down Main street I hope it will be soon. As matters stand now the public traveling over the Pasadena Short Line and the Alhambra-Monrovia lines are put to considerable inconvenience by having to get off at Los Angeles and First streets. It is the back country of Los Angeles that forms the network which centers here in a great city, and every facility should be accorded the people traveling to Pasadena, Alhambra and Monrovia to travel with the greatest ease and comfort. Then, again, the Huntington-Heliman syndicate has been expending over \$250,000 per month in the building of suburban electric railroads around Los Angeles, which great enterprise certainly entitles them to some consideration and the hearty cooperation of every public-spirited citizen. They are deeply interested in the welfare and progress of Los Angeles, and can be depended upon to do everything to advance its material welfare. WILLIAM H. CARLSON.

Another View of It.

COVINA (Cal.) Jan. 30, 1903.—[To the Editor of The Times.] In the Times of today mention is made of the bill introduced by Senator Hubbell. I hope The Times will throw its powerful influence for the rights of the taxpayer and individual by supporting this bill, as it has done others of like tenor before. When taxes collected in Los Angeles county are used for roads and schools in Avalon; United States government supports a postoffice at same place then must the citizen pay tribute to enjoy what he has paid for? Do you believe it? Yours truly, F. M. CHALKER.

Covina, Cal.

PERSONAL.

remain indefinitely for the benefit of his health.

Ladore Laventhal, a liquor dealer of San Francisco, is at the Van Nuys, prominent men of Ottawa, Kan., are visiting at the Angelus.

D. J. Zan, a manufacturer of brooms and woodenware in Portland, Or., is registered at the Angelus.

Miss Pearl Farrar and Mrs. Foss of Arkansas City, Kan., are visiting Mrs. George Ordway at her home, No. 222 South Grand avenue.

Dr. E. Myers of Springfield, O., one of the passengers who suffered in the wreck of the Sunset Limited near Tucson, is staying at the Hollenbeck. Francis M. Elliot, for the past year manager of the real estate department of the Erbenrecher Syndicate, left yesterday for Phoenix, Ariz.

CHINESE PLAYS POSTPONED.

The Oriental symposium, which was to have been given yesterday by the Ethel Club at Cannonock Hall, under the supervision of Dr. Kin, was postponed at the last moment, until next Saturday, on account of the uncertain weather. It was impossible to depend upon the Orientals who were to assist Dr. Kin in the plays while rain threatened, and the stage had not been prepared in time. A large number of ladies appeared at the hall, only to be disappointed.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL MATTERS.

The executive committee of the State Sunday-school Association will hold a meeting at the Y. M. C. A. in this city, on Monday, February 9, to perfect arrangements for the State convention, the time for which has not yet been definitely fixed. Another meeting with an important bearing upon the Sunday-school affairs of the entire country, will be held in Chicago on February 16. It is a meeting of the Council of Seventy of the International Sunday-school Association, and its need is based upon the proposition that "the Sunday-school is not doing efficient work in imparting real and useful knowledge of biblical teachings." It is proposed to devise and recommend some means for the improvement of religious education. Los Angeles is represented on the committee by Rev. William Horace Day.

WILL SING THEM IN.

Rev. F. M. Sigler, pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, on Hewitt street, between Second and Third streets, will tonight begin a revival with the additional attraction of a company of colored jubilee singers, known as the Beck Family. Brother Sigler has no doubt hit upon a plan that will assure him a full house each night, and between the jubilee numbers he can hand down the solid chunks of gospel. A complimentary concert was given in this church last night, by the orchestra of the First Methodist Church, which was a success financially and otherwise.

SAD NEWS.

Secretary H. J. Zeehandelaar of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, received the sad intelligence yesterday by cablegram, that his sister, Helen, had died in Holland.

Catarrh Robs Women of Health and Beauty

Pe-ru-na Makes Women Healthy and Beautiful.

Many Women Have Catarrh and Don't Know It.

They Call It Stomach Trouble, Female Weakness or General Debility.

Pe-ru-na Cures Catarrh Wherever Located.

THERE are a great many people who are actually invalids from chronic catarrh of some internal organ who have not the slightest suspicion that they are victims of this universal disease.

This is especially true in cases of chronic catarrh of the organs in the lower part of the abdomen, or pelvic organs.

The pelvic organs are especially liable to catarrh, which gives rise to weakening discharges, painful irregularities, backache, bearing-down pains, smarting and throbbing, with a host of other symptoms, peculiar to weak persons of both sexes, but occurring much more frequently in women, when it is called female weakness.

There are a multitude of women, especially housewives, and all other women obliged to be on their feet continually, who are wretched beyond description, simply because their strength and vitality is sapped away by catarrhal discharges.

Pe-ru-na is such a specific for such cases that when patients have once used it they can never be induced to

Miss Otis Davis, Oriental Hotel, Indianapolis, Ind., writes:

"Pe-ru-na has been of such great benefit to me to cure a bad cold and catarrhal difficulties that I am very glad to tell how it acted in my case. Before I began taking Pe-ru-na my cold was a month old and deep-seated, but in less than a week I felt better, my head was clearer, and my throat and lungs not nearly so sore. I therefore kept on taking Pe-ru-na for three weeks and then my system was entirely free from the cold and catarrh. I think Pe-ru-na a wonderful medicine."—Miss Otis Davis.



MISS OTIS DAVIS, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

I consulted two different physicians I found that they were not able to help me. I caught a severe cold during the winter, and it caused inflammation and scanty menses, and in addition I had gripping pains and cramps and dreaded the time.

"One of my good neighbors advised me to try Pe-ru-na, telling me how grandly it had helped her. I followed her advice as I was feeling desperately bad and was very anxious to get well. Thanks to Pe-ru-na, I am now well. Six weeks' faithful use of this medicine cured me. I feel like a new woman. Daily pains and misery are now changed to life and happiness, and I thank Pe-ru-na for the health I now enjoy."—Mrs. Nellie McDonald.

Mrs. Eva Bartho, 123 East 11th street, New York City, N. Y., writes: "I suffered for three years with leucorrhoea and ulceration of the womb. The doctor advocated an operation, which I dreaded very much, and strongly objected to go under it. Now I am a changed woman. Pe-ru-na cured me; it took nine bottles, but I felt so much improved I kept taking it, as I dreaded an operation so much. I am today in perfect health and have not felt so well for fifteen years."—Mrs. Eva Bartho.

Mrs. Alice J. Borden, Dauphin, Pa., writes: "I have found a cure in Pe-ru-na. I cannot recommend Pe-ru-na enough, and I also thank you for your kind attention to me. I am as well as could be ever since I began taking Pe-ru-na, and will recommend it to others. I only weighed ninety-five pounds before taking Pe-ru-na; now I weigh one hundred and twenty-five."—Mrs. Alice J. Borden.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Pe-ru-na, write at once to Dr. Hartman giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Miss Celia Harrington, 303 Second avenue, Detroit, Mich., writes:

"Weakness has filled many months of my life with suffering. Through carelessness I caught a severe cold two years ago, which settled in catarrh and seriously interfered with the regular functions of the body and made me nervous and irritable. I began taking Pe-ru-na and found in it a faithful helper, as it enriched my blood and invigorated the whole system. I have no pains now and am always well. I heartily recommend Pe-ru-na as a reliable medicine."—Miss Celia Harrington.

quit it until they are permanently cured. It begins to relieve the disagreeable symptoms at once. The backache ceases, the trembling knees are steady, the nervous system is quieted, the dull headache is stopped and the weakening drains are gradually cured. These results certainly follow a course of treatment with Pe-ru-na.

Mrs. Nellie McDonald, 216 S. Cherry street, Nashville, Tenn., writes: "When I first began to take Pe-ru-na last spring I was unable to attend to my daily duties. I suffered terribly at the time of menstruation, and although

mainly follow a course of treatment with Pe-ru-na.

Mrs. Nellie McDonald, 216 S. Cherry street, Nashville, Tenn., writes:

"When I first began to take Pe-ru-na last spring I was unable to attend to my daily duties. I suffered terribly at the time of menstruation, and although

BITTERNESS OVER SUGAR.

Brand Sues Newberry and Attaches Bank Funds.

He Claims Grocer Backed Out of Unprofitable Bargain.

Newberry Company Declares That it is a Case of "Rats" and "Spite."

That sugar should engender bitterness is a strange anomaly; yet such is the case with a whole carload of the saccharine product now in Los Angeles.

And, as a result, two prominent business men of this city will tell their stories before one of the courts this week.

A controversy has arisen between Leslie C. Brand, of the Title Guaranty and Trust Company, and J. R. Newberry, over the purchase of a carload of sugar.

Mr. Brand states that he bought as a speculation a car of sugar, and sold it to Newberry, to be paid for on delivery. After Newberry had received the sugar the money was not forthcoming, and the presentation of several bills for it failed to bring the coin to the seller.

Mr. Brand says that he has been told by Newberry that he could take back the sugar. He says the reason for this action was because sugar had fallen 50 cents per 100 pounds, and Newberry tried to crawl out of the bargain. He placed the matter in the hands of his attorneys, with instructions to bring suit, and an attachment was levied on the cash funds of the Newberry company in the Citizens' Bank.

Mr. Brand says the sugar is now in the Newberry company's possession, and he will force them to pay the bill.

Representatives of J. R. Newberry & Co. tell a different story. They say the company agreed to purchase the carload lot, if it proved satisfactory on examination. When it arrived they found it in bad condition; the rats had been at many of the sacks, and much of it was full of dirt. Mr. Brand, they allege, agreed to take

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED 500 Bicycles

Which we sell at greatly reduced prices.

From \$20.00 to \$30.00

If you want a bargain give us a call.

Tel. John 996. Leavitt & Bill, 460 S. Spring.

Agents for Cleveland, Tribune, Light and California Bicycles.

THE BEST AND ONLY CUSHION FRAME AND SPRING FORK CHAINLESS AND CHAIN WHEELS.

GEORGE PIERCE CO. BUFFALO - BOSTON - NEW YORK

The best and only Cushion Frame and Spring Fork Chainless and Chain Wheels. It is practical. We invite comparison and a trial.

E. R. RIVDEN CYCLE HOUSE, 452 S. Broadway.

Buggleshine

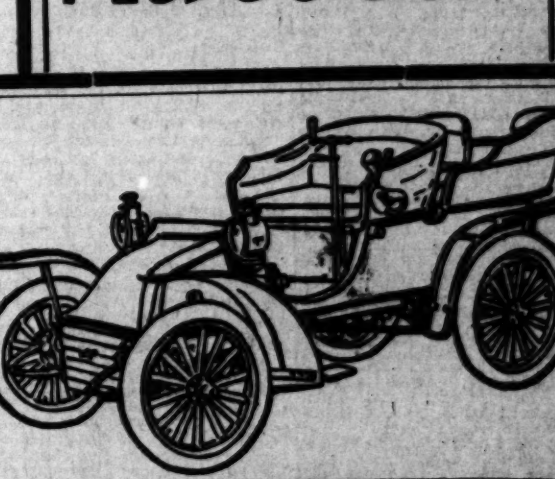
Keeps New Buggies New. Makes Old Buggies Look New. Invaluable and protects varnish. Easy to apply—ready for road in Ten Minutes. Worthwhile for two buggies, cost only \$2.00. Agents wanted. J. H. WILDE, 113 Jones St., S. F.

out the damaged sacks, but on a second examination the company found the remainder in such bad condition that it refused to accept any of it. They claim the suit is brought about by spite, and will fight the case to the end.

The amount of the claim is \$100, and it is understood the case will have a hearing this week.

Simple Durable Reliable

The Autocar



DOUBLE CYLINDER 10 H. P. ENGINE

This vehicle can in a few moments time be transformed into three distinct styles by simply removing the Tonneau and substituting therefore a RUMBLE SEAT or a BOOT in which the AUTOCAR answers all the requirements of a RUNABOUT and has a large receptacle for packages.

When touring THE AUTOCAR can be so arranged as to have a luggage capacity of 400 pounds besides the tourists.

CATALOGUES ON APPLICATION. AGENTS WANTED

Heineman & Pratt

PACIFIC COAST DISTRIBUTING AGENTS, 701-703-705 S. Main St. Tel. South 152

FREE ROAD GUIDES.

We have just issued a very valuable road guide of Southern California, comprising all the various routes thereof and a description of all the landmarks and points of interest, which will be of great assistance to a chauffeur—each caller will receive one of these books.

PERMANENT

MANAGER

PERMANENT

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"HOUSE AND LOT" The Times' Weekly Review of Real Estate and Building.

IN FIVE PARTS.

Part II—12 Pages.

PRICE 5 CENTS

FACT AND COMMENT.

A few nights ago the editor of the House and Lot Department was reading a copy of the Midwesterner of the Times for 1911, and this is what he read:

"Residents of Los Angeles who have been here ten years or more will remember the condition of the city at that time. Great indignation was aroused among the people, and all sorts of remedies were proposed. Finally, an organization for municipal improvement took the matter up, in connection with the city authorities, and a reform was instituted so that today Los Angeles boasts of the cleanest and best kept streets of any large city in the United States. They are scrubbed and thoroughly hand-swept by a force of neatly-uniformed men in the employ of the city, who are under civil-service rules, and not subject to discharge, except for cause. Not only this, but by utilizing the cheap native asphaltum all the principal thoroughfares in the city have been paved with this material. There are now nearly 200 miles of paved streets within the city limits. Another great reform was the abolition of the unsightly, cluttered and insanitary tenements, situated along the streets. By means of a bond issue, the city constructed large subways under the principal thoroughfares, in which all wires and pipes are laid, thus obviating the necessity of constantly tearing up the surface of the streets. The rental paid by various companies for the use of these subways is more than sufficient to meet the interest and sinking fund on the bonds."

Let us hope that this dream may come true, and that it will not need as much as ten years for it to materialize.

A City of Homes.

In commenting upon the building operations in various American cities for 1902, reference was recently made in The Times to the fact that, with exception of Philadelphia, Los Angeles led every city in the country in the number of houses built. In a place where a majority of the people own or occupy their little cottages, with gardens, a life in nature is demonstrated, and is not good either for the individual or for the community. Here, in Los Angeles, where a lot 50 by 150 feet may be purchased within fifteen minutes' drive from the business center for \$500, or less, there is no excuse for anyone who has a steady employment to live in a flat or lodging.

Good Roads.

An invitation has been received by The Times to a meeting of the National and International Good Roads Convention, to be held in St. Louis, April 27 to May 2. The subject is a highly important one, and the convention should be largely attended.

A Victim Measured.

The "smart Alecks" who are bent on the Standard Oil, to do away with the necessity for a written agreement between an owner of property and an agent, are perhaps not quite so much to be feared as they seem. Should they law go into effect, the property owners would be apt to hesitate before talking "shop" to anything in the shape of a real estate agent, and rather than take the chances would prefer to handle their property themselves, through advertisements in the papers, or otherwise.

On the Old Home Site.

There is something specially appropriate in the announced intention of W. H. Helman to put up a fine business block on the southwest corner of Main and Fourth streets, where Mr. Helman owns a lot of about three-fourths of an acre, which he bought with the arrival in Los Angeles, for about one-tenth of what a single front foot of the lot is now worth.

The River Section.

It is announced that the big Sperry Flour Company of Stockton has purchased a plot of ground 200x300 feet in dimensions, near Mateo street, between the tracks of the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe railroads, upon which the company will build a modern roller-process mill, with a capacity of about 200 barrels a day. This section in the city is rapidly filling up with factories, and sites for cottages are in good demand.

Beautiful Hollywood.

J. D. Long, an enthusiastic resident of Hollywood, has worked off the following "pome" about that charming suburban settlement:

Ray, Adam to Eve, as they looked at this hall,
"That Hollywood spot takes the cake,
And when we left Eden, just after the fall,
If our thinkers had been wide awake
We'd have taken a car and landed
As happy as larks and free from all care."
And Eve also felt as he did;
"Yes, 'eck" murmured she, "we
I'm sorry as sorry can be,
Just look at those fig leaves,
Which to dress gay."
She heaved a great sigh, so did he,
And both turned away in evident woe,
Not thinking of Eden indeed,
"Twas Hollywood, whither they wanted
to go;
Unable, it made their hearts bleed."

Round Houses.

The Illustrated Syndicate News, an English scientific paper, publishes a sketch of a round house, recently put up in Scotland. It is contended by the News that a round house is easier and cheaper to build. It is especially suitable in exposed situations, as the wind such a house for dwelling in is comparatively convenient. Paragons are added to a minimum and a well-

warmed central hall may be arranged. The house illustrated has a gallery around the central hall, giving access to the bedrooms. The conical roof is given light to the hall. Kitchens, stables and other outbuildings are also built on the same pattern, and the whole cost considerably less than is usual for a house of its size. There was a round house on Main street, Los Angeles, in early days.

Houses for Sale.

Reference was made last week to the large number of houses for sale, as shown by the advertising columns of the Sunday Times, and to the difficulty experienced in finding houses for rent. Last Sunday the number of houses offered for sale in the classified advertisement columns of The Times was still greater, aggregating no less than twenty-four columns of such advertisements. Averaging forty houses to the column—a low figure—this would represent about a thousand houses now on the market for sale, in Los Angeles. The opinions of leasing dealers and builders on this condition of affairs was solicited by The Times.

Edward D. Sillett thinks we are not overbuilding, that the demand for rental property keeps pace with the new buildings that are being erected. Yes, but as The Times has shown, these buildings are not being put up for rent, but for sale. Mr. Sillett says there appears to be a reasonable demand for the new buildings offered for sale.

A. W. Rhodes is also of the opinion that we are not overbuilding, because all the new buildings put up, he says,

manded an increase of \$500 over and above the purchase price, to get the colored man out again. The original price of the lot was only \$200.

In another instance the modus operandi was somewhat different. The colored man was planted on a tract, and, after the fact became generally known, the real estate men began to purchase the surrounding property at a great reduction in price, the colored man being kept on as long as there was a chance of profiting by his tenancy. These are two of the worst cases. And there are others.

The real estate man who would lend himself to a scheme of this kind would certainly bear watching at any and all times, and those who desire to purchase property should always be very careful as to detail. We all know that we are ready and willing to crowd the churches and auditorium to hear an educated and clever colored man discourse on what he hopes to do for his race, and we also know that we do not care to gaze from our back windows upon a next-door yard full of untidy black pickaninnies.

Rare Plants and Planting at "The Outpost."

The notable and rapid development of Hollywood, and the work of beautifying it by the erection of tasteful modern residences and the skilful cultivation of its fertile soil, constitute one of the marked signs of present-day progress in the vicinity of Los Angeles. So sheltered is this rare spot, and so warm and prolific its virgin soil, that almost every temperate-climate and sub-tropical tree, plant and flower can be grown in it with success. Among the fine places already devel-

oped are those of Homer Laughlin (the old Capt. Thompson place), the residence tract of H. J. Whitley, the splendid flower garden of the artist, Paul de Longpre, and others. Gen. Otis has recently purchased choice acreage on the northeast corner of the Ocean View tract, and is improving it. He brought many selected plants from the garden of the Castle of Chapultepec and from the famous Borda garden at Cuernavaca, where the illustrious Empress Carlota spent a few happy years in the heyday of the Maximilian dream. These products of Mexican soil are to be transplanted to new and doubtless congenial homes in the vicinity of the turquoise Cañon of the Sycamores, immediately west of the Chahuenga Pass, where stands a quaint adobe house which has been rechristened "The Outpost." The propagation of seeds secured from the Agricultural Department of the Mexican government will also be a part of the planting project; and a true Mexican garden may yet be seen in the cañon.

Messrs. Lee & Olmsted, landscape architects, have in hand the work of laying out this fine natural spot, and, acting for the owner, will be glad to receive suggestions and offers of rare trees and plants adapted to this soil and climate. They invite correspondence from growers, both private and commercial, and will answer inquiries and give necessary information on behalf of the principal, whose aim is to make of this naturally attractive spot one of the notable parks in the Cañon of the Sycamores.

A MONG REAL ESTATE OWNERS AND DEALERS.

STRONG TREND OF INVESTMENT TOWARDS NEW TRACTS.

Business and Prospective Business Properties are not Neglected, and the Outlook for Steady and Continuous Growth is Excellent.

The trend of investments is toward lots in new tracts, and toward acreage properties suitable for subdivision. Some medium-sized purchases of prospective business properties are being made, and some larger deals are known to be pending, but much of the talk of big deals and million-dollar improvements has absolutely no foundation whatever. Steady healthy activity, and reasonable growth, with an upward tendency in values, can safely be depended on, but persons who pin their faith to numerous million-dollar investments, and speculative jumps in prices, are liable to be disappointed. Purchases in the residence districts continue active, and all portions of the city seem to be getting a fair share of the numerous improvements.

Spring, Above Eighth.

A. W. Rhodes has sold to Franklin P. Smith of the F. P. Smith Wire and Iron Works of Chicago, through W. M. Garland & Co., 60x165 feet, on

the west side of Spring street, 140 feet north of Eighth street, unimproved; consideration named, \$64,000. Mr. Rhodes bought fifty feet of this lot from M. L. Hinman last November, and ten from J. S. Cravena, the early part of the present month; total consideration named, \$57,500. Property is well located for a "business block," and the price quoted, as values now run, is, perhaps, not unreasonable.

West Adams and Jefferson-street Tract.

Arrangements are about completed for placing on the market a new subdivision in the neighborhood of the West Adams Heights tract. It comprises 233 acres, which extend from Twenty-seventh street to the north to Thirtieth street on the south, and from a line about 1000 feet west of Western avenue on the east, to Arlington avenue on the west. The tract was purchased of Joseph Burkhardt by Charles H. Treat, through Schenck, Tatum & Schenck, consideration named, \$27,000, and it will be divided into 125 lots, averaging 60x125 feet each, and placed upon the market by the latter. The work of grading the streets and putting in cement curbs and sidewalks has been completed, and the cost of the expense of the present owner, A. guaranty to that effect, together with such building restrictions as will insure the erection of desirable dwellings, is to be placed in each deed. The tract, which is to be known as the West Adams and Jefferson-street tract, is less than two blocks north of Jefferson street, and one block south of Adams street, in the vicinity of the Sunset and Sunset avenues without the city limits. The new residences which are now being completed for Frederick H. Ringde, George L. Cochran, and Mrs. Emmeline Child, a cost of that \$25,000 to \$50,000 apiece, and it is reached by the Jefferson-street car line of the Los Angeles Railway, and by the Traction

Aitken & Cass Subdivisions.

Developments are active in the Aitken and Cass subdivisions, located one block south of Adams street, and just east of Normandie avenue. It extends from Twenty-seventh to Twenty-ninth streets, and contains forty-four lots, fronting on Normandie, Kenwood and Raymond avenues. The streets are graded and provided with cement curbs and sidewalks, and building restrictions insure the erection of dwellings, each of which must cost over \$3000. E. L. Hopper and Son the agents and builders, have completed four or five houses in the tract, and have half a dozen others well under way. Dr. McKee, recently of Chicago, has purchased a lot 60x125 feet, on the west side of Kenwood avenue, 68 feet south of Twenty-seventh street, for a two-story frame dwelling; consideration named, \$4500. A concession to an early builder, Dr. Page Brown of San Francisco has purchased the lot just south, with a similar dwelling; consideration named, \$5000, and G. N. Smith secures the lot 60x125 feet, on the southeast corner of Kenwood avenue and Twenty-seventh street, with a handsome ten-room, two-story frame dwelling, which he will occupy as a home; consideration named, \$6000.

In the Southeast.

The Clara Gilmore tract lies on the north side of Fortieth street, between Central avenue and Eureka street. It consists of twenty-eight unimproved lots, averaging 40x125 feet each, was placed on the market about ten days ago by R. D. List, through the agency of A. A. Johnson & Co., and will build a home on property. Emily Lemon, who buys six lots of average dimensions, on same street, 282 feet west of Central avenue; consideration named, \$2500, and will build a home on property. Mrs. L. A. Johnson, who buys six lots of average dimensions, on same street, 282 feet west of Central avenue; consideration named, \$2500, and will build a home on property. Mrs. L. A. Johnson, who buys six lots of average dimensions, on same street, 282 feet west of Central avenue; consideration named, \$2500, and will build a home on property.

Boulevard Tract.

The Hollywood Boulevard tract consists of forty acres, with Prospect and Sunset streets as its north and south boundaries, and Lenoma and Hartford avenues as its eastern and western boundaries. It was divided into lots, 75x175 feet each, and placed upon the market by Easton, Eldridge & Co., about the middle of last December. The streets are graded, and are provided with cement curbs and sidewalks, and on the latter ornamental shade trees are planted at intervals of twenty feet. The demand for unimproved lots in this tract has been found to be fairly active. Among the recent sales has been lots 1 and 2, on the southeast corner of Prospect boulevard and Hartford avenue, to Thomas J. Naup; consideration named, \$3250, and purchaser will erect a residence that will cost about \$7500; lot 18, northwest corner of Washington boulevard and Hartford avenue, to W. W. Caruthers, who will improve with a home that will cost about \$4800; consideration named, \$1000; lot southwest corner Warner avenue and Harold Way, to Mrs. Adolf Freese, who will improve; consideration named, \$1000; lot 60, on the north side of Harold Way, between Warner and Ramona avenues, to Mrs. Ada Perkins, who will improve with a handsome home; consideration named, \$700.

At Monrovia.

James Fisher of Cleveland, O., has purchased of Matthew H. Holmes the ten-acre orange orchard and residence of the latter on Grand avenue, Monrovia; consideration named, \$16,000. The present crop of oranges was reserved by the grantor.

Raided Their Rest.

The landlord of the office at No. 125 South Broadway, where Grider & Hamilton, who have been handling the Bell tract, have desk room, recently informed them that their monthly rental for desk room would be raised from \$40 to \$120, the reason being that the Minneapolis Exchange wishes to occupy the office. This was rather more of a raid than the enterprising dealers in real estate prepared to see, so they arranged to move into the office formerly occupied by the Express on Second and Broadway, where they will be established on and after tomorrow. Mrs. M. H. Huebner, who for nearly eight years has been a public stenographer and notary in Los Angeles, will remove with Grider & Hamilton to the new location. The firm reports the following sales in the Bell tract during the past week: Henry, lot 22, block E, \$1825; C. M. Kelly, lot 14, block E, \$1825; O. E. Davis, lot 11, block H, \$350; R. Walker, lot 1, block H, \$350; W. Anderson, two lots, 24, \$150; Miller & Livingston, lots 18 and 12, \$2375; E. Duggan, lot 7, \$1500; L. J. Pickering, lot 16, block H, \$450; W. L. Crossman, lots 24, 26, 28, block D, \$1050; Mrs. L. Tisdale and Mrs. E. T. Corbelle, lots 21, 23, block D, \$2400; Miss E. T. Carter, lot 2, block D, \$275; J. H. Clewett, lot 21, block D, \$250; G. H. Hulst, lot 23, block D, \$250; E. G. Hoover, one acre, lot 23, \$250.

Bill, Above Fourth.

Henderson Hayward and John E. Fuy sell to Louis Meier, through W. J. Hollingsworth & Co., 55x115 feet, on the east side of Hill street, just north of Fourth, with a three-story brick building, formerly used by the Express as an engine-house; consideration named, \$6000. The building rents for \$250 per month.

Other Sales.

Other sales, some of which have already been reported in The Times, include the following: To Mrs. Jane Cody, through Robert Marsh & Co., 48x125 feet, east side San Pedro street, between Ag. and Eighth streets, with

two-story brick business building; consideration named, \$5500.

William W. Butler and associates to Frank H. Holmes of Minneapolis, Minn., 150x170 feet, west side Grand avenue, ninety-eight feet north of 30th street, unimproved; consideration named, \$15,500. Investment.

W. H. Gilbert to J. B. Doner, through Davidson & Long, 50x150 feet, on an alley, with new nine-room frame dwelling, No. 724 Lake street; consideration named, \$6500. For a home.

C. J. Fox to Miss Alice Harwood, through Wright & Callender, 52x100 feet north side Ingraham Place, about fifty feet east of Kip street, with nine-room frame dwelling; consideration named, \$4000.

Sam Grantor to E. Hoffman, through same agents, 45x120 feet, west side Whittier street, midway between Seventh and Eighth streets, with eight-room frame dwelling of consideration named, \$4000. For a home.

West Adams Heights Association to Cameron E. Thom through W. M. Garland & Co., a lot of the West Adams Heights tract, 150x150 feet, northwest corner of Twenty-seventh street and Hobart boulevard, unimproved; consideration named, \$6500. Purchaser will build home.

Sadie D. Rogers to Helen H. Wernig, through same firm, 75x200 feet, north side Ocean View avenue, opposite "Coke" avenue, unimproved; consideration named, \$4500. Purchaser will build home on property.

William P. James to Mrs. Eva J. Schraeder, through W. H. Allen & Son, 50x150 feet, with ten-room frame dwelling, No. 1142 South Flower street, consideration named, \$7500.

Mrs. Elizabeth Blanchard to Dr. C. W. Pierce, through Althouse Bros., 10x150 feet, west side of Twenty-seventh street south of Fourteenth, with eight-room frame dwelling; consideration named, \$3500. For a home.

Gertrude Davis to Sarah Carpenter, through same agency, 30x120 feet, south side of Eleventh street, 100 feet south of Beacon street, with seven-room frame dwelling; consideration named, \$4500.

A. Hutchins to W. H. H. Thomas, through Barry & Enloe, 69x124 feet, southwest corner Bellevue avenue and Figueroa street, with three frame business buildings, and a five-room cottage renting for about \$100 per month; consideration named, \$7500.

Sam Grantor to R. H. Lindley, through same firm, 50x30 feet, northwest corner Cleveland and Alpine streets, with two-story three-room, two-story frame building; consideration named, \$4500.

H. A. Durand to A. R. Beeman, through same agency, 50x150 feet, with eight-room frame dwelling, No. 1007 Bonnie Blue street; consideration named, \$6000.

L. W. Stockwell to John Wehrle, through W. A. Varcoe & Co., 50x150 feet, with eight-room frame dwelling, 215 Union avenue; consideration named, \$3150. For a home.

Baptist Church to Dr. McCulloch and associates, 100x145 feet, southwest corner of Alvarado and Tenth streets, unimproved; consideration named, \$2000.

A. W. Rhodes to Frank Kenberg, through Nolan & Smith, 47x145 feet, east side Main street, 282 feet south of Pico street, unimproved; consideration named, \$7500.

Sarah E. Fosdy to Ralph G. Vining, through A. A. Johnson & Co., 62x125 feet, north side of Adams street, between Chester Place and Figueroa street, unimproved; consideration named, \$5500.

David H. Meyers to Nugent & Alexander, through G. G. Johnson, 75 feet east side of Los Angeles street, just south of Sixth; consideration named, \$13,000. Buyer is said to intend to build.

G. E. Brice to Mrs. Mary W. De Van, through Durand & De Van, 25x150 feet, north side of Second street, forty feet east of Los Angeles street, with two-story brick business building; consideration named, \$10,800.

W. Edwards to C. J. McDevitt, through W. I. Hollingsworth & Co., 40x120 feet, north side of Eighth street, between Grand avenue and Hope street, unimproved; consideration named, \$4250. Buyer will build three-story rooming-house.

Real Estate Notes.

O. C. Bryant to S. W. Kosad, through firm last named, 90x100 feet, south side Potter Park avenue, 120 feet east of Moore street, unimproved; consideration named, \$3500. Buyer will build modern dwelling.

R. H. Wilkinson to Austin Cole, through same firm, 100x150 feet, east side Lake street, just south of Tenth, unimproved; consideration named, \$3500. Buyer will build modern dwelling.

H. Schultz to Minna Isaacson, 55x150 feet, west side Los Angeles street, 150 feet south of Tenth, with frame flats; consideration named, \$3500.

Mrs. L. Bente to Mrs. Mary J. Collins, through the latter, 40x125 feet, southwest corner Twelfth street and Westlake avenue, with eight-room frame dwelling; consideration named, \$4500.

A. A. Askay to C. Carey, through Ben White, 50x175 feet, northwest corner Agricultural avenue and Forty-eighth street, with twelve-room frame dwelling; consideration named, \$5000.

J. Pickering to L. E. Stout, through W. A. Johnson & Co., 55x110 feet, with eight-room frame dwelling, No. 929 Towne avenue; consideration named, \$3000.

John G. Johnson to May E. McCoy and others, about 50x200 feet, west corner Downey and Workman avenues, with frame building; consideration named, \$2500.

Mrs. Edith Jones Bacon buys of O. C. Bryant, through Althouse Bros., an unimproved lot, 60x100 feet, on the south side of Potter Park avenue, sixty feet east of Moore street, and will improve the property.

A. W. Worn has purchased of Matthews & Co., two unimproved lots, each 50x150 feet, on the north side of Third street, about 100 feet east of Los Angeles street; consideration named, \$2400, and will build two dwellings, one for himself and one for his son.

Through W. A. Johnson & Co., a lot of the Philbin tract, 40x148 feet, north side Pico street, between Stanford and Central avenues, unimproved; consideration named, \$850, and will build home on property. Same agent sells for Willie S. Gray to Asa Perkins, a lot of same tract in same block; same consideration named, and purchaser will also improve.

Francis M. Elliott of the Erkenbrecher syndicate, left the city the last part of the week for a month's outing in Arizona.

Laura Dressler sells to Minnie L. Baker, through Corbitt & Nelson, 50x150 feet, with nine-room frame dwelling, No. 1815 South Hoover street; consideration named, \$3000.

C. M. Silman sells to Anton Berklein, through Barry & Enloe, 100x118 feet, north side Bellevue avenue, between Norton and Sumner streets, 50 feet east of Moore street, 100 feet improved; consideration named, \$1500. Purchaser will build two six-room cottages as an investment. Same firm

POINTS AND POINTERS.



MONEY SAVED.

FINE HOUSES BUILT TO ORDER. Latest Designs. Fine Workmanship. Material. Homes at Moderate Cost. 1-room, 2-room, 3-room, 4-room, 5-room, 6-room, 7-room, 8-room, 9-room, 10-room, 11-room, 12-room, 13-room, 14-room, 15-room, 16-room, 17-room, 18-room, 19-room, 20-room, 21-room, 22-room, 23-room, 24-room, 25-room, 26-room, 27-room, 28-room, 29-room, 30-room, 31-room, 32-room, 33-room, 34-room, 35-room, 36-room, 37-room, 38-room, 39-room, 40-room, 41-room, 42-room, 43-room, 44-room, 45-room, 46-room, 47-room, 48-room, 49-room, 50-room, 51-room, 52-room, 53-room, 54-room, 55-room, 56-room, 57-room, 58-room, 59-room, 60-room, 61-room, 62-room, 63-room, 64-room, 65-room, 66-room, 67-room, 68-room, 69-room, 70-room, 71-room, 72-room, 73-room, 74-room, 75-room, 76-room, 77-room, 78-room, 79-room, 80-room, 81-room, 82-room, 83-room, 84-room, 85-room, 86-room, 87-room, 88-room, 89-room, 90-room, 91-room, 92-room, 93-room, 94-room, 95-room, 96-room, 97-room, 98-room, 99-room, 100-room, 101-room, 102-room, 103-room, 104-room, 105-room, 106-room, 107-room, 108-room, 109-room, 110-room, 111-room, 112-room, 113-room, 114-room, 115-room, 116-room, 117-room, 118-room, 119-room, 120-room, 121-room, 122-room, 123-room, 124-room, 125-room, 126-room, 127-room, 128-room, 129-room, 130-room, 131-room, 132-room, 133-room, 134-room, 135-room, 136-room, 137-room, 138-room, 139-room, 140-room, 141-room, 142-room, 143-room, 144-room, 145-room, 146-room, 147-room, 148-room, 149-room, 150-room, 151-room, 152-room, 153-room, 154-room, 155-room, 156-room, 157-room, 158-room, 159-room, 160-room, 161-room, 162-room, 163-room, 164-room, 165-room, 166-room, 167-room, 168-room, 169-room, 170-room, 171-room, 172-room, 173-room, 174-room, 175-room, 176-room, 177-room, 178-room, 179-room, 180-room, 181-room, 182-room, 183-room, 184-room, 185-room, 186-room, 187-room, 188-room, 189-room, 190-room, 191-room, 192-room, 193-room, 194-room, 195-room, 196-room, 197-room, 198-room, 199-room, 200-room, 201-room, 202-room, 203-room, 204-room, 205-room, 206-room, 207-room, 208-room, 209-room, 210-room, 211-room, 212-room, 213-room, 214-room, 215-room, 216-room, 217-room, 218-room, 219-room, 220-room, 221-room, 222-room, 223-room, 224-room, 225-room, 226-room, 227-room, 228-room, 229-room, 230-room, 231-room, 232-room, 233-room, 234-room, 235-room, 236-room, 237-room, 238-room, 239-room, 240-room, 241-room, 242-room, 243-room, 244-room, 245-room, 246-room, 247-room, 248-room, 249-room, 250-room, 251-room, 252-room, 253-room, 254-room, 255-room, 256-room, 257-room, 258-room, 259-room, 260-room, 261-room, 262-room, 263-room, 264-room, 265-room, 266-room, 267-room, 268-room, 269-room, 270-room, 271-room, 272-room, 273-room, 274-room, 275-room, 276-room, 277-room, 278-room, 279-room, 280-room, 281-room, 282-room, 283-room, 284-room, 285-room, 286-room, 287-room, 288-room, 289-room, 290-room, 291-room, 292-room, 293-room, 294-room, 295-room, 296-room, 297-room, 298-room, 299-room, 300-room, 301-room, 302-room, 303-room, 304-room, 305-room, 306-room, 307-room, 308-room, 309-room, 310-room, 311-room, 312-room, 313-room, 314-room, 315-room, 316-room, 317-room, 318-room, 319-room, 320-room, 321-room, 322-room, 323-room, 324-room, 325-room, 326-room, 327-room, 328-room, 329-room, 330-room, 331-room, 332-room, 333-room, 334-room, 335-room, 336-room, 337-room, 338-room, 339-room, 340-room, 341-room, 342-room, 343-room, 344-room, 345-room, 346-room, 347-room, 348-room, 349-room, 350-room, 351-room, 352-room, 353-room, 354-room, 355-room, 356-room, 357-room, 358-room, 359-room, 360-room, 361-room, 362-room, 363-room, 364-room, 365-room, 366-room, 367-room, 368-room, 369-room, 370-room, 371-room, 372-room, 373-room, 374-room, 375-room, 376-room, 377-room, 378-room, 379-room, 380-room, 381-room, 382-room, 383-room, 384-room, 385-room, 386-room, 387-room, 388-room, 389-room, 390-room, 391-room, 392-room, 393-room, 394-room, 395-room, 396-room, 397-room, 398-room, 399-room, 400-room, 401-room, 402-room, 403-room, 404-room, 405-room, 406-room, 407-room, 408-room, 409-room, 410-room, 411-room, 412-room, 413-room, 414-room, 415-room, 416-room, 417-room, 418-room, 419-room, 420-room, 421-room, 422-room, 423-room, 424-room, 425-room, 426-room, 427-room, 428-room, 429-room, 430-room, 431-room, 432-room, 433-room, 434-room, 435-room, 436-room, 437-room, 438-room, 439-room, 440-room, 441-room, 442-room, 443-room, 444-room, 445-room, 446-room, 447-room, 448-room, 449-room, 450-room, 451-room, 452-room, 453-room, 454-room, 455-room, 456-room, 457-room, 458-room, 459-room, 460-room, 461-room, 462-room, 463-room, 464-room, 465-room, 466-room, 4

FOR SALE

Houses.

FOR SALE—AT PASADENA.
1-room house, \$150—\$150.
4-room house, \$675.
5 to 7 rooms, \$1100 to \$1300.
10 rooms (special bargain), apartment house, 1000 sq. ft., 1000 sq. ft., 1000 sq. ft., good fruit; rents for \$25 to \$30 month; price only \$1600 spot cash.

1 22 S. Raymond, Pasadena.

FOR SALE—HOUSES.
\$4500 buys an 8-room modern house, located between 2 fine 2-story new houses on W. Hollywood st.; owner has never offered this place at a price less than \$5000, but business calls him to Manila for three years and he

FOR SALE—ONE OF THE best net homes in the Westside district, 11 rooms, central location, large lot, very close to one of the very best schools; largest lot on a corner street, was built for a home, and owner has never lived there; owner wishes to dispose of it at a great sacrifice.

TERMS: JAMES R. ROIGINS & CO., 421 S. 1st St.,
St. Louis, Mo. 63102.

FOR SALE—
1500—6-room cottage, Mt. Vernon area; cash financing.
1100—New 4-room cottage. 1750 Road.
2000—New 4 flat; rents \$240 yearly.
1500—New 4 flat; rents \$180 yearly.
1250—New 4 flat; rents \$120.
1000—New 4 flat; rents \$100.
Call for details.
WILSHEDLANDER, 295 Langhain Ln.,
St. Louis, Mo. 63104.

FOR SALE—EAST TOWN
6-room, house near Central. \$2000.
4-room house near Pasadena car line.
10-room house near Washington car line.
Call for details.
6-room house, new, southwest, 1750
Call for details.
1 424 Brynne Rd. Third and Broadway.

FOR SALE—A RACIPRICE
2000—4-room, 2-bath, 2-car garage.
Black block from Flourens at
Diversey architecturally
Set the place for a home.
Stylish architecture.
Owner must sell quick.
Suburb us an offer.
Call for details.
1 1800 W. 206 S. Douglas Mdg.
St. Louis, Mo. 63104.

FOR SALE—\$12,000. MODERN RESIDENCE

[illegible]

1st and 2nd, half block west of Central
 \$1500
 \$1000
 \$1000

FOR SALE—ONE OF THE BEST BARGAINS
 in the southwest; 6-room house, hand-
 some, modern, well lighted, gas cook-
 ing; strictly modern. Call or address T. C.
 ZED.

FOR SALE—A BARGAIN—
 1900-11-room house, furnished, 2 baths, hot
 and cold water, gas stove, gas cook-
 ing, situated on 8th st., west of Central
 ave. Call or address T. C. ZED.
 This house is in ready, perfect shape will take it.
 FRANK LERCH

1 2nd and 3rd, 1200 ft. from Hennepin Block

FOR SALE—WILL TRADE FOR
 OR PAUL—VERY MODERN, 6-ROOM
 DWELLING AT NO. 1200 CENTRAL
 1st st.; GOOD BARN AND PLENTY
 OF ALL BUILDINGS SITUATED IN
 GOOD, EXTRA NICE NEIGHBORHOOD AND
 IN THE BEST SECTION OF THE CITY.
 BUSINESS. Call or address
 R. T. JORGENSEN & CO., 117
 CENTRAL ST.

OR SALE—BY OWNER, AT A SACRIFICE—

FOR SALE—A FINE HOME COTTAGE WITH
 5 OTHER COTTAGES IN NEAR OF LOS
 ANGELES. A FINE HOME. LOT 18
 SHIRAZ, MUST SEE. \$50,000 WILL NOT RE-
 FUSE. CALL NOW. 2151 ST. AND HAY
 ST.

FOR SALE—A FINE MODERN UP TO
 date home, only \$1800 close in, only 5 min-
 utes to \$400 in \$1000.00. Call for details.
 rent for \$50 per month; will take \$500 cash,
 balance monthly; cheap at \$5500. Call for bal-
 lance parties leaving city. 734 CLAYTON
 ST.

FOR SALE—MODERN CITY COTTAGE
 with 5 other cottages in near of Los Ange-
 les. nice modern, folding doors, a beauty
 of a home. Call for details; a block from
 city.

PRICE \$1500.

HAY & VERMILION
 112 S. Broadway.

—GOOD HOUSE BUY—

FOR SALE—
 \$1500.—On E 34th st., west of Central and
 near 10th Ave. 1000 sq. ft., new, up-to-date
 house, would rent readily. Call for details.
 J. H. BOWEN & CHAMBERLIN
 17000 John St.

OR SALE—2-ROOM, NEW, AND DERN COTTAGE.
12,000-11-ROOM, NEW, 2-STORY HOUSE.
Call on L. L. ROWEN,
2505 S. SPRING.

OR SALE—NEARLY NEW MODERN 2-ROOM HOUSE, 2 Flower Boxes, Electric Light, etc.; only 400; about 1500 cash will be taken. Call on L. L. ROWEN, 2505 S. SPRING, or Mrs. J. C. BOWEN, 1610 S. 2nd St., St. Paul, Minn.

OR SALE—LUTHERAN, 184 S. Broadway, 2-ROOM, NEW, 2-STORY HOUSE, FULLY painted, modern, eight-room house; FURNISHED, with a modern water heater in bathroom, shades, a new kitchen, and bargain low matings on second floor; also a new refrigerator, a new set of kitchen bushes, also berry bushes, fruit trees, and a new lawn.

OR SALE—WHY PAY RENT, WHEN WE can sell you a 2 or 3-room house, at from \$1000 to \$1500, with a new refrigerator, portable houses, wind and waterproof. We have a lot of them. Call on L. L. ROWEN, or on our easy terms. Call and get prices.

[illegible]

16 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—NICE 27TH AND MAGNOLIA
AREA, 5-room modern house, new, gas and
electric fixtures, covered and fenced, oiling,
tinted walls, cement walks, polished floor,
\$500 cash balance, \$45 monthly payments.

FRANK LEITCH
1st and Spring Aves. Home Block

FOR SALE—NEW 4-BED-ROOM HOUSE ON
CORNER LOT, CLOSE IN AND JUST 1
BLOCKS WEST OF FIGUEROA. VERY
MODERATE PRICE.

C. W. PALMER & CO.,
406 TRUST BLDG. TEL. MAIN 151

FOR SALE—A NICE 2-BED-ROOM HOUSE, CALL
41 130 E. 5TH. 1

FOR SALE—
City Lots and Lands.

The image shows a dark, vertical, textured surface, possibly a book cover or a wall. A lighter, textured strip runs vertically along the left edge, suggesting a hinge or a binding. The main surface is dark and has a grainy texture. There are some faint, vertical lines and a small, dark mark near the top left corner. The overall appearance is that of a close-up of a physical object.

FOR SALE—
City Lots and Lands.

FOR SALE—
ATTENTION INVESTORS—
A big chance to make money; 40 acres of land subdivided; 1 1/2 miles from Courthouse; new electric Elysian Park street railroad runs through middle of tract; abundance of water at 25 feet city water piped on tract; fruitless, finest views; finest soil; 40 50-foot lots at \$200 a lot. MRS. E. M. SCOTT, owner, 1400 Echo Park road. Tel. James 9971.

FOR SALE—
THREE LOTS TOGETHER,
OR WILL DIVIDE.
Close to three car lines, two public schools in one of the choicest residential neighborhoods of the city. I offer the

They will make excellent lots to build
and will also prove a good investment
the price. Near 234 and Union ave.
want an offer.

A. R. HEINEMAN,
234 Henns Bldg

FOR SALE— \$150 PER FOOT.

Large corner on R. Oliva st. S.
\$2000—30 feet on Figueroa st., adjoining it
Figueroa Hotel on the south, being 200 ft
south of 16th st.; it's a snap.

\$2000—100 feet, corner, on W. Seventh.
\$2000—41 feet, corner, on W. Sixth. There
above lots a choice selection of lots to buy.

\$2000—Large corner, R. Grand ave.
H. P. ERNST,
Room 204, Talc Bldg., First and Broadway.

FOR SALE—
 69x142, N. Hill, close in, \$9000.
 75x100, Figueroa corner, close in, \$75,000.
 65x76, Valencia near Ninth, \$7500.
 60x135, 20th and 20th 1/2 streets, \$5000.
 47x145, S. Main, close in, \$2000.
 68x175, on 30th near Figueroa, \$2800.
FRED L. BURNEY & CO.,
 217 W. Second st.

FOR SALE—See: LOT, NORTHWEST, NEAR
 Temple st.; choice location.
 For sale—Very desirable lot, southeast, near
 Central, only \$400.
 Fine large lot, southwest, gilt-edge real
 estate section.
 60x90—Corner lot, 75x154, Orange st., near
 1st—Choice lots in all parts of the city.

FOR SALE—
25 lots adjoining Eastlake Park, are offered this week as a special bargain to speculators or dealers for \$30 per lot; retail price \$60 per lot; 5-cent fare via Panhandle shops to Downey ave. and Maple ave. Nothing offered in Los Angeles to equal this.

FRED L. BORUFF & CO.,
217 W. Second st.

FOR SALE—
A BARGAIN LOT.
\$250 down, balance \$1000 in 12 months. See page 10.

There lots of it. Eighty western prairie tract
around this one for \$1000 to \$1200. It is a
pleasant lot and can't be beat for location. It
will soon sell for \$1500. The owner wants
money and will sell it in your chance.

GRAY & THOMAS, 119 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—

KINNEY HEIGHTS.

KINNEY HEIGHTS.

Beautiful lots in this high, elevated tract
from \$5 to \$1500. 5000 ft. alt. Take Green
traction car to West Adams st.

FERRY M. CLARK, Agent.
224 Byrne Bldg.

SALE—BY—

A. BOCHNER.

FOR SALE—FOR CLOSE-IN CITY LOT
and city acreage; just there is where you
take money and lots of it; I have 2½ acres
the city and 25 acres and 40 acres in
new Main st., Cor. subdivisions; location
what? My, there are fortunes. N. C.
CARY, 117 S. Broadway, owner.

SALE—17th, EACH A BARGAIN.
 \$25—\$140, 37th, near Western.
 \$25—\$170, San Julian near 57th.
 \$25—\$170, Mott, near Brooklyn.
 \$35—\$140, cor. St. Elmo near Santa Fe.
 \$50—\$100, cor. St. Elmo near Santa Fe.
 \$48—\$100, Garvanna, near school.
 \$70—\$120, Washington, near Central.
 Each of the above is a clean-cut bargain
 we've before you.

FITCH & DEPUÉ, 225 Douglas block.

FOR SALE—A BARGAIN.
 LARGE LOT, \$1250.
 NEAR ALAMEDA AND FOURTH STS.
 CAN BE PURCHASED FOR
 ABOUT \$250.
WRIGHT & CALLENDER.

R. SALE—
GEORGE DULTON, SR., TRACT.
 Lot 92x143. Price \$650. A splendid building site in a
BEAUTIFUL LOCATION.
R. E. INNETSON & CO.,
 615 Trust Building

R. SALE—
 Beautiful lots between Grand ave. and First street, near Jefferson, for \$20 to \$30 each.
 Also lots on Angeleno Heights, from \$2 to \$1500.
 A beautiful lot on 23d very cheap.
 We have also some beautiful homes on

SALE—
IF IT'S FOR SALE, WE HAVE IT."
We have a fine corner lot on W. 12th, which
can be used for a four-story office building. There
is no other corner site. It can be "sold" for
less than \$1000. **BULLIS-EDBELL CO.**
408 Broadway Bldg., S.E. corner Third and
Broadway.

SALE—CHEAP CLOSE-IN LOTS.
1250—Wall near 11th, \$3500 to alley.
2100—Santee west side near 11th.
2100—Los Angeles near 11th, \$2500 to alley.
1500—Central Ave. near 15th, \$2500.
1500—E. 5th close to Park, \$2500.
2200—E. 6th near Ceres, \$7500 to alley.
2700—Choice lots in Charles Victor 50

-Belmont ave. near Temple.
 G. C. EDWARDS, 220 W. First
 SALE-
 \$2900-
 WE OFFER A PIECE OF GROUND
 CLOSE TO WASHINGTON AND HOVE
 SUFFICIENT FOR EIGHT OR T
 TTAGES.
 \$2900-
 FEERY & CO., 323 LAUGHLIN BLDG.
 SALE-
 FOR SUBDIVIDING.
 FOR SUBDIVIDING.
) acres, between Pico and Wasingt
 To feet on 16th st. Santa Monica st
 and; level, and fine for cutting
 For price call at the office of the

DWEN & CHAMBERLIN
 Phone John 1231. 432-449 Douglas St.
 —————
 SALE—
 2000-IN BONNIE BEAR district. 2
 net Lake and 10th st. fine view. 20-30
 RNER. BOAZ DUNCAN
 446 Wilcox St.
 —————
 SALE—
 SNAP—SNAP.
 O REASONABLE OFFER REFUSE
 UR FINE LOTS ON W. PROD.
 NING THE NEW TRACT
 FUNDING LOTS HAVE BEEN SOLD
 : MAKE OFFER AND SECURE

WINTON & EVANS
TEL. MAIN 546, 214-216 TRUST BLDG.
SALE—
RICH ST.—RICH ST.
—\$1250—\$1350—\$1250—
LOT 55x120
JUST SOUTH OF 14TH ST.
A BARGAIN.
ROBERT M. MARSH & CO.
639-637 Douglas St.
SALE—33 RESIDENCE LOTS
Panapola, Ind., in good part of
lots graded, sidewalks down on main
lots, a 1-story pressed brick
black; stores being built on the
main streets; also several
sites on the Belt Railroad; with
trade for good Los Angeles prices.

SALE-3 DESIRABLE LOTS, 110x200 ft., for nice residence between 15th and 18th. Inquire at 1232 E. FIGUEROA, or 'Phone 1111

IMPROVED; \$100.
T. near HOPE, 22x3, improved,
LONG LIST OTHERS
D TO SUBMIT THEM.
WRIGHT & CALLENDER
& ET., Wright & Callender Bldg.

FOR SALE—
Suburban Property.
 FOR SALE—BY CULVER.

HOLLYWOOD.

9500—One of those large lots in the
"HOLLAND TRACT."
\$2500. 10 acres. 100 ft. wide.
Planted in 20 large lemon trees.
Only half block to car line.

"CURTIS PLACE."
\$600 to \$1000 for a large lot.
Right in the town of Hollywood.

"REYER TRACT."
\$1000 to \$1500 for the only business
lots at Hollywood to
speculate on.

"PROSPECT TRACT."
\$1000—Lots located on the—1000
Hollywood car line.

Some more for
suburban.

3000-5 acres only on Prospect at 17 ft. off Prospect and car line.

\$4000-10 acres on Prospect and car line.

\$5000-7 acres, Sunset Boulevard.

\$6000-10 acres, Prospect and car line.

\$7000-10 acres, Hollywood Boulevard; just a block to either car line.

\$8000-10 acres, Hollywood and Franklin.

\$9000-10 acres, between city and Hollywood.

\$10,000-10 acres Sunset and Center.

\$10,000-17 acres, Vermont near Sunset.

\$10,000-30 acres, Westerns area and on car line.

See us for land to Subdivide at Hollywood, ALEX. CULVER, 119 E. Broadway. Office open 9:30-5:30 daily and Saturday evenings 4-7.

FOR SALE

SUBURBAN HOME.
SUBURBAN HOME.

Reader, are you looking for a nice suburban home, on high ground, beautiful, healthy, where you can have a combination of city and country? Then call on me.

and church? If so, we will present for your earnest consideration, a beautiful 12-acre orange grove at a low price. It is one of our most fashionable suburbs of either Pasadena or Los Angeles; trees about 10 years old, with 1000 fruit trees, 100000 lbs. of fruit per acre. There is a barn, carriage-house, cow, chickens, all machinery and implements gone so it now stands on a level with the ground. Fruit is frostless; the price, well, it is less than \$5000.

12-acre orange grove, right in Pasadena, near electric car, is worth long, good home, 100000 lbs. of fruit per acre. It is one of our most fashionable suburbs of either Pasadena or Los Angeles past year, \$400; fine home for one who wants a little country life combined with city, the price is less than \$5000.

MOWEN & CHAMBERLIN,
17 Phone No. 111, 621-64 Douglas Ave.

FOR SALE
HEALTHFUL MONROVIA
DELIGHTFUL MONROVIA

Will soon be connected with Los Angeles by electric cars.

Los Angeles capitalist is now awaiting a \$25,000 residence in that town, and I have a nice corner, containing 14 acres, all in lemon trees, 6 years old, for sale. Call on me at—

—4130—4132—4130—4132—

Should nearly double in value in six months; taking \$1750 a acre across the street, new bank building and electric line to Los Angeles through the garden spot of Southern California, will soon cause a big boom. Buy now before you're buckled and quadrupled in value.

I am sole agent for this line corner in the best residence section of Monrovia; grand view, good schools, and desirable society; want to make quick sale; do not delay.

W. L. JONES, 324 W. Second.

FOR SALE- IMPORTANT.

We have an option for a few days only on nearly 4 acres of land on Pasadena ave. in HIGHLAND PARK, at a price so low you can DOUBLE YOUR MONEY within 6 months. And we will sell the lot for you! will you look at it? come will carry a

CORTELLUO & WHITCOMB.

1 32-31 Laughlin Bldg.

FOR SALE- 40 ACRES IN MILES FROM LOS ANGELES NEAR FULLERTON

JOINING FAMOUS ORANGE AND LEMON GROVES; ONE OF THE FINEST BODIES OF LAND IN N. CALIF. CALIFORNIA, ON LINE TWO RAILROADS, 5 MINUTE RIDE FROM LOS ANGELES, 10 MINUTE RIDE FROM GOOD VILLAGES, WELL IMPROVED; 60 ACRES CHOICE ALFALFA AND SUGAR BEET LAND, 20 ACRES PERFECTLY ADAPTED TO CITRUS FRUIT, 10 ACRES TERRIAN WATER FOR ENTIRE TRACT; INCOME THIS YEAR FROM RENTH \$10,000, 10 PER CENT. 10 PER CENT. ON ASKING PRICE AND BY IMPROVING WILL PAY 5 PER CENT. PER YEAR. IF YOU WANT TO SEE OR WOULD ENTERTAIN SOME EX-CHANGE ON PART.

STRONG & DICKINSON,
132 S. BROADWAY.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—
\$10,000—45 acres at Tulare; 10 acres in

\$10,000—10 acres in fruit; Ontario, 60 miles east of Los Angeles; a dandy.
 \$1000—5 acres at El Monte, 21 acres on
 sorted fruits; Irwin, 10 miles from Los Angeles.
 \$4000—the acres of fine wheat land; Tulare
 county, 20 miles from Los Angeles.
 \$1000—17.08 acres right in the swim of im-
 provement; west of city; a snag.
 \$1000—10 acres of orange and lemon land
 between Los Angeles and Santa Monica; cheap.
 \$2000—4 acres of oranges or lemon land;
 near Pasadena.
 \$1000—10 acres fruit or grain land in this
 county; owner going East.
 W. H. Byrne, 1214 So. Ave., Los Angeles.
 1

FOR SALE—SACRIFICE SALE, 1/2 ACRE.
 12 acres bearing orange trees; house with
 1000 ft. of water hose; 1000 ft. of water pipe
 all for \$5000; this is actually one-half the
 real value; Study located above Pasadena;
 All soil, manured for \$7000; this is your
 money.

14, S. Raymond
I also have one of the very best orange groves at Alhambra, between two electric roads; will sell \$2 per cent. on the price; I must leave this afternoon, so I will call and must sell and it's going quick.

M. S. WOOD,
S. Raymond ave., Pasadena.

FOR SALE—SPECIAL ATTENTION OF INTERESTING PURCHASERS IS CALLED TO THE FOUR-ACRE TRACT ON PROSPECT AVENUE, NEARWARD AND ADJACENT TO THE FULBARTLEY MANOR IN HOLLYWOOD; 30 FEET FRONTAGE ON PROSPECT AVENUE, 100 FEET DEPTH, AND A SIGHTLY KNOLL FROM WHICH THE FINEST VIEW IN THE VALLEY IS OBTAINABLE. ONE OF THE BEST BUILDING SITES IN HOLLYWOOD. CALL ON OWNER ADJOINING OR THE AGENTS.

GOODWIN & BYRON,

FOR SALE—
THE MAIN N. HOLLWOOD, CAL.
FOR RENT—
 FREE EXCURSION EVERY SATURDAY
 TO EL CENTRO TRACT, HOLLWOOD
 On our special car, leaving Fourth and
 Hill at 8:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. and 4:30
 and 6 p. m.
CHOICE BUILDING LOTS
 FROM \$200 TO \$600
 \$19 DOWN, \$19 PER MONTH,
 NO INTEREST, NO TAXES.
 Free tickets to ride on the Santa Ana
 EASTON, ELDRIDGE & CO., Sole Agents,
 134 S. Broadway.
 W. H. Townsend & Co., special agents,
 Hollywood, Cal.
FOR SALE—
HOLLWOOD VISTA TRACT.
 Adjoining Hollywood Hotel.
 Large lots, 200 ft., 300 ft. and up.
 Streets graded, water laid and curbed.

Water piped all over the tract.
Building returns 30 per cent. to 35 per cent.
REVERIDGE & GRASS,
Phone Main 12, Hollywood.

FOR SALE—FINE SUBURBAN HOME 1½ acres all improved. Acres in full bearing lemon, 1 acre in full bearing apricot; balance in early pines, Burbank pines, quinces, grape fruit, oranges, large pines, cypresses, magnolia plant, large windmill, big tank, flowing water, 1-inch pipe all over the orchard; large turn-out, garage, 2-car house, swimming pool, beautiful location; also view of city; so car line; school and church near by; call anytime for more particulars. W. F. FOURTH ST., city, from 9:30 a.m. to 3 p.m. 1

FOR SALE—ON MONTEA AVE. NEAR

[illegible]

Liners.

WANTED—
To Purchase, Best Estate,
Fourth and Broadway.
WANTED—4 or 5 LOTS, ADJOINING
Fourth and Broadway, South
district; must have east frontage,
corner Third and Broadway.
WANTED TO PURCHASE, THE
Barnes estate, southwest district,
reply, with description and home-
owner's name.
WANTED—I WILL PAY \$500 CASH FOR
improved lot in south or southern
district, with a good office building
on it; give location and price; owners
must be reliable.
WANTED—HAVE \$500 CASH TO INVEST
in good income-paying property, fair
building, and good location; give
property, and state income.
WANTED TO PURCHASE MODERN 2-
story house, with 2 bedrooms, bath,

from cottage near Main st.; prefer to live in
Main, between Washington and James
st.; want a desirable home place. Address
Box 28. TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—MODERN HOME, LARGE LOT
fine stock, grain, fruit, poultry farm;
it's your opportunity; investigate;
survives now and be independent. No
READY. 113 Stinson block.

WANTED—PARTY WITH \$250 CASH, WISH
to buy nice modern cottage, \$ to 7 rooms,
out of Flushing rd.; balance of payment
monthly; state location.

WANTED - DO YOU WANT TO SELL
your lot or house, or any other city prop-
erty at a low figure? Have the cash,
I'll buy outright if property is priced high.
Address P.O. BOX 390, city.

WANTED-TO BUY GOOD HOUSES OR
5 rooms in southern part of city; will
pay \$500 cash; balance \$20 per month; state
name and location. Address by letter it,
Alta at, Los Angeles.

WANTED-TO BUY FROM 3 TO 5 ACRES

Wanted - ARE YOU PAYING RENT, or, why? When the Ashby Building Company will build you a 5-room house for \$600; 6 rooms, \$1450; 7 rooms, \$1900. 123-24 JIMSON BLOCK.

WANTED-SIX-ROOM HOUSE, STRICTLY modern, between Main and Alvarado, near 24th st.; \$3500 to \$4000 cash; owner, W. A. JOHNSON & CO., 100 South Broadway.

WANTED-TO PURCHASE A CHEAP LOT between Central and San Pedro, Fourth and Ninth, suitable for building flat; answer Monday sure. Address H, box M, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED-TO PURCHASE FROM OWNERS

to 12-room strictly modern house. Daily.
ams or Westlake district; state parties
and location. Address H, box 28, TIMES
OFFICE.

WANTED—THE BEST LOT THAT CAN BE
found from owners for from \$500 to \$1500 on
northwest, sewer district; give location and
price. Address E, box 29, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—GOOD LOT, SOUTHWEST, NEAR
\$1500; will pay half cash and half a
yearly mining stock that will end in value
of \$1000. Address J, box 32, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED - TO PURCHASE WEST OF
ave. full-sized lot for about \$1500.
ash paid for approved position; state loca-
n. Address E, box 11, TIMES OFFICE, 1
WANTED-BEACH PROPERTY; LOT ON VAST
ter front at any nice beach resort near
Los Angeles; must be cheap; give particu-
lar. Address N, box 51, TIMES OFFICE, 1
WANTED TO PURCHASE FOR A CLIENT
modern cottage, close in, for \$2500; no
cash balance good monthly payments. A

NEMER & CAMPBELL, 225 N. Spring
 WANTED -- ADVERTISER IS OPEN
 to, from owners only, anything on
 Fair Temple, for spot cash, up to \$100
 address G. box 40, TIMES OFFICE.
 WANTED--A NEW HOUSE OF 40 TO
 50 rooms, well located; don't want it
 needed; will lease same for term of year
 address G. box 40, TIMES OFFICE.
 WANTED--TO PURCHASE; FROM \$200
 to \$1,000 to invest in real estate; deal
 with owner; agent; no commission
 address G. box 1, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED-TO PURCHASE A GOOD HOUSE
lot at Ocean Park; must be a bargain.
MR. HOWMAN REAL ESTATE AND IN
VESTMENT CO., 230 1/2 B. Broadway.

WANTED-TO INVEST \$1000 IN ONE OR
two lots, west or Westlake; must be bar
gain; give full particulars; am no agent.
Address N. box 84. TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED-TO PURCHASE FROM OWN
ers, best 5 or 6-room cottage I can buy
for \$200 or \$250 down, balance monthly.
Address E. box 41. TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—LAND FOR A REGISTERED
 stallion, gets fine stock; also
 for oil stock, local or Foreign. See
 Address 149 W. FIRST ST., CITY.
WANTED—WE HAVE A CLIENT FOR
 room, 1-story house that will
 of Washington west of Figueroa.
 SCHULTZ, 236 S. Broadway.
WANTED TO EITHER EXCHANGE
 property, or might buy for cash
 to 40 acres of damp land, GEO. W. M.
 NIGHT, 225 Byrne Bldg.
WANTED—CHAP LAD, NOT MORE

at Carvian; must have good yard and
 ground. CRICHTON SMITH &
 HARRY, 200 Currier Bldg.
 WANTED—5 TO 10 ACRES IMPROVED
 land; also same amount unimproved.
 Give full description and price. Address
 Box 21. TIMES OFFICE.
 WANTED — 4 OR 7-ROOM HOUSE, FOR
 \$3000 to \$3500; reasonably close in; give
 number or no attention paid. Address
 Box 4. TIMES OFFICE.
 WANTED—VACANT LOT, WEST SIDE

WANTED—GOOD LOT WITHIN BOUNDARIES OF
23d and Grand ave. and Maple ave.; price
\$10,000; cash; no fancy price; cash; good
lot. S. L. OSBORN, 1015 S. 10th st., Los Angeles 14.

WANTED—I WANT TO BUY COTTAGE
with 3 rooms, southwest; can pay \$200
and \$20 per month; no agents. Address
J. J. JAMES, 1015 S. 10th st., Los Angeles 14.

WANTED—COTTAGE & ROOMS, NEAR
CITY CENTER, will rent \$200; \$100
per month; no agents. Address
J. J. JAMES, 1015 S. 10th st., Los Angeles 14.

WANTED - TO PURCHASE OR RENT ROOM strictly modern cottage. West: fine location, price, terms. Address H. M. L. TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED - TO PURCHASE A ROOMING HOUSE. If the price is right, your money is no object. Address 224 BYRNE BLDG., Phone James 7601.

WANTED - TO EXCHANGE BLOCK OF building stock for residence; give location.

WANTED-TO PURCHASE A 5 OR 6 ROOM
modern cottage, on Pico car line; will pay
half cash; balance in 6 months. Address
FIFTH ST.

WANTED - IMMEDIATELY. TWO LOTS
southwest, about \$700 cash; also one corner
L. Address F. box 82, TIMES OFFICE
LAUREL

WANTED - A VACANT CORNER LOT
in the southwestern part of the city; will pay
\$100 cash. Address H, box 51, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED-LOT ON IMPROVED STREET
good locality to build on. Call at 60
TRUST BLDG. -

WANTED-A BARGAIN IN BUILDING MATERIALS
southwest for cash. Address J, box 27,
TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED-MODERN 8 OR 9-ROOM HOUSE
cash for bargain. Address J, box 52, TIMES
OFFICE.

WANTED-A CHEAP LOT IN HIGHLAND
park district. Address J, box 27, TIMES
OFFICE.

WANTED—
Houses.
WANTED—MODERN, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED home, about ten sunny rooms, prefer Westlake district; describe fully; reference to rent your home to responsible, careful party. **BANKER, 115 Seimons**
WANTED—BY THE 15TH. A PLEASANT

WANTED-HOUSE AND LOT IN EX-
change for a smart business worth the
could pay small cash difference. Address
box 37, **TIMES OFFICE**.

Liners.

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

FOR SALE—
Miscellaneous.

FOR SALE—
THE BARGAIN PIANO CO.,
216-218 W. THIRD
THE BARGAIN PIANO CO.,
216-218 W. THIRD
THE BARGAIN PIANO CO.,
216-218 W. THIRD

EVERYTHING BUT BARGAINS
ABMITTED.
HERE ARE SOME OF THEM:
"THICKSKING & SONS" UPRIGHT, CIRCA
WALNUT, \$95.
"CHAS. E. HALL" UPRIGHT, NICE
DITON, \$85.
"W. M. WERLOCK" UPRIGHT, I.
TIPUL MAJONANT CASE, \$10.
HALLIST & DAVIS (UPRIGHT) GRAY
MAGNIFICENT INSTRUMENT, \$28.
KEANICH & BACH, UPRIGHT, F.
SOMIS CASE, \$25.
CONOVER (UPRIGHT) WORTHY \$20.
STEINWAY & SONS' UPRIGHT, I.
BEST STYLE, \$30.
(ALL SOLD ON EASY MONTHLY
MENTS.)

WE HAVE MADE THE PRICES RO
ON THE FOLLOWING SQUARE PI
THAT WE WILL GIVE A WR
GUARANTEE WITH EACH ONE TO
IT BACK AT ANY TIME WITHI
YEARS AND ALLOW THE PUR
PAID TO APPLY ON ANY NEW UP
ARION
STEINWAY & SONS
STOLART
STEINWAY & SONS
GILBERT
GILBERT
GILBERT
GILBERT

REMEMBER THE LOCATION.
THE BARGAIN PIANO CO.,
216-218 W. THIRD
BRADBURY BLOCK, BETWEEN 31
AND BROADWAY.

FOR SALE—COLTHER'S

We repeat the assertion, we sell more
niture for less money than anybody
city.

Colther's handles all the best grades of
oni-hand goods, and nade from that
handle a complete line of new furniture
beds, rugs, art squares, matting, lin
stones, bedding and everything that g
furnish up a nice comfortable home
can get it all at Colther's.

You can buy a beautiful 3-piece har
bedroom set for \$12.50.
A good cable-spring, \$1.50.
A good top mattress, \$1.50.
Total, \$5.50.
That's the kind of bargain you ca
at Colther's.

You can buy a complete dining-roo
of 5 high-back dining chairs, \$4.50
1 solid oak 6-foot dining table, \$5.50.
2 solid oak china closets, \$11.
1 quartered oak buffet, polished, \$25.
Total, \$47.
Another bargain you can get at Colt

Office man, you can buy a solid oak
top desk for cash, \$20, or for 10
per cent you can buy it on easy payme
you can rent it for \$10 per month, at
you. Remember, Colther's is the plac
for excellent bargains.

You can buy an elegant birdseye
drawn dining table, French plate
rnr, swell front at Colther's for \$24.
A shine snap.

Remember Colther's has an elegant a
most select room and spare no effort
make everything pleasant and agreeab
all customers, whether they buy or not
kindly solicit your patronage; at le
visit to inspect our immense stock of
ture, at low prices and quality then
for yourself.

Remember, Colther's buys all kinds of
oni-hand goods and pays the top cash
for excellent bargains.

Colther's buys, sells or trades furnitu
Ring up Red 2111.

1 COLTHER'S, 222-224 S. Main

FOR SALE—
LUDWIG PIANOS.
Received diploma Philadelphia, 1900
LUDWIG PIANOS.
RECEIVED MEDAL, PARIS 1903.
LUDWIG PIANOS.
Received highest honors at the Pan-Am
Exposition, Buffalo, 1904.
LUDWIG PIANOS.
Are absolutely unequalled in tone
for creditable expenditure.
ARE PRESENTED ONLY IN
FRANK B. LONG,
who is also general representative
RECEIVED—
—HAMILTON—
—SMITH & BARNES
and other standard pianos.

We are under the lowest expenses of
largest stock in standard pianos on the
city Coast.

Which makes it possible for us to
lower prices than competitors who are
der exorbitant expense.

We carry a line of goods of unequal
merit. They have only to be seen to
appreciate.

OUR TERMS ARE THE LOWEST
POSSIBLE TO THE TRADE.
Investigate our special contract.

Is Per month. No Interest.

We have a number of good bargains
slightly used pianos which are sold
at very low prices and on our easy-pay
plan.

BEAUTIFUL, NEW PIANOS TO RE
PRICES REASONABLE.
FRANK B. LONG,
214 S. HILL OPP. CENTRAL PARK

FOR SALE BY CARRIAGE WRECKING
NEW AND SECOND-HAND
WAGONS AND BUGGIES.
WAGONS.
Express, laundry, bakery, grocery, mar
fruit and every other kind of a spring
on new, partly new or second-hand;
to order and kept in stock.
HIGHBROS.
Rubber-tired runabouts, spinners, etc.
rears, Concord, bike, and top buggies at
price, and the

CHEAPEST IN TOWN.
1 S. E. C. SEVENTH AND L. A.

[illegible]

LIVE STOCK WANTED

[illegible]

Liners

TO LET-IF S'S FOR RENT, WANTED
New and modern 2-room, house with
bunks of 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 83

WRIGHT & CALLENDER,
MANAGERS OF RENTAL PROPERTY,
223 S. 11TH ST. (Under Old Under Bldg.)
TO LET—FURNISHED HOUSE
ON 15TH ST. NEAR FIGUEROA;
TEN ROOMS;
MODERN AND COMPLETE;
ALL CONVENIENCES;
APPLY AT HOME, OR TO
WRIGHT & CALLENDER,
223 S. 11TH ST. (Wright & Callender Bldg.)

TO LET—5-ROOM COTTAGE. JUST RENTED. **1**
FURNITURE, LINEN, ETC., WATER, PAID. RENT ONLY
\$4.50. PARTIES WISHING TO BUY THE NEW FURNITURE,
which is nice and complete for housekeeping,
may do so at a bargain. Call 839 TOWNE,
1011 1/2 N. 10th St., Denver.

TO LET—FURNISHED, COMPLETELY
furnished 3-room house, while owner is absent.
Includes refrigerator, electric range, gas range,
bath, gas range, instantaneous heater, etc.
205 MUNNICK AVE., Bronx west of con-
crete bridge. Phone 2-1100.

TO LET—HOUSE OF 10 ROOMS. PARTY
must buy furniture; everything complete;
used only short time; first-class in every re-
spect; cheap rent; fine locality; full of room-

TO LET—COMPLETELY FURNISHED
Cottage of 8 rooms, south of Westlake Park, west side, close to bus and car line, in good condition and well located; rent reasonable. MCGRAW & BRNSON CO., 222 1/2 So. 4th St. Springfield, Mo.

TO LET—7-ROOM MODERN COTTAGE
completely furnished; porcelain bath, instantaneous heater, toilet, stationary; gas range, electric lights, lawn, flowers, fruit, close to car line. 311 AVERA, N. SOUTH. 1

TO LET—FIVE NEW ROOMS, PORCELAIN
bath, water paid, rent cheap to parties wishing to buy. Call for particulars. 1111 N. new and clean and ready for housekeeping; close in; this is a bargain. OWNER, 83

TO LET—HOUSE FOR RENT, FURNISHED or unfurnished; 7 rooms and bath; one block from 54th Lake station, Tropic, near corner of 54th and Lake streets. Call on MRS. FANNIE M. CUSHING, Tropic, Cal.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED NEW COTTAGE, 5 rooms, bath, piano, electric light, gas, modern improvements, one block from street. Call on Mrs. H. E. HARRIS, 2028, or call at home for particulars. 1

TO LET—COTTAGE & LARGE ROOMS, comfortably furnished, for a home; one and one-half blocks from 54th Lake station; heater in bathroom; one large lawn, palms, flowers, etc. 1287 GIRARD ST. 1

TO LET—A FURNISHED HOUSE 10 ROOMS bath, lawn, fruit, fruit; immediate possession. Call on Mrs. J. E. HARRIS, 2028, or call at home for particulars. 1

W. 16th st. between Figueroa and Georgia.
 ALTER L. ROSS, owner. 1

TO LET—FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED
 houses, Pasadena, South of city,
 the West Side. **BRUCE-STRAFFORD**
REALTY CO., 25 S. Raymond ave., Pasadena.

TO LET—FURNISHED SIX-ROOM
 cottage, good location, 40 per month.
 For particulars see **EDWARD D. SILENT &**
CO., No. 216-218 W. Second st. 1

TO LET—ROOMS IN MODERN SUNNY
 flat, new and nicely furnished; kitchen
 complete. For particulars see
 street, 1212 S. GRAND AVE. 1

TO LET—5-ROOM HOUSE, PARTIALLY
 furnished; abundance fruits, flowers; \$20;
 1

TO LET—5 ROOMS FURNISHED. SUIT-
able for sub-letting. Good location. Will
rent very reasonably. Call Sunday until 2:30
p.m. 522 CENTRAL AVE.

TO LET—AN ELEGANTLY FURNISHED
house, 10 rooms, gas, elec, electric
light and hot and cold water, two car lines,
2636 VERMONT AVE.

TO LET—FURNISHED HOUSE IN BUREAU
to 10 to 12 rooms, located centrally in
central price for board. Address N. box 5
TIMES OFFICE

TO LET—HOUSE OF 8 ROOMS TO FARM
housekeeping furniture. Everything complete
for housekeeping. \$200 for quick sale. 1623
SAN PEDRO ST.

TO LET—2 ROOM HOUSE, FURNISHED,
 all conveniences, moderate rent.
 on E. Flower and 18th sts. **E. BERRY, 216**
Currier Bldg.

TO LET—FOR SIX MONTHS, NEW FOUR-
ROOM cottage, close in, completely furnished,
 throughout, no children. **449 N. BUNKER**
HILL AVE.

TO LET—IN CENTRAL AVE., 2 ROOM,
 completely furnished house. For particulars
 apply to **MR. D. D. SILENT & CO., 218 W.**
Second st.

TO LET—FURNISHED 2 ROOM cottage
 with large barn, fruit and flowers, on Boys
 Heights. Inquire of owner, **226 E. THIRD**
ST.

TO LET—A DESIRABLE 2 ROOM, FUR-
 nished house, lawn, fruit, flowers, with gas,

TO LET—PART OF HOUSE COMPLETELY furnished and telephone, with use of piano; no children. 241 W. 23RD ST. 1

TO LET—FURNISHED PLEASANT SUNNY new 5-room cottage at 1132 E. 23RD ST. WATSON, CO. 1

TO LET—SEVEN-ROOM HOUSE, FURNISHED; no unfurnished; 516 Halsey St. P. Heights. See owner, 241 S. HOPE. 1

TO LET—FURNISHED, HOUSE OF 8 ROOMS, 360, water paid and lawn cared for. 1329 W. 1ST ST. 1

TO LET—FURNISHED, 8-ROOM HOUSE, adults; instantaneous heater; furnace; electricity. 553 BEACON ST. 1

TO LET—FURNISHED, EIGHT ROOM COTTAGE, 250 E. 1ST ST. FIRE, OWN. 1

ER 200 Currier Bldg. 1

TO LET-2-ROOM HOUSE PARTLY FURNISHED, short on linen and china. 725 WEST WASHINGTON ST. 1

TO LET-6-ROOM HOUSE, MODERN, ELEC. APPL. \$120 per month. 439 E. 17TH ST. Tel. Main 86. 2

TO LET - 2-ROOM HOME TO PRIVATE family; references required; rent reasonable. 722 S. HILL ST. 4

TO LET-COMPLETLY FURNISHED COTTAGE of 4 rooms and bath. Adults only. 1000 JACKSON ST. 1

TO LET-NICELY FURNISHED, SIX-ROOM modern house with piano, #7 W. ADAMS; lovely location. 1

TO LET—ROOM COMPLETELY FURNISHED
modern cottage. Call at 2049 BROOKING AVE.
Inquire key. 1-
TO LET—FURNISHED 6-ROOM COTTAGE.
modern. 1005 W. JEFFERSON ST. Call
Monday. 8-
TO LET—COTTAGE NO. 601 N. GRAND;
party must buy furniture 5 rooms; inquire
key. 1-
TO LET—MOVE RIGHT IN. FOUR FUR-
nished housekeeping rooms. 1336 S. FLOWER.
2-
TO LET—A ROOM NICELY FURNISHED
sunny modern flat. 262 E. FIRST ST. 1-
TO LET—6-ROOM COTTAGE. MUST BUY
furniture. Inquire 811 S. HILL. 1-
TO LET—5 ROOM COTTAGE FAULTLESSLY

furnished. SEE E. 24TH ST. No children. 2
 TO LET—FURNISHED, 6-ROOM HOUSE
 209 W. 22D ST. Open from 2 to 4. 1
 TO LET—FURNISHED 4-ROOM COTTAGE
 157 W. SECOND; 12. 2

TO LET—
Pastorage.

TO LET—GOOD PASTURE for HORSES IN
 city limits at \$2.50 per month. Tel. Red 350.
 J. P. WYLLIE, 1201 Temple st. 1

TO LET—
Miscellaneous.

SEE 1201 CITY PROPERTY AGENCY FOR

TO LET - ALEYS or any part thereof, on San Pedro St. just south of Ninth; will lease for term of 5 to 10 years. W. H. OGDEN, 301 E. La Grange Bldg.

WILL RENT A STANDARD DRILLING RIG complete to responsible parties on Adams St. for \$80 per month. Address ADAMS, 301 E. Main St., City.

TO LET - 1/2 ACRES GRAIN LAND ON MAIN ST., 1/2 mile south, for \$2.50 per acre. IRISH & CHANDLER, 119 1/2 S. Spring St.

TO LET - A NICE CLEAN BAKER SHOP with tools and good big oven. Apply to SEVENTH ST.

TO LET - ORCHARD AND VINEYARD near Pontreca. M'GARRY & INNES, 101 Broadway.

FOR RENT BY THE DAY WEEK

TO LET-BICYCLE, at Hyclele bicycle agency, all
or month, at Hyclele bicycle agency, all
SPRING. 1
TO LET-ONE OF THE BEST LOCATIONS
for business lease. Located 120 E. MAIN. 1
TO LET-FINE MOUNTAIN RESORT. AP
dress 2, box 24, TIMES OFFICE.

-BY FITZACKERLY & CO.,
 -21 W. First st.
 room flat on Grand ave.
 room house on Curves street
 room flat, 5th & Madison Ave. W.
 room completely furnished, 143 E. 10th st.
LET - FURNISHED, NEW, 4-ROOM
 instantaneous heater; large gas range;
 light; central heating; bath, electric, walk-
 ing closet; Flower st. near Ninth; no
 small children; must rent at once.
 ED. J. 143 E. 10th st. 10777 particular.
LET - 3 ROOM M. 314 S. SPRING ST.
LET - 3 BEAUTIFUL NEW 4-ROOM
 on E. 17th, near Central Ave. 10th and
 11th streets. Bath and electricity;
 rent in the city. For further par-
 ticulars call on
 EDWARD D. SILENT & CO.
FURNISHED FLAT, 420 10th

ET—FURNISHED, TO A COUPLE ONLY
completely furnished (bath, electric light,
gas, refrigerator, oil heater, gas and
grates and piano; price \$2, 120 F.O.B.
C.A. Call after hours.

LET—NEW LEADS, THOSE BEAUTI-
furnish up-to-date 4 and 7-room flats
Inglewood and Union ave. Pure flat par-
tels see EDWARD D. SILENT & CO.

ET—A NEW FLAT OF 1 ROOM, COM-
plete for housekeeping; first floor, east front;
stove and refrigerator; electric light and
gas; toilet; yellow traction. Key at
W. JEFFERSON.

LET—FURNISHED FLAT, 1 ROOM,
bath, electric light and bath; electric light,
gas and piano, including water; no
rent. Apply to HJMAN (SWEDEN).

[illegible]

LET-6 ROOM PLAT. PUNISHED SUNNY
1st floor bath, electric lights, \$8. this
EIGHT ST.

LET-FLATS, 4 to 6 ROOMS. NEW
modern. \$2. \$2.50. E. BARRINGTON
WAIT & CARNWELL. 226 Byrne Bldg.

LET-6 ROOM PLAT. FURNITURE FOR
rent very reasonable, close to and
my Address H. box 12 TIMES OFFICE.

LET-NEW SUNNY FLATS, 6 ROOMS,
modern, electric lights, moderate rent
and MAIPLE AVE. Apt. 2 at corner

LET-A PRETTY AND SUNNY FIVE
apartment in the new Mission Park
W. 10th St. and 1st Ave. \$10.00

LET-6 NICE PLAT. HOUSEKEEPING
rooms, gas range, hot water, furnished.
\$10.00. FIGUEROA, No car fare.

LET-A PRETTY AND SUNNY FIVE
apartment in the new Mission Park
W. 10th St. and 1st Ave. \$10.00

LET - 2 MODERN 2 ROOM FLATS IN NEW
FEDRO. no children. Apply at 251
1
LET-NEW. MODERN 4 ROOM FLATS. RE-
asonable; go rent; them. 262 N. HOPE
Court.
1
LET - 2 MODERN 1 ROOMERS. 27 N. FIG-
HERO ST. \$44 per month, including water
and gas.
1
FOR SALE - FURNISHED FLAT OF FIVE
rooms; price reasonable. E. S. FLOWERS
1
LET - 2 ROOM FURNISHED FLAT.
Modern, 440. 227 E. ADAMS. No children.
1
LET - NEW 2 ROOM FLAT, CORNER
of Nacmi and 54th. B. Ins. 114 E. 57th
1
LET - 2 ROOM FLAT AT 45 TO PARTY
architecting houses at 63 W. 173 ST. 1
LET-MOVE RIGHT IN (FURNISHED)
1

1 LET-4-ROOM FLAT, FURNITURE FOR
 sale; close in. Call 512 & FLOWER. 3
 1 LET-ELEGANT NEW FLAT, CLOSE
 STANTON, room 561, Grant Bldg. 3
 1 LET-3-ROOM FLAT, GAS, ELECTRIC
 lights and bath. 215 S. MAIN ST. 3
 1 LET- LOWER FLOR. OF DOUBLE
 apt. 4, Florida, 1440 GEORGIA ST. 1
 1 LET-3-ROOM FLAT, 107 & HOWE ST.
 INQUIRE 561 BLAINE ST. 1

GROUPED AND INDEXED

STOCKS AND BONDS—
FOR SALE—
—A WONDERFUL MINE—

It will pay you to make inquiry about the stock of the Roosevelt Mining & Milling Company, as this property is destined to be one of the greatest money makers ever put on the market in California.

The famous Bagdad mine, directly along the side and containing identically the same grade of ore, was purchased three years ago for \$10,000,000 and sold again within the last ten days, the sellers receiving \$30,000,000 for the property and the purchasers a London syndicate, paying in the neighborhood of \$15,000,000; the parties making a profit of \$15,000,000 difference.

It is admitted by experts of the Roosevelt mine that the Bagdad mine is the best of its kind, and that the Bagdad mine has the larger body of ore of two, and as it is a high grade, free milling gold ore that can be milled right in the Bagdad mill, the possibilities for the future are simply enormous.

Don't delay, as this stock is selling

fast and we have only a limited amount
self at the present selling price of \$50 p
share.

==

1 SNOWBALL & SULLIVAN
11 N. Raymond ave., Pasadena.

==

FOR SALE—

—BONDS AND STOCKS—

The high-class investment securities of
Southern California. Electric street or
urban railways, electric light and power
companies, gas, water and industrial; n
holder 4% to 6 per cent. Represent larg
properties and secured by mortgage

fruit feed; free from taxation; recommended and purchased by our banks; available in all sections; ready mowables; all municipal and school boards; and good dividend-paying stock to net 10 to 15 per cent; eastern investment stocks and bonds bought and sold; orders executed for the sale of all of the following securities. I offer at this time, subject to sale, small blocks of following bonds: Pacific Ry., 4-year gold 5's (guaranteed) by L. Tractor, Railway and Terminal Co., 4-year gold 5's (Huntington system); Edison Electric 5's (old First Mtg.); United Elec. Gas and Sewer 5's; Mission Transp. & Htg. Co. 4-year gold 5's.

JOHN A. FIRTLE,
STOCK BROKER.

500 FROST BLDG., SECOND AND F'DWAY
TEL. MAIN 1899.
==
==
12 PER CENT. INTEREST ON YOUR
I offer at par stock in an estab-
lished, paying business. This is 12 per cent.
interest-bearing preferred cumulative stock
managed by successful, reputable Los An-
ges business men, and yielding in the near-
est future a dividend of 12 per cent. on the
basis of its face value. This is a safe, steady
income, and far more profitable. Interest paid
twice a year. Ask for particulars. Financial
statements and bank references furnished.
WILSON, 532 Byrne Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.
FOR SALE—

LICHTENBERGER-CARTER CO.
(Incorporated.)
STOCK AND BOND BROKERS
REAL ESTATE DEALERS
REMOVED TO 22 W. SECOND STREET
Room formerly occupied by Evening Ex-
press.
List your stocks, bonds and securities
with us.

WE BUY AND SELL ALL HIGH-GRADE
stocks, bonds and mortgages. Carefully se-
lected securities for investors always on
hand. Write or call for quotations.
WM. R. STANT CO.
PASADENA, CAL.

THE NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA
N.E. corner Second and Spring Sts.
Los Angeles
Sells checks

TAX EXEMPT BONDS

FOR SALE—FIFTY PER CENT ADVANCE IN
Jerome Canyon
the last day when 50-cent shares can be
secured. Office 415 TRUST BLDG.

FOR SALE—I HAVE A CHANCE WHEREIN
a party with \$600 can double their money
in 30 days in mining stocks. E. J.
YOUNG, 1004 S. W. First st.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS NET—WILL
buy 10,000 "Sunset" King and "Sunset"
Casar oil shares, if taken quick. Address

N. box 57, TIMES OFFICE.

FOR SALE-AT PAR FOR CASH ONLY, in blocks to suit 30 shares of State Bank of Colorado stock. Address G. box 32, TIMES OFFICE.

FOR SALE-I WISH TO BUY PROVIDENCE Gold and Copper Co. stock, at lowest cash price. Address G. box 32, TIMES OFFICE.

FOR SALE-3 SHARES OF UNION OIL CO. at 100; private party. Address G. box 32, TIMES OFFICE.

1000 SHARES EXPOSED TREASURE: PAR value, \$5; 70 cents per share. F. C. LANGDON, 841 Alvarado st., city.

FOR SALE - ASSOCIATED MINES DE-

THE DOUGLAS BLDG.

TYPEWRITERS—

NO. 2 SMITH-PREMIER,
positively as good as new, \$75.
No. 4 Remington, same, \$75.
No. 2 Smith-Premier, \$65.
No. 4 Remington, \$65.
No. 4 Jewett, \$75.
No. 5 Remington, \$30.
No. 1 Smith-Premier, \$30.
No. 2 Remington, \$25.
No. 2 Rem Sho, \$25.
No. 4 Vost, \$40.

No. 2 Silver, \$35.
 75 Chicago, \$25.
 Ribbons, carbon, paper, repairs and extra parts for all typewriters. Our rental prices are \$3 and \$4 per month for new machines. We sell typewriters, \$5 down and \$1 monthly. You are safe and can save money by dealing with THE REFRIGERATOR EXCHANGE.
 212 Wilcox, Phone James 3541.

THE BLICKENDECKER AGENCY HAS
 typewriters of all makes.
 219 WEST FIRST STREET.

No. 2 Smith	\$29.00
No. 1 Smith	\$27.50
No. 4 Underwood	\$28.00
No. 5 Remington	\$29.00
"Keystone"	\$29.00

"Chicago"	\$39.00
"Franklin"	\$59.00
"Denmore"	\$69.00
	\$1.00

THE UNDERWOOD STANDARD VISIBLE TYPEWRITER is strong, convenient, and light running. If you think of buying a typewriter you will find it to your advantage to use the Underwood.

FOWLER BROTHERS, Agents,
 1 221 West Second street.

THE NEW SUB TYPEWRITER OUTHINES in every desirable feature, including price: (1) typewriter machine; (2) visible writing in its normal form; anti-ribb; (3) a full and universal keyboard of 27 keys, and writes all

TOGETHER 11 letters and characters; beautiful
type, 12 and 14 pt. Agency at ONY,
BOOKSTORE, No. 412 Broadway, Bklyn. 1
1

THE BLICKENDERER HAS THE
largest factory of any typewriter in the
world; has sold over 75,000 machines and is
now adding two buildings to its plant; local
agency, 118 W. FIRST. Let us demonstrate
our new, all-german, carbon work, etc.
Price \$25.


TYPEWRITERS. ALL STANDARD MAKES
bought, sold, rented, repaired and exchanged.
Prices \$12 to \$50, cash or installments. 20 per
cent. discount on ribbons and carbons. Parts for
all makes. Free estimates. Write for catalogues
containing: dictations direct to machine. RICE &
CO., 215 Stowell Block., 228 S. Spring.

SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER-
Holds a world's record for speed;
simple, durable, perfect. Significant,
machines rented, stenographers furnished,
supplies, typewriter desks and chairs. Send
for art catalogue. L. & M. ALEXANDER
215 Stowell Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 4

TYPEWRITERS RENTED, 15 TO 35 PER
month, including ribbons. Expert training
at lowest prices. Machines kept in repair
and ribbons furnished for \$1 per month.
RICE & CO., 215 Stowell bldg. 236 & Spring
1

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER-
Built for wear, leader in improvements,
lightest action and best alignment; machines
for rent; stenographers furnished; supplies

TYPewriter CO. 112 E. Broadway
FOR SALE - TYPEWRITERS. ALL KINDS
 bought and sold, rented and repaired.
TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE, Wilcox Bldg.
"THE CHICAGO," THE BEST TYPEWRITER
 at any price; \$32.50 (1st); send for circular.
TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE, 212 Wilcox
TYPEWRITING AND TYPESETTING
 2 ERYSON BLOCK, Second and Spring.
 Promptness, neatness. Price right.
COLUMBIA BAR-LOCK VISIBLE TYPE-
 writer; send for catalogue. 212 Cal. St., 7.
TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE WILCOX
BLDG.



you are down in the sunny side-
made to grope, by others, on
seamy side of life where the pain
are, and the suffering, and the dis-
tress and the sorrowing. It does seem
enough for the people to be in
railroad accidents who happens
be there, instead of dragging all
of you into the burning and al-
tered cars where the traces of
maimed and the dying are smog-
breath one's heart. It does seem
me as if you would be able to
along if you didn't hear about the

[illegible]

DOUBT OF IT IS HORRIBLE.

Sentenced to Living Death
and May Be Innocent.

Appalling Ignorance of Prisoners
Servarino Gonzales.

Operation of Law Convicted Him
Without Much Evidence—
Unique Pathos of Case.

His last hope gone, Servarino Gonzales was condemned for life yesterday for a murder that he says he knows nothing about, and with which no direct evidence connects him.

It is horrible to think that the man may have been doomed to shed his life for a crime he did not commit, and a half worse than Hell, to expiate another man's crime.

Gonzales is the Mexican who was arrested on suspicion of being the man who stabbed Charles Underwood, a railroad brakeman.

The attempt to get him a new trial has failed. Yesterday, Judge Smith denied the motion, and sentenced Gonzales to State's prison for life. The Mexican protested his innocence, and received his doom with hopeless despair.

If Gonzales is an innocent man, his horrible doom is due to his own ignorance and suspicion of the law, which every Mexican views askance, as a very dreadful and dangerous monster.

This was the story that brought about his doom.

LOOKING BACKWARD.
Late in August, Underwood and two other young railway men had been out seeing the town when the lights were lit. They came by the corner of Commercial and Los Angeles streets, some time after 1 o'clock in the morning.

As they came across the corner, they passed a Mexican under the electric light. One of them sang out, "Hello, pal."

The Mexican evidently considered it an insult, and turned and threw something at them. They started for him, and the Mexican ran. After that, the railroad men went on down Los Angeles street. When they had gone half a block, they became aware that some one was following them.

They waited, and the Mexican came up. He struck one of the railroad men with a knife. Thinking he was stabbed, the railroad man called out, and Underwood jumped in between them, and received a stab wound in the lungs. He died in a few moments, on the sidewalk. The Mexican ran.

About 4 o'clock that morning a policeman on Main street, several blocks away, found Gonzales asleep in a stairway. The Mexican had a knife. He was so drunk he could hardly stand up. He said he didn't know anything about it.

One of the railway men said he didn't see the Mexican plainly enough to identify him.

The other claimed that he recognized the Mexican, Gonzales, as the one they passed under the electric light. He was sure the Mexican who did the stabbing was also the same one, although it was dark where the stabbing took place. The whole thing depended on his memory.

When it came to the trial, Gonzales had no money to employ a lawyer. Judge Smith appointed a young lawyer, W. T. Blakely, Esq., to defend him.

Mr. Blakely found himself confronted with unusual difficulties. His client would not talk to him. Gonzales thought Blakely was some kind of detective, trying to wring some damaging confession from him. He wouldn't say a word to his lawyer. Under the circumstances, Blakely could offer no defense.

The jury made short work of Gonzales. After being in the jury-room a short time, the jury brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree; the sentence was limited to imprisonment for life.

THE CITY OF IT.
The city of it was that Gonzales had understood one word of his trial. He was not until he was taken back jail that he learned that he had been convicted.

While he was in jail waiting to be sent up to the State Prison, he became interested in the man's case and made a strong effort to get him a new trial. He valued up two new witnesses in favor of Gonzales. One was a man who claimed to have seen Gonzales at the scene of the crime, and the other was a man who claimed to have seen Gonzales at the scene of the crime.

He saw him at 13th street near very drunk. He said Gonzales was very drunk. He said Gonzales was very drunk. He said Gonzales was very drunk.

It will be seen at once that the testimony of these witnesses would make a strong case for Gonzales. He would have had plenty of time to get to the scene of the crime. The railroad men were not absolutely certain as to the time of the murder. For these reasons and any other, Gonzales had perfect months in which he might have produced the testimony he needed. But he did not go on the stand. He did not go on the stand. He did not go on the stand.

When the interpreter translated the anything to say, the Mexican's dark eyes lighted up.

"No sir," he said in loud Spanish, "I know nothing of it. I am perfectly innocent."

When the crushing word came that he was to die, the Mexican shut his eyes. He thought of his wife and children. He thought of his home in Mexico. He thought of his home in Mexico.

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the Mississippi can aptly be applied to the lover of olives. When the pilot learned the great river up stream, he thought he knew it all, and rejoiced, as soon as the boat turned, and started down, he found that the river looked entirely different and he had to learn it all over again. It is so with the olive. We learn to eat the green one and find a great deal of quiet enjoyment in the process—a process so beautifully described by that able young author, Miss Mary MacLane. Then when we tackle the ripe olive, we have to learn it all over again. It's a different sort of a taste. To subvert Longfellow for a moment, it resembles the other as the mist resembles the rain.

Eating ripe olives is not poetical, it is greasy. But it is nice. They are palatable, they are healthful, they are good. As soon as their merits are known to—as he might be called—the general eater, their consumption will spread. It is very much like eating any ripe fruit and any green fruit, the ripe olive appeals to one as the proper thing to preserve—and eat. Thousands of gallons are consumed in New York annually principally by Italians, Jews, Spanish and Greeks.

Two localities are now engaged in an intense rivalry for the growing market for the olive. They are widely separated. One lies south of the Alps, the other west of the Sierra Nevada. For this market, olives are grown in the warm valleys of Greece, and in the sunny vales of California. The agents of each are active to take advantage of the spreading demand, and the greater success of either field will rest upon the merits of the goods offered, for we are going to like ripe olives.—New York Commercial.

Souvenirs of California.
At considerable expense, The Times has secured two original and exceptionally beautiful California views, from which splendid halos have been printed, and are now ready for sale, in a set of 10, for only 50 cents. Postage or expressing 1 cent additional. The foil is an ornament fit for any parlor table, and should be a very appropriate souvenir for the California, to send to friends. Patrons desiring to order them, please send the Times-Mirror Company, Los Angeles, Cal.



Boiled Shirt Well Done
No Bulging Out
Shirt Bosoms

Look at your shirt. If it's one of those open front kind and has the ordinary laundry service, its straight front is probably a "wave line" and the button holes not within speaking distance of each other. Send your bundle to us and see how different our up-to-date machinery dampens, folds and shapes all styles o. collars and cuffs. Our wheat starch will make your collars flexible, yet given the proper stiffness. We have again enlarged our plant, giving greater facilities for our popular

DOMESTIC FINISH.
Remember, all linen is subjected to the best sanitary methods. Good laundering doesn't happen. When you get tired of that blue or yellow tinge, send your bundle here. **TELEPHONE MAIN 1350.**

Cleaver's Laundry,
814-818 S. Main St.

Rockers...

A Chief Attraction This Week.
Each year we have a Rocker Sale. Nearly all the old rockers in the store are included, marked at prices you would never expect. There are no old styles—every rocker is pretty, artistic and well made of good, sound woods. There's scarcely a home in which one or more rockers wouldn't be a most pleasing addition. This week is the time to make your selections.

Pretty \$3.50 Rockers go at \$2.25

Neat \$3.00 Rockers go at \$2.10

Handsome \$6.50 Rockers go at \$5.00

Hosts of other special prices in hosts of different rocker styles.

THE GREAT CREDIT HOUSE

Brent's

530-532-534 SO. SPRING ST.

Remnants Below Cost.

CARPETS, MATTINGS, LINOLEUM.

LINEN WARP MATTINGS 15c Yd.

Eastern Outfitting Co.,

544-546 South Spring St.

Olives for Health.

New York is beginning to eat the olive. In other decades epicures will have their choice of the ripe or unripe olive at their favorite table d'hôte, and the olive of the olive lunch wanderer will be increased ten-fold. It is a great thing producer.

The cult of the olive is lately founded. It is barely taking hold of the people. European travelers brought the olive to this country, and the olive is now spreading. For, as it is known, the eating of olives in any shape or form is not the inherent inclination of this people that first came to take possession of the land.

Mark Twain's story of the pilot



Lemp's Extra Pale Export
A pure, fine brew, nourishing and healthful. Comes from the brewery to your table, in sealed bottles. Be sure to order Lemp's Extra Pale wherever you are.

Bottled at The Brewery
and preferred to all other beers by good judges.

HAAS, BARUCH & CO.
WHOLESALE AGENTS

Grider & Hamilton's

Our Third Subdivision

Of the Bell Tract

\$150 to \$375

The remaining 180 acres have been surveyed into town lots, fronting the Main street villa sites; of one-half-acre and one-acre lots. Wide avenues; water piped. Will you live in flats or pay rent when such an opportunity is offered? We make the best terms offered on any tract. Location is best. No city taxes. Every advantage of Greater Los Angeles. Pure water free. Arrangements made for five-cent fare. Salt Lake railroad to complete modern depot at Bell New electric line will be in operation shortly. Can have electric lights, telephones and all city conveniences.

You find no cold adobe or muddy soil, but rich, warm, loam soil. No saloons permitted, lands donated for schools and churches.

Agents on the ground at all times to show property.

The entire tract will soon be sold. Don't delay. Go out today.

Materials are now being unloaded at the Bell Tract for Huntington Electric road, Los Angeles to Rivera, Whittier and Santa Ana, which will run the entire length of Bell Tract, giving two means of transportation to city. Buy this week before the rise in price, which will occur as soon as rails are laid. Go out today. Take 9:05, 10:35 or 1:40 train.

Free Transportation Furnished at Our Office.

TELL THE CONDUCTOR TO STOP AT BELL STATION ON THE TRACT.

GRIDER & HAMILTON

Removed to 225 West Second Street, Los Angeles, Cal.



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THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

Planning of Fred K. Rule as member of the new Police Commission is to have been in payment of a debt owed by Mayor Snyder.

"Corney" Pendleton, State Senator, is to be discharged yesterday, after an examination before Justice Young.

Ralph Heeslich, who stole a cash register, was sent to jail for six months yesterday.

AT THE CITY HALL.

POLICE COMMISSION NAMED IN SACRAMENTO.

CORNERY PENDLETON'S HAND SAID TO HAVE BEEN IN DEAL.

Rule's Appointment Ascribed to Combination Between Mayor and Barber Statesman—Scheme of Electrical Contractors for Monopoly—Street Bath Is Off.

Matches may be made in heaven, but police commissions are made in Sacramento.

At least it is reported that the commission to be named by Mayor Snyder Monday is the result of a conference that he held recently at the State Capital in furtherance of a political deal with many convolutions that was made prior to the late State and municipal elections. Senator "Corney" Pendleton is said to have been the Mayor's principal conferee, and the price demanded for value received from the barber statesman is stated to have been the naming of Fred K. Rule as member of the Police Commission.

The story goes away back to the last Republican convention of the Thirty-eighth Senatorial District, when Pendleton was made the nominee after a hot fight, in which Walter Haas and Col. Tom Lewis also were candidates. Haas practically had the fight won, when Fred K. Rule and Maj. J. W. F. Dine jumped into the breach and saved the day for the honorary barber.

Pendleton was elected by votes from the Democratic Seventh and Eighth Wards after a hard battle, and he was fought bitterly by members of his own party, and in which Le Compté Davis, Democratic nominee for the same office, aided by Republican votes, made a valiant stand.

For the Democratic support he received, Pendleton is said to have obligated himself to Mayor Snyder, and the barber legislator naturally had the support of the Mayor and Zobeck's brewery and other interests.

When the municipal election came on, Pendleton's influence was used to Snyder, it is said, on the promise that "Corney" might have a voice in municipal affairs. In other words, Snyder is said to have promised "Corney" that he might have some of the "pie" as a reward for his services to the Democratic Majority candidate.

Fred Rule and Maj. Dine are Pendleton's fast friends, and the latter wished to return in part the favor of the barber legislator, and is stated for the Police Commission and Dine already is a member of the Fire Commission appointed by the new Council, and is promised a berth in the same commission that is to be named by Mayor Snyder.

Briefly stated, the situation stands thus: Rule and Dine helped "Corney," then the Mayor helped the barber, and the barber helped the Mayor, making honors even except that "Corney" still was indebted to Rule and Dine, and this debt finally was settled by Pendleton by the agreement on the part of the Mayor to place Rule and Dine on commissions.

Mr. Rule, who is president of the Chamber of Commerce and of the Jonathan Club, under this reported arrangement, practically is a protégé of Pendleton, who is attorney for the Mayor & Zobeck's brewery.

The brewery is not brewing froth altogether these days.

WATER STATEMENT.

WEST SIDE WATER COMPANY.

The annual statement of the West Side Water Company was filed yesterday with City Clerk Leland in conformity with a Council resolution of December 15, the purpose of which was to aid the Council in determining the rates that shall be charged by the water company for the next year.

The report shows that the company has about 2000 patrons, and that the receipts from all sources for the year 1902 were \$127,877.75, of which \$67,145.75 was from rate-payers, \$2420 for hydrant rentals, \$1765 for water used for street sprinkling, and the remainder from miscellaneous sources. The reported expenditures were \$10,542.41, divided as follows: Water purchase, \$21,000; salaries, \$12,914.17; general expenses, \$2292.24. Included in the total is \$2257.24, which the Council is requested to consider, when it determines the rates to be allowed.

The total receipts of the company for the six years from 1897 to 1902, inclusive, are reported at \$187,500, beginning with \$22,416.75, and closing with \$10,542.75. The amount reported as having been expended during the existence of the company is \$207,181.93, which went for the purchase, construction and maintenance of the plant.

BOOKLOVER'S TREAT.

SHAKESPEARE'S FIRST FOLIO.

Los Angeles literary lights and students of Shakespeare will find delight in a reproduction in facsimile of the first folio edition of the works of the bard of Avon, which has just been received at the Public Library. It is one of 500 that were printed last year at Oxford, and nine others like it have been bought by residents of Los Angeles for their private libraries. The volume, which is about 1612 inches in size, and in sheepskin, is a reproduction of the first folio edition of the works of the bard of Avon, which has just been received at the Public Library. It is one of 500 that were printed last year at Oxford, and nine others like it have been bought by residents of Los Angeles for their private libraries.

conditions of cleanliness and repair. Only fourteen of those found are in their pristine state of perfection, the rest of the number being in the United Kingdom, and the remainder in the United States.

The first folio was printed to sell at \$1, but as the volumes became rare, the price rose gradually, until 1901, when one of the subscribers of New York purchased a copy in London for \$1750. Other copies that had been restored in various ways, were sold for smaller amounts, and many of them are owned in the United States, J. Pierpont Morgan possessing one.

UNION HAND SHOWS.

WOULD HAD COMPETITION.

Attorney Charles L. Batcheller, representing a number of electrical contractors, appeared before the Finance Committee of the Council yesterday, with a suggestion from his clients, to the effect that they would welcome the imposition of a license on all electrical contractors. Representatives of the contractors wish to prevent outside competition, as well as the necessity of competing with Chinese, who they say are entering the business, and knocking out all the profits. The attorney said the contractors whom he represented would be willing to pay as much as \$100 per year for a license, provided the competition among them could be stopped.

It is said that the import of the movement is to close all small shops in Los Angeles, and give a few of the larger contractors a monopoly of the business. Employers of Union labor, backed by the Electrical Workers' Union, are said to be especially desirous of the passage of a license ordinance, as it would have a tendency to shut out the independent contractors, and throw all business to the stronger concerns. As for competition from outside or from Chinese sources, it is said that they are referred to simply as "Chinamen," who they say are entering the business, and knocking out all the profits. The attorney said the contractors whom he represented would be willing to pay as much as \$100 per year for a license, provided the competition among them could be stopped.

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Recommendation was made that \$25 be added to the amount donated by the city to the Los Angeles Settlement Association, making the total \$75 per month. Favorable action also was taken on petitions for an additional plumbing inspector, and an assistant building inspector, each at a salary of \$100 a month. It was recommended that the Mayor's petition for the direct taxation of churches, religious societies and members, be filed. This is the first whereby the city was to derive revenue for its running expenses without the licensing of saloons.

Future meetings of the Finance Committee will be held at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoons, instead of Saturday mornings.

Street Bath Deferred.

Owing to the storm of Friday night, Street Superintendent Werdlin decided that it would be impracticable to open the downtown streets with water this morning, and the bath has been postponed until next Sunday. The rain has washed large quantities of sand into street intersections, and the rushing of the pavement simply washes this stuff into the storm drains and chokes them. The sand will be removed during the coming week.

AT THE COURT HOUSE.

MCCOMAS SHIED AT MRS. ROSS' AFFAIRS.

IRA B. TRUESDALE WAS EXAMINED ON THE Charge of Taking a Plunk at the Jealous Mr. Britton—Both Loved the Lovely Lady from Texas.

Mixing in the love affairs of the lovely Mrs. Fannie Ross of Texas was a little too dangerous; Deputy District Attorney McComas, as a gentleman of discretion, respectfully withdrew yesterday in dropping the criminal proceedings against young Truesdale, who took a pot shot at Mr. Britton, his rival for the affection of Mrs. Ross.

Mrs. Ross thought it was a very serious matter. She looked daggers through the anatomy of Judge McComas for his levity when she was telling the story of how Mr. Truesdale plunked Mr. Britton because they both loved the same woman.

One of her lodgers was Ira B. Truesdale, with a dark-brown mustache; another was Martin Britton, a mere boy, whom Mrs. Ross coyly confessed loved her very much. She said he had been begging her to be married, and she had at last yielded to his importunations. They were engaged at the time of the bloody duel.

On the fatal morning she went up to Truesdale's room to do the chamber work, but found that he was sick in bed. She stayed in the room, making polite efforts to get him to eat and tea, when she saw Britton coming upstairs. The day before Britton had knocked Truesdale down because he found him in Mrs. Ross's parlor looking at a book. So she knew trouble was coming upstairs with him.

She quickly shut and locked the door and hid herself in Truesdale's closet. She then heard her fiery lover banging on the door and demanding admittance.

Truesdale got up and let him in. The next she knew, the closet door flew open and her true lover grabbed her by the hair and dragged her out, slapping her face.

Before she recovered from that, she heard a pistol shot and the blood began to trickle down the shirt front of her promised husband. Mrs. Ross, at the top of her voice, called out to him.

"Oh, you know what he did this for!" asked Judge McComas. "I don't know," said Mrs. Ross, blushing a very coy and maidenly blush and admitted that she did not know.

"Oh, you do," said McComas, delightfully.

"It was just simply because he was jealous," said Mrs. Ross, demurely. A great light burst upon the judge. "Oh," he said, "he thought this fellow was getting the inside track, did he?"

"I don't know what you mean," she said, frostily.

"Well, he thought the other fellow was going to cut him out," said McComas. "You understand that, don't you?"

"Yes," she said, "that's plain enough."

McComas had another mighty thought. Do you know if Mr. Britton had any other errand in that room besides pulling your hair?"

Mrs. Ross gave him a silent glare. "Well, did he come in there just to see if he was being cut out?"

Another glare. "Were you a single lady?" asked McComas, who was beginning to be a little nervous about Mrs. Ross.

"Of course, I was. I was divorced," she said.

"Um," said Mac, spitting. "And he was eager to celebrate the nuptials," Mrs. Ross so far went on to grin her assent. She said she "spiced" it. "You didn't tell Truesdale you were engaged?"

"No, sir," she confessed. "You weren't telling that around?"

"No, sir," she said, "I was a single lady, and I was beginning to be a little nervous about Mrs. Ross."

"Of course, I was. I was divorced," she said.

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Motherhood is woman's natural destiny—actual barrenness is rare—comforting words to childless women.

Many women are denied the happiness of children simply because of some curable derangement of the generative organs. Compound is one of the many triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in overcoming cases of supposed barrenness. Thousands of children owe their existence to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This great medicine is so well calculated to regulate every function of the generative organs that its efficiency in this respect is vouched for by multitudes of women.

"Nine Years Without a Child." "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—We had been married nine years and never had children, and now we have a little baby girl nineteen months old, the joy of our life. She owes her existence to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

"Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was a constant sufferer. I had pains in my back and sides, especially before menstruation. I had doctored but received no benefit. Hearing so much about the Vegetable Compound I decided to try it, and after taking six bottles was cured."—Mrs. T. H. GOULDER, 1233 Nevada St., East Toledo, Ohio.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wrote to you some time ago asking why I could not have a child. I explained that I had displacement of the womb and ovarian trouble, and suffered with backache and headache. You sent me a nice letter in reply giving me full instructions how to treat myself, and in accordance with your directions I took your Vegetable Compound, and followed your kind advice faithfully in every respect, and now I have a little girl, the joy of our home. I never would have had my baby if it had not been for your advice and medicine."

"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough for what it has done for me. I hope other childless women will see this letter."—Mrs. JOSE UZZA, 1111 Broadway, Cleveland, Ohio.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wrote to you a year ago telling you of my troubles. I had pains in the ovaries, menses were painful, and I had never borne children. You answered my letter and I followed your advice. I was completely cured. Have since given birth to a fine, healthy babe, and during childbirth had a very easy time."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's medicines are a God send to women who want to be mothers."—Mrs. SCHULTZ, 19 Luzner St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Many women whose letters we print were utterly discouraged, and life lacked all joy to them when they wrote Mrs. Pinkham, which made them stronger, useful women again."

"THE INFERIOR COURTS. NOTHING DOING, BUT FLENTY OF TROUBLE."

PEOPLE WHO WERE BAD, AND HOW IT ALL TURNED OUT.

Being the Intensely Interesting Summary of Police Court Cases for the Month of January Past—Chain-gang Arithmetic.

The "Nothing Doing" sign was displayed to newspaper reporters in each department of the Police Court yesterday, but it related only to the matter of interesting cases. Clerk Powell in Department One and Clerk Stockwell in Department Two few signals of acute distress, and all day long kept the stale atmosphere quivering with the noise of the scratching of pens—and, perchance, of heads. For this was the last day of the first month in the year 1903, and on such a day it behooved a Police Court clerk to be exceedingly busy with the compilation of misery reports, the adding of columns of punitive fines, and the auditing of similar troubles.

"It's the record-breaker," sighed Clerk Powell, as he pushed an overworked penholder between his scalp and his ear. "Biggest month in this department, in the whole history of the police courts." Then the newspaper reporter and Justice Austin's clerk talked low and long and earnestly, and made many notes and figures on pads of yellow paper, and alternately soothed and mourned over each other.

George Powell, and here's the result for you, all nicely segregated for your comprehension, to the end that you may read and be happy—for, of course, you kept out of trouble with the police:

Arrested and charged in Police Court—For drunkenness, 49; for vagrancy, 41; battery, 29; disturbing the peace, 48; petty larceny, 24; riding bicycle on sidewalk, 15; failure to provide for child, 2; violation of game law, 2; spitting on public sidewalk, 17; leaving team unattended, 2; embarking, 2; defrauding innkeeper, 1; discharging firearms within the city limits, 3; violation of Sunday-closing ordinance, 1; selling liquor without license, 1; carrying concealed weapons, 8; malicious mischief, 2; gambling, 4; keeping gambling house, 1; sleeping in a public place within the city limits, 1; immoral soliciting on the streets, 1; false pretense, 1; evading payment of railroad fare, 2; minor misdemeanors, 41; totals, for Justice Austin's department, 387; for Justice Chamber's department, 711; grand total for the month, 711.

These 711 cases resulted in 641 convictions, 23 discharges and 23 dismissals; and deponent saith not what became of the other 13 cases, for no record thereof appeareth.

Justice Austin's court the total fines imposed amounted to \$2022, the total fines paid amounted to \$1622, and the balance of \$400 has been or is now being worked out, with more or less cheerfulness, on the chain gang at the modest rate of a day for each dollar of fine.

In Justice Chamber's court the total fines imposed amounted to \$1715, the total fines paid amounted to \$227, and the chain gang is figuring out the \$1488 balance.

So, for the month of January, 1903, the Police Court department of the municipal government, will turn over to the city salaries fund, the tidy sum of \$2359.

A Remarkable Gold Find.

The most remarkable gold mine that I have ever known of turned up in Kansas the other day," said Ralph T. Gallinger, at the New Willard.

"A farmer in the neighborhood of Kingsman, bought a coop of chickens and among the number were several young roosters, one of which he killed for dinner. When it was being dressed, the farmer's wife in washing out the carcass found a brilliant substance about half the size of a pea, which when taken to a jeweler, proved to be a lump of pure gold."

"The question that is now agitating the minds of the people of that section is where the gold came from. The chicken was raised on a ranch, and had never been off of it. Near the chicken yard is a never-failing brook, which runs into a gravelly bed across the ranch. The theory is that the chicken picked up the gold in the brook, and if such is the case, it is reasonable to suppose there is more of it. The branch is now frozen over stiff, but when the thaw comes, I look for a rush of investigators."—[Washington Star.]

Remunerative Practice.

"Be you Dr. X-1?" asked tall, lean man, walking into the office of a practitioner.

"Well, look a-here, old feller," remarked the visitor, "I'm glad to find you're in the office. How yer set a feller's arm and didn't charge him for it?"

"Yes," said the doctor, with the prospect of a big fee rising before him.

"I'm that feller. I've broke the other arm, and I've come to have it set on the same terms."—[Tit-Bits.]

"What is it that makes men great, papa?"

"Persistent advertising, my son."—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

A Thank Worth Knowing

No one of cutting off a woman's breast or a man's cheek or nose in a vain attempt to make her or him beautiful, and turning ready to break from suffering, nothing, balm, aromatic oils, give speed and certainty. The most horrible forms of cancer of the face, breast, womb, stomach, large tumors, ugly ulcers, fistula, catarrh; terrible skin diseases, etc., all successfully treated by the application of various forms of simple ointment and a few drops of oil, giving particulars and prices of ointment. Address J. B. B. CO., box 90, Dept. H., Dallas, Tex.

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The hand-me-downs are sold to you by some irresponsible clerk on whom his employer will place the entire responsibility if trouble arises. By that time the clerk will likely be in Kalamazoo or elsewhere.

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They are Alfred Benjamin's last, swiftest, best winter styles. This means no taller at any price could suit you better.

If you could buy an ordinary ready-made suit for two dollars you would pass it by for such an opportunity as this.

Another thing that will make business snap tomorrow—\$5.00, \$5.50 and \$6.00 trousers, the latest ideas, at \$4.50.

Jas. Smith & Co., 137 South Spring St.

WITH TRAVELERS.

Southern Californian who suffered from the disabled American arising her memory from England to New York was concluded January Barrett Pitman of Santa Ana, California, who is a European tour, and the Van Nuys.

remembered that, on a cold day, she had been known to the steamship company and the vessel's departure, she occupied four days of the passage, which she had been told it was the worst of the storm of criticism heaped upon the company's part of the St. Louis, Mo., Mr. Barrett Pitman, who is a European tour, and the Van Nuys.

to doubt that the company's of misrepresentation in the St. Louis, Mo., Mr. Barrett Pitman, who is a European tour, and the Van Nuys.

the end of the first week of the St. Louis, Mo., Mr. Barrett Pitman, who is a European tour, and the Van Nuys.

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A black and white illustration of a hand holding a cigarette. The hand is rendered in a detailed, woodcut style with strong lines and shading. The cigarette is held between the fingers, and a small flame or smoke is visible at the tip. In the background, the word "Ever" is partially visible, suggesting a brand name like "Eveready".

Y BROS.,
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million or two d

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tural authorities tell
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lars every year.

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pianos represent the "artist ideal" as they are musically and mechanically perfect. The Emerson reputation insures these unfamiliar with the different pianos that they can purchase this reliable make with every assurance of getting a piano complete in every essential.

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EXPERIMENT.

Finding Out Whether a City is a Better Landlord for the Poor Than a Private Citizen—Municipal Houses for Nearly 100,000 Persons.

Curtis Brown.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.]

LONDON, Jan. 31.—London is on the eve of settling, once and for all, one of the greatest questions of the time, viz., what are the relative advantages of municipal and private housing schemes for the poor? The British metropolis has the biggest housing problem in the world. Private building companies endowed by philanthropists like the late George



HOMES FOR THE POOR.

A specimen of the model dwellings which London is building for her working classes in connection with the great city's attempt to solve its housing problem. Most of these dwellings are built on the site of ancient slums. The one pictured occupies the site of the transformed "Rumsey-street area," the once evil locality described in Arthur Morrison's novel, "A Child of the Jago."

H. Peabody—who spent several American-made millions here—have done their best toward mitigating it, and now London itself is starting in to see if it can't save the whole situation by building and running working class dwellings. The Peabody Trust, which cost of about \$15,000,000.

It was necessary, and not choice, that led London's City Fathers to embark on the costly experiment of municipal housing of the humble members of the working classes. They would have been glad enough to leave the job to philanthropic societies like the Peabody fund or the Guinness Company, endowed by Lord Iveagh, which already had done so much in the way of providing beautiful dwellings at the rates generally charged for slum rockeries.

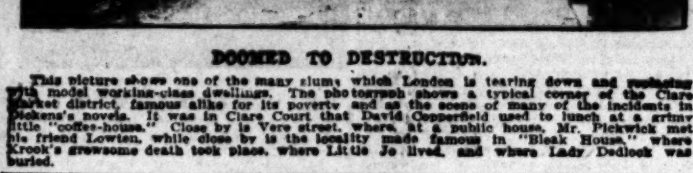
But there is one phase of the problem of clearing out the worst of the London slums which makes it impossible for a private company, or anyone else but a body having absolute power, to tackle the business. The owners of slum property—the "slum lords," as the Earl of Rosebery called them not long ago—stand in the way. Generally these folk are real lords—dukes, or what-not, who are the better able to keep up their own homes in fashionable Park Lane or Belgrave square by reason of the rents paid by the families who herd together in the stuffy little rooms of the ten-

anted the other day, expressed it. "The agents and clerks in front of the real and genuine owners are innumerable and the property is leased and sub-leased and rack-rented until it is an almost hopeless task to identify the responsible party definitely enough so that a magistrate can be got to summarily evict them." This is the English official, the speaker would talk only on condition that his name should not be used—which was a pity, for the name is a noted one.

ONLY ONE THING TO DO. In the face of this condition of affairs—which exists in nearly every slum in London—the County Council stands only one thing to do. Their sanitary inspectors having condemned absolutely a slum "area," such as Drury Lane, or the old, shoreditch cess-pool, which Arthur Morrison pictured in "A Child of the Jago," the County Council buys the land on which it stands by compulsory sale at a price decided by arbitration. Then down come the rickety buildings where disease and crime have bred for so long.

But it almost always happens that in a slum there are a lot of people who are obliged to live in just that neighborhood because of their business—for instance, in the Drury Lane area just cleared there were the houses of many men engaged in the neighboring theaters and in close-by Covent Garden market. These people dwellings having been taken from them, of course it is necessary to provide them with others, and it was this obligation that led the London County Council to put up its first set of "model working class dwellings" on the site of the old Jago, in which, in days gone by, no policeman could safely venture alone.

So, in each case where the clearing of a slum district, or the "clearing" of a slum itself, it invariably arranges to "rehouse" so many people on the



site—but in model dwellings instead of the old slum dwellings. The cost of clearing these slums and of building these dwellings comes, of course, out of the people's pocket. The cost of the actual "reclaiming" of the site is not, however, charged against "municipal housing"—and this is one of the questions upon which there is the most heated discussion—but to improvements. The County Council's argument is that the municipal dwellings should not be laden with the debt incurred by public works which

considerations of health made necessary, and so, by debiting the dwellings only with the actual cost of building them, they were able to make them pay for themselves in time. I put this question to the housing authority with whom I was speaking: "Do you think that American cities, for example, can get better results out of municipal housing than out of private housing?"

"I do not think it necessary for an American city to go in for municipal housing," he replied, "unless it seems improbable, she is confronted with a difficulty in enforcing her sanitary laws. London is otherwise, the city's part need be only to make certain that those regulations are rigidly enforced."

So, in almost every part of London, the County Council is engaged in some municipal housing operations. In districts, you will find all the absolutely deserted—which the Council's inspectors condemn them, and that they in 1892, and are now five in other places you can see the work of "house-breaking" actually in progress. In others, the Council is building, and in still others, those "palaces of the poor" finished and occupied. The Council's rent-collector coming out of the door.

STILL PROBLEMATIC. So short a time has elapsed since the first of the County Council's municipal dwellings were built, that it is too early to say if they are a success from a financial viewpoint. It can be said, however, that the houses are filled practically as soon as they are opened, and that there is not much trouble in collecting rents. This being so, perhaps the results of the first trial of municipal housing in London can be judged best by the attitude toward the municipal dwellings of the folk for whom they were built. This attitude isn't, on the whole, a complacent one.

The County Council's tenants complain that the rents are too high, and the restrictions too severe. It may be well to say in the beginning, that the Council in spite of its endeavor to do so, almost never got into its model dwellings, built on the site of a former slum, the people who formerly lived in the slum. These people insist that they can't pay the rent which the Council asks for its rooms—\$1.50 a week for two rooms and a kitchen, and \$2.25 for three rooms, yet this is only a little over the rate that prevails in the ordinary slum dwellings. The trouble is that the houses of one or two rooms in a slum dwelling can take in lodgers to herd with them in their stuffy little pens, and help out with the rent. The Council, however, has ironed out rules, made in the interests of hygiene, so that many persons shall occupy a room, which precludes such economical enterprise. For instance, parents and two children may live in one of the small "sets"—two rooms—but should another baby arrive, its advent must be reported to the Council's inspectors, and after the child is three years of age, the family must take a larger set, or leave, which the tenants consider very bad. As a matter of fact, it is rather in-

convenient for a poor workman to have to move into more expensive lodgings when his family, not his pay, has increased. Although the inhabitants of the Council's dwellings are of a somewhat better class than slum dwellers, they are not especially amenable to the rules which the City Fathers have made for the management of their municipal dwellings. The Council insists that all rents be paid in advance. Its rule is that tenants must be in by midnight, or have absolutely unsalable reasons for being later. Tenants have to allow a health officer to "inspect" their houses once a month. With regard to two of these rules, for which the Council's tenants have made a hearty contempt, it may be said that rents are seldom demanded in advance throughout London and that in most poor folk's dwellings tenants are allowed to come in all night long. It can be said with justice so far, on account of the restrictions which are made, the Council's dwellings are inhabited only because the occupants find it impossible to get accommodations elsewhere.

It was only on account of the difficulties in dealing with the slum landlords that the London County Council thought it necessary to start building working-class dwellings itself, and not because the many private "industrial housing companies" formed to provide poor folk with decent homes, had failed to do good work.

HOUSING TRUSTS. The great housing trusts number about a dozen, known as the Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrial Classes, the Peabody Fund, the Artisans, Laborers and General Dwellings Company, the Guinness Trust and the East End Dwellings Company. Their methods are practically identical. Those which have not been endowed by wealthy philanthropists, like the Peabody fund, established by Mr. Peabody in 1825, are managed by men of position who give their services free. Few of the companies are in business for profit. They do things, however, on a large scale. The buildings they provide are generally four or five-story tenements, and of these the Peabody fund has built 513, housing an average annually of 26,330 persons.

Perhaps the Guinness Trust, founded by Lord Iveagh, who was ennobled because he brewed so much stout, is the most ably conducted and representative of the different housing companies. Like

many all the others, this organization makes it a cardinal principle to carry out its founder's intention—that none but the very poor should be allowed to inhabit its buildings. The average cost of two rooms is about a dollar a week. Hot and cold water, baths, libraries and other conveniences are provided inclusive. The superintendent of the buildings cannot rent a room before the secretary of the trust is satisfied by careful application to a man's employer that he is not earning more than \$6 a week. It is estimated that the average earnings of the families living in these buildings do not exceed \$5 a week. It speaks well for the tenants of this trust that in a yearly rental of \$10,000, the bad debts last year amounted to only \$200. The trust is worked on a 4 per cent. basis, and no effort is made to increase it.

The famous Rowton houses are institutions of a different sort. They are simply poor men's hotels, like the Mills hotels in New York. They were started by Lord Rowton with a gift of \$100,000 in 1825, and are now five in number. "Guests" have the run of the establishment by paying 12 cents a night, and can be said as an evidence of their popularity that as many as 200 are turned away every night from each for want of room. Food and other services are provided for a comparison between the Rowton houses and the Mills hotels, the secretary of the trust replied that the American establishments' entrance charge is 20 cents instead of 12 (sixpence) and that the men who patronized the Mills hotels were of a superior class to Rowton "guests."

The houses are run as a commercial concern, and are paying 4 1/2 per cent. The management is very strict and considering the mixed community that patronizes it, scenes of rowdiness are very infrequent. If a lodger becomes objectionable he is put out. The delicacy of the name and description is then telephoned to the other establishments and he will never again be admitted to the Rowton houses.

It is a significant fact in connection with this housing problem that the government has just refused permission to the Glasgow Corporation to borrow \$2,500,000 for the purpose of putting up municipal dwellings. The sum of \$250,000 was, however, finally allowed.

Which Died First—A Decision. By another opinion of the United States Supreme Court, read by Chief Justice Fuller, it was decided that, so far as this tribunal is concerned, there is no presumption in favor of the survival of the male or the younger of two persons who perish simultaneously, so far as all the evidence obtainable goes. This was the case of a mother and son who had drowned at sea in the wreck of the steamer Elbe in 1885. Many courts would have held, in such a case, that the son survived his mother, both because he was male and because he was younger, and presumably, therefore,

Facts in the Case. "I suppose," said the youth, "that you always take time by the forelock." "You always take time by the forelock," I consider myself in luck times if I succeed in grasping time by the back hair."—Chicago News.

A Hot Time. "I got a cold supper when I went home tonight, and you bet I kicked about it." "Did that do any good?" "Well, my wife made it warm for me."—Philadelphia Press.

FOREIGN FACTS.

COMPILED BY E. T. FINE.

There are more than ten thousand authors in Germany. October and March are the best months for observing the Aurora Borealis in Norway. Cannibals have recently been found in New Guinea in consequence of the prolonged drought. In the sixteenth century, plum pudding was served in England at the beginning of meals.

Among the Cosacks of Southern Russia, Monday and not Friday, is considered an unlucky day. Thousands of square miles of sand-berry trees are planted in Italy. Trees live from fifty to seventy years.

Brazil and Venezuela are the only South American countries in which negroes are found in large numbers. At a recent auction sale in London the sum of \$3000 was paid for a French violin made by Vuillaume in 1840. There are 200 medical men in Germany and 23,127 in the German Empire. The annual increase is about 6 per cent.

In consequence of excessive competition, most of the electric works in Germany are at present carried on at a loss. Beginning next summer, the University of Zurich will provide a course of lectures on journalism, political and general.

Children born in French prisons remain four years with their mothers, and are then transferred to other institutions. One of the largest salt mines in the world is at Iztac, Russia. It contains about 1,200,000,000 tons of excellent mineral salt.

An English company now issues a special insurance against appendicitis; it costs 12 pence, ensures the payment of \$1000 in case an operation is necessary. A Dane named Moller has invented a communion cup which makes it possible to obviate the danger of conveying infectious diseases from mouth to mouth.

The habit so general in the United States of preserving a large provision of fruit every fall does not prevail in France, where the people eat their fruit raw. According to trustworthy estimates made in England, 150,000 men, women and children in the United Kingdom last year wore American-made boots and shoes.

The world's record for diving is still held by an Australian swimming teacher named Charles Cavill, who remained under water five minutes and five seconds in a Danish museum. Egypt has two numerous periodicals. Of the total number of 129 periodicals appearing in that country, eighty-seven are printed in Arabic, the others in English and French.

Applies upon the surface of which are perfectly reproduced photographs of the President of the French Republic and the Emperor and Empress of Russia have been shown in France. Two French clergymen recently made an appeal in a religious periodical for the means to buy an automobile, in which they wish to visit the Far East and preach to the pagans.

Instead of preserving the films of newspapers, some German librarians are trying the experiment of making clippings and saving these in scrap-books, classified according to subjects. A window pane in a private car in which King Edward, the Czar Alexander III, and other eminent personages had scratched their names, has been placed in a Danish museum by order of King Christian.

It has long been known that one of the best antidotes to snake bite is potassium manganate of potassium. An English physician has recently treated a case of blood poisoning successfully by subcutaneous injection of the same chemical.

By the simple method of draining stagnant pools of water and removing undergrowth, thereby diminishing the number of mosquitoes, the cases of death from malaria have been reduced in Hongkong in one year by about 40 per cent.

An affirmative answer has been given by the committee appointed by the Swedish government to consider whether it would be advisable and profitable to give up steam railways and substitute electric power secured from waterfalls.

Speaking of the epidemic of arsenical poisoning which occurred in England in 1901, Prof. Delapina said, in a recent lecture, that Dr. Russell's test is it now possible to detect less than one part of arsenious acid in 10,000,000 parts of beer.

The number of crematories the world over is now seventy-nine. Italy has more than any other European country—twenty-two—yet only 343 Italians were cremated last year. In the United States 225 persons were incinerated in twenty-four crematories.

Prof. Nitti, of the University of Naples, estimates that the waterfalls of Italy are capable of producing electricity equal to 5,000,000 horse power. In the convenient distribution of this power Italy has an advantage over Hungary, Sweden and even Switzerland.

It is claimed that the "sand bricks" made in France of sand, lime, clay and alkalis are greatly superior to those commonly used. Nearly all the work is done by machinery, and it is made where sand is easily procurable, the cost does not exceed that of ordinary bricks.

It is estimated that nearly all the pine timber now growing in Minnesota (about 20,000,000 feet) will be cut and marketed within the next fifteen years. The disarmament of Europe is to begin on July 1, 1904. On that date the Prince of Monaco has decided to incorporate his standing army of 200 men with the police force.

The exceptionally cold winter in Hungary has made the wolves bolder than usual. The other night the inhabitants of Kaposow witnessed a terrible fight between a wild boar, which had sought refuge in the village, and two wolves. Before they could interfere the wolves had torn big pieces of flesh from the boar and made their escape.

French soldiers are to receive hereafter an increased allowance of sugar. The experience of postmasters has shown that the use of sugar can be one to support fatigue with much greater ease than that with other foods. It is also established that sugar can replace a quantity of oats fed to a horse without diminishing his muscular energy.

When a death from plague has taken place in a Chinese house it is not unusual for the body to be carried out and left either in the street or in a boat in the harbor. In Hongkong 309 such cases occurred in 1901, and they to a great extent account for the annual recurrence of the disease, as of necessity the houses from which the bodies came are not disinfected.

Positively Brutal. "Let me see," mused the young wife as she picked up the cook book. "I have mixed the batter for the cake—now what do I do next?" "Telephone for the doctor," answered the heartless husband, who happened along in time to overbear her musing. —Chicago News.

Plays, Players and Playhouses. Music and Musicians. Musical News

JOHN W. BURTON
JAMES NEILL
THE BURBANK

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Hilary Bell Writes.

Hilary Bell, the witty and caustic critic, who has not been heard from much lately, sends the following letter from New York to the Denver Post:

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—Annie Russell returned to town on Monday night and received a cordial welcome. This is an actress who never has fallen back in public favor. She has been playing in New York for almost thirty

ly fought out the fight against the aggressors, and carried the play into production.

Discovering that they could not disturb her philosophy, and observing how she was being treated by the press, Miss de Wolfe and Mrs. LeMoynes left the company, organized trustees of the play, and returned to the States in the summer. At present, these veterans have no one to love them, none can be trusted, and the drama which they have remained in introduced ever since, it is the who introduced it, and a new era of full pieces, Marshall's "Royal Pains" and Clyde Fitch's "The Sign of the Cross" which ran an entire season.

This season, Annie was selected for still greater honor, the dedication of Daniel Frohman's new Lyceum Theatre. She was the first to appear, and finished before this time, but Mr. Frohman struck bed rock in his foundation of the theatre, and the Lyceum Theatre in brick and mortar was engaged in blasting. The Lyceum cannot be built for the time being, and the Lyceum Theatre of dynamite, Mr. Frohman has

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syndicate is composed of eight partners in pairs, each couple independent of the other. These are Julius Frohman and Harlow Fiske, Nixon and Zimmerman, Rich and Harris, and Klaw and Erlanger. They still endeavor to fight with the critics, much to the woe and embarrassment of the public. The official organ of these militant epics it published a column entitled "In View of the fact that the majority of the readers of this paper are of the opinion of your unhappy partners, Klaw & Erlanger, that the majority of the public would not like to express that. But the fact is a good deal of C—d foolishness in this world."

Warfield's Story.

One of David Warfield's best-known stories is that of the War when, by the way, he is meeting with considerable favor in "The Auctioneer," being his first trip to the Coast since his arrival in the city. He is a comedian. Some years ago he left

Julia Marlowe, but only at a trial performance, and at that time Miss Marlowe was not so well known as she is today.

Maxine Elliott will probably draw away from the support of the audience in the early spring so as to prepare herself for her starring venture here in the Theatre Tillary will take Miss Elliott's place.

Henry Miller has bought a new one act play, "The Good Doctor," from Walter Prith, author of "The Man Forty." The act has been a success in London, and Mr. Miller completed negotiations by cable.

Mrs. Thomas Whiffen resigned last week from the Empire Theatre Stock Company, after having been associated with the Frohman forces for sixteen consecutive years. During that period she has acted a multitude of parts with

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DRY

JULIUS ALBERT JAHN
Formerly Vice-President Wisconsin
Musical Association, Main Practice
of the Mandolin/Concert Club
Studio—room & 225-340
Forsyth Music Co., 207
Grand ave., Tel. 7641.

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SINGING. Mr. Jahn received his
training from the COLLEGE OF MUSIC
and has been a pupil of the famous
masters; branches of Pure
Vocalism and Opera. Residence at
Studio, 314 Sheridan Building.

MISS LOU KUNTZ, VIOLIN
and Teacher. Pupil of Arnold
of Syracuse Building. Cor. Second and
Twentieth and Phillips. 9-13.

of 1930, or the beginning of 1931, as that was the era it is now ready for presentation. I am not a Japanese. The singing, the dancing, and the heroic actions will have to be carefully chosen. The costumes as well as have a good voice, and a dramatic talent.

"I thought that your composers would fear anachronism in presenting the opera with the scene in the Far East. I've written and demands the same. I shall write an opera as a play."

"The extreme thing over all that brought me to the wife of the Minister of Education. I assure me that all I have said is true and in reality that all is well outwardly and inwardly. I have said that I have also promised to give a performance in Paris to transport me from some road to the pleasure of the audience in some of the scenes."

"I love the music," I urged.

"No composer should judge his own work."

Hale's Remnant Sale

Bigger---Better---Different---Bargains Simply Tremendous.

Hale Handkerchiefs.
120 dozen women's handkerchiefs, with lace borders. Regular \$1.00. Special at 75c.
Pussy lace bordered handkerchiefs, in very pretty effects in white and colors. Regular \$1.00. Special at 75c.
Very fine, plain hemstitched handkerchiefs, with 1/4 and 1/2 inch borders. Regular \$1.00. Special at 75c.
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Hale Toilet Goods.
Writing tablets in a choice line of medium and light weight paper. Regular \$1.00. Special at 75c.
Toilet brushes with good bristles, well set and finished. Regular \$1.00. Special at 75c.
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Hale Laces.
Embroidery edges in assorted widths, also patterns. Special at 75c.
Pussy lace bordered handkerchiefs, with 1/4 and 1/2 inch borders. Regular \$1.00. Special at 75c.

Hale Ribbons.
Pussy lace bordered handkerchiefs, with 1/4 and 1/2 inch borders. Regular \$1.00. Special at 75c.

Hale Hosiery.
Pussy lace bordered handkerchiefs, with 1/4 and 1/2 inch borders. Regular \$1.00. Special at 75c.

Hale Mats.
Pussy lace bordered handkerchiefs, with 1/4 and 1/2 inch borders. Regular \$1.00. Special at 75c.

Hale Bedspreads.
Pussy lace bordered handkerchiefs, with 1/4 and 1/2 inch borders. Regular \$1.00. Special at 75c.

Hale Blankets.
Pussy lace bordered handkerchiefs, with 1/4 and 1/2 inch borders. Regular \$1.00. Special at 75c.

Hale Pillows.
Pussy lace bordered handkerchiefs, with 1/4 and 1/2 inch borders. Regular \$1.00. Special at 75c.

Hale Cushions.
Pussy lace bordered handkerchiefs, with 1/4 and 1/2 inch borders. Regular \$1.00. Special at 75c.

Hale Drapes.
Pussy lace bordered handkerchiefs, with 1/4 and 1/2 inch borders. Regular \$1.00. Special at 75c.

Hale Curtains.
Pussy lace bordered handkerchiefs, with 1/4 and 1/2 inch borders. Regular \$1.00. Special at 75c.

Hale Blinds.
Pussy lace bordered handkerchiefs, with 1/4 and 1/2 inch borders. Regular \$1.00. Special at 75c.

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After January's Clearance, comes remnants. A perfect multitude of remnants, all badly broken sizes, the tail ends of this and that are spread out for the final, quickest, boldest sale of all. The store fairly bubbles over with remnants. Spring goods are fast crowding in. We can't give but one week to the Remnant Sale. Prices must be the work in double quick time. For more than a generation Hale's has conducted this Remnant Sale each year, a long time to test this store. Each year it grows in volume. The present week is by far the most remarkable of all.

Extraordinary Sale of Suits.
Last Sunday we printed particulars of our immense cleanup of women's tailor made suits. Monday, in spite of rain, our garment department broke the record of any day's business. Of course most of the garments are gone, yet there's a good chance tomorrow for those who are here early, although there are but a few suits remaining in any one lot.

Women's Suits \$3.75.
Formerly up to \$15.00. Only a few—sizes broken.
Women's Suits \$8.50.
Formerly up to \$22.00. Only a few—sizes broken.

All Remnants in Flannel Department 1/3 Off.
All the short lengths in this department have been marked with a plain figure so that you can see the length, and also what the regular remnant price would be. During the present sale you may deduct an additional discount of 1/3 off. For instance, the beautiful "Hale's" flannel, which is up to 36 inches long, is marked at \$1.00. You deduct 1/3 off, and it is now 67c. This is the same as the regular remnant price, and an additional discount given of 1/3 off.

White goods remnants one-third off.
"Hale's" remnants one-third off.
French flannel remnants one-third off.
Hale's flannel remnants one-third off.

Window Shades Made To Order---Phone or Call.
The best shades, made of best opaque or heat rollers, by best workmen. Our representative will measure your windows free.

\$9.75, \$10.50 and \$12.00 Children's Coats \$5.50.
In this lot are children's long coats made of all wool heavy cloth in tan, navy blue, black, and white. They are all new, and have been selling at high prices. They have been selling at high prices. They have been selling at high prices.

New Spring Underwear For Women.
Women's ribbed cotton vests, white or cream, low neck, no sleeves. 12 1/2c.
Women's white ribbed cotton vests, pink or blue, low neck, no sleeves. 17c.
Women's white ribbed cotton vests, pink or blue, low neck, no sleeves. 25c.
Women's white ribbed cotton vests, pink or blue, low neck, no sleeves. 35c.
Women's white ribbed cotton vests, pink or blue, low neck, no sleeves. 50c.
Women's white ribbed cotton vests, pink or blue, low neck, no sleeves. 85c.
Women's white ribbed cotton vests, pink or blue, low neck, no sleeves. \$1.00.

\$1.00 H. B. Corsets 75c.
These are also in broken sizes. They come in straight front in full figure style. Colors are black, blue, white, and pink. They are the latest styles in short and medium lengths. It's simply because the sizes are broken that we make the price 75c.

Bedding--Least Ever Asked.
55c Bed Spreads 39c.
85c Bed Spreads 69c.
\$1.50 Bed Spreads \$1.25.
\$1.25 Bed Spreads \$1.00.
\$1.35 Comforters \$1.15.
\$1.55 Comforters \$1.25.
\$1.75 Comforters \$1.50.
\$2.40 Comforters \$2.00.
\$2.55 Comforters \$2.25.
\$1.85 Blankets \$1.50.
\$2.50 Blankets \$2.25.
\$2.75 White Blankets \$2.50.

Handful of Black Silk Skirts.
In spite of rain and mud our sale of silk skirts last Monday nearly exhausted the stock. It's not surprising when you remember that every skirt is of the newest Spring design, from the best maker in the United States, of the finest quality, and marked at half what you would pay. There's but one of a kind and now only a few in each lot.

Black Silk Skirts, \$5.50.
Values \$12.00 to \$15.00.
Black Silk Skirts, \$18.00.
Values \$35.00 to \$40.00.

Almost Wonderful, These Dress Goods Remnants.
Every shelf and drawer in our dress goods department has been searched, every shawl length culled out and marked at regular remnant prices. We give an additional discount of 1/3 off. Pick out any remnants of the beautiful goods and deduct an additional discount of 1/3 during the Remnant Sale only.

Black goods remnants--1/3 off.
Fancy dress goods remnants--1/3 off.
Fancy silk remnants--1/3 off.
Black silk remnants--1/3 off.

Wool Shirts 95c.
These consist of odds and ends of our winter stock, not all sizes are here. They are strictly all wool, well shaped, and neatly finished. Our regular \$1.25 and \$1.50 qualities at 95c per garment.

Sanitary Cotton Diaper.
This material comes in white, known as medicated, sanitary, cotton diaper, 10 yards in each piece. These prices for Monday.

Linen Remnants 1-3 Off.
Linen--cottons--muslins--all short pieces are marked at regular remnant prices, but during Remnant Week you shall have an additional discount of 1/3 off. Remnants of 10 table damask 1/3 off. Remnants in pillow casing 1/3 off. Remnants in sheeting 1/3 off. Remnants in crash 1/3 off. Old towels, napkins, etc., 1/3 off.

Drapery Remnants 1-3 Off.
Bear in mind that all remnants in drapery goods are marked in plain prices according to our regular scale of remnant prices, but during Remnant Week you shall have an additional discount of 1/3 off. Every piece tells plainly what the regular reduced price would be, and also the length of the goods. Simply pay sales man 1/3 of the price; the other third is the extra saving you make during this yearly event.

Remnants of Percales 1-3 Off.
Hundreds of remnants in the following materials will be found spread over counters marked in the regular low remnant prices, and during Remnant Week, commencing tomorrow, patrons may deduct 1/3 from the marked price.

Yearly Sale of Remnants.
Hale's

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Black silk remnants--1/3 off.

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Drapery Remnants 1-3 Off.
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Remnants of Percales 1-3 Off.
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Yearly Sale of Remnants.
Hale's

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Black silk remnants--1/3 off.

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Drapery Remnants 1-3 Off.
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Remnants of Percales 1-3 Off.
Hundreds of remnants in the following materials will be found spread over counters marked in the regular low remnant prices, and during Remnant Week, commencing tomorrow, patrons may deduct 1/3 from the marked price.

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Remnants of Percales 1-3 Off.
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Black Silk Skirts, \$18.00.
Values \$35.00 to \$40.00.

Almost Wonderful, These Dress Goods Remnants.
Every shelf and drawer in our dress goods department has been searched, every shawl length culled out and marked at regular remnant prices. We give an additional discount of 1/3 off. Pick out any remnants of the beautiful goods and deduct an additional discount of 1/3 during the Remnant Sale only.

Black goods remnants--1/3 off.
Fancy dress goods remnants--1/3 off.
Fancy silk remnants--1/3 off.
Black silk remnants--1/3 off.

Wool Shirts 95c.
These consist of odds and ends of our winter stock, not all sizes are here. They are strictly all wool, well shaped, and neatly finished. Our regular \$1.25 and \$1.50 qualities at 95c per garment.

Sanitary Cotton Diaper.
This material comes in white, known as medicated, sanitary, cotton diaper, 10 yards in each piece. These prices for Monday.

Linen Remnants 1-3 Off.
Linen--cottons--muslins--all short pieces are marked at regular remnant prices, but during Remnant Week you shall have an additional discount of 1/3 off. Remnants of 10 table damask 1/3 off. Remnants in pillow casing 1/3 off. Remnants in sheeting 1/3 off. Remnants in crash 1/3 off. Old towels, napkins, etc., 1/3 off.

Drapery Remnants 1-3 Off.
Bear in mind that all remnants in drapery goods are marked in plain prices according to our regular scale of remnant prices, but during Remnant Week you shall have an additional discount of 1/3 off. Every piece tells plainly what the regular reduced price would be, and also the length of the goods. Simply pay sales man 1/3 of the price; the other third is the extra saving you make during this yearly event.

Remnants of Percales 1-3 Off.
Hundreds of remnants in the following materials will be found spread over counters marked in the regular low remnant prices, and during Remnant Week, commencing tomorrow, patrons may deduct 1/3 from the marked price.

Yearly Sale of Remnants.
Hale's

Handful of Black Silk Skirts.
In spite of rain and mud our sale of silk skirts last Monday nearly exhausted the stock. It's not surprising when you remember that every skirt is of the newest Spring design, from the best maker in the United States, of the finest quality, and marked at half what you would pay. There's but one of a kind and now only a few in each lot.

Black Silk Skirts, \$5.50.
Values \$12.00 to \$15.00.
Black Silk Skirts, \$18.00.
Values \$35.00 to \$40.00.

Almost Wonderful, These Dress Goods Remnants.
Every shelf and drawer in our dress goods department has been searched, every shawl length culled out and marked at regular remnant prices. We give an additional discount of 1/3 off. Pick out any remnants of the beautiful goods and deduct an additional discount of 1/3 during the Remnant Sale only.

Black goods remnants--1/3 off.
Fancy dress goods remnants--1/3 off.
Fancy silk remnants--1/3 off.
Black silk remnants--1/3 off.

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Sanitary Cotton Diaper.
This material comes in white, known as medicated, sanitary, cotton diaper, 10 yards in each piece. These prices for Monday.

Linen Remnants 1-3 Off.
Linen--cottons--muslins--all short pieces are marked at regular remnant prices, but during Remnant Week you shall have an additional discount of 1/3 off. Remnants of 10 table damask 1/3 off. Remnants in pillow casing 1/3 off. Remnants in sheeting 1/3 off. Remnants in crash 1/3 off. Old towels, napkins, etc., 1/3 off.

Drapery Remnants 1-3 Off.
Bear in mind that all remnants in drapery goods are marked in plain prices according to our regular scale of remnant prices, but during Remnant Week you shall have an additional discount of 1/3 off. Every piece tells plainly what the regular reduced price would be, and also the length of the goods. Simply pay sales man 1/3 of the price; the other third is the extra saving you make during this yearly event.

Remnants of Percales 1-3 Off.
Hundreds of remnants in the following materials will be found spread over counters marked in the regular low remnant prices, and during Remnant Week, commencing tomorrow, patrons may deduct 1/3 from the marked price.

Yearly Sale of Remnants.
Hale's

Handful of Black Silk Skirts.
In spite of rain and mud our sale of silk skirts last Monday nearly exhausted the stock. It's not surprising when you remember that every skirt is of the newest Spring design, from the best maker in the United States, of the finest quality, and marked at half what you would pay. There's but one of a kind and now only a few in each lot.

Handful of Black Silk Skirts.
In spite of rain and mud our sale of silk skirts last Monday nearly exhausted the stock. It's not surprising when you remember that every skirt is of the newest Spring design, from the best maker in the United States, of the finest quality, and marked at half what you would pay. There's but one of a kind and now only a few in each lot.

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Values \$12.00 to \$15.00.
Black Silk Skirts, \$18.00.
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Black goods remnants--1/3 off.
Fancy dress goods remnants--1/3 off.
Fancy silk remnants--1/3 off.
Black silk remnants--1/3 off.

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These consist of odds and ends of our winter stock, not all sizes are here. They are strictly all wool, well shaped, and neatly finished. Our regular \$1.25 and \$1.50 qualities at 95c per garment.

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This material comes in white, known as medicated, sanitary, cotton diaper, 10 yards in each piece. These prices for Monday.

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Linen--cottons--muslins--all short pieces are marked at regular remnant prices, but during Remnant Week you shall have an additional discount of 1/3 off. Remnants of 10 table damask 1/3 off. Remnants in pillow casing 1/3 off. Remnants in sheeting 1/3 off. Remnants in crash 1/3 off. Old towels, napkins, etc., 1/3 off.

Drapery Remnants 1-3 Off.
Bear in mind that all remnants in drapery goods are marked in plain prices according to our regular scale of remnant prices, but during Remnant Week you shall have an additional discount of 1/3 off. Every piece tells plainly what the regular reduced price would be, and also the length of the goods. Simply pay sales man 1/3 of the price; the other third is the extra saving you make during this yearly event.

Remnants of Percales 1-3 Off.
Hundreds of remnants in the following materials will be found spread over counters marked in the regular low remnant prices, and during Remnant Week, commencing tomorrow, patrons may deduct 1/3 from the marked price.

Yearly Sale of Remnants.
Hale's

Handful of Black Silk Skirts.
In spite of rain and mud our sale of silk skirts last Monday nearly exhausted the stock. It's not surprising when you remember that every skirt is of the newest Spring design, from the best maker in the United States, of the finest quality, and marked at half what you would pay. There's but one of a kind and now only a few in each lot.

Remnant Week.

Sale

able Sale of
le Cloths.

essing linen at a bargain
every house-keeper.
small lot of beautiful table
dies on the dollar. They
try thread linen, heavy and
only are the patterns ex-
prettiest of borders all
sell them at these prices.
one \$1.50 at \$1.25.
one \$2.00 at \$1.50.
one \$2.50 at \$1.75.
one \$3.00 at \$2.25.
one \$3.50 at \$2.75.
one \$4.00 at \$3.00.

utton Diaper.

is, known as modest,
0 yards in each piece.
one \$1.00 at 75c.
one \$1.50 at 1.10.
one \$2.00 at 1.50.
one \$2.50 at 1.75.
one \$3.00 at 2.25.
one \$3.50 at 2.75.
one \$4.00 at 3.00.

ants 1-3 Off.

all short pieces are marked
during Remnant Week
discount of 1/4 off.
one \$1.00 at 75c.
one \$1.50 at 1.10.
one \$2.00 at 1.50.
one \$2.50 at 1.75.
one \$3.00 at 2.25.
one \$3.50 at 2.75.
one \$4.00 at 3.00.

ants 1-3 Off.

to in drapery goods are
ing to our regular sale
g Remnant Week you
ent of 1/4. Every piece
reduced price would be
to. Simply page calen-
third in the extra sav-
y event.
one \$1.00 at 75c.
one \$1.50 at 1.10.
one \$2.00 at 1.50.
one \$2.50 at 1.75.
one \$3.00 at 2.25.
one \$3.50 at 2.75.
one \$4.00 at 3.00.

one \$1.00 at 75c.

one \$1.50 at 1.10.

one \$2.00 at 1.50.

one \$2.50 at 1.75.

one \$3.00 at 2.25.

one \$3.50 at 2.75.

one \$4.00 at 3.00.

one \$4.50 at 3.375.

one \$5.00 at 3.75.

one \$5.50 at 4.125.

one \$6.00 at 4.50.

one \$6.50 at 4.875.

one \$7.00 at 5.25.

one \$7.50 at 5.625.

one \$8.00 at 6.00.

one \$8.50 at 6.375.

one \$9.00 at 6.75.

one \$9.50 at 7.125.

one \$10.00 at 7.50.

one \$10.50 at 7.875.

one \$11.00 at 8.25.

one \$11.50 at 8.625.

one \$12.00 at 9.00.

one \$12.50 at 9.375.

one \$13.00 at 9.75.

one \$13.50 at 10.125.

one \$14.00 at 10.50.

one \$14.50 at 10.875.

one \$15.00 at 11.25.

one \$15.50 at 11.625.

one \$16.00 at 12.00.

one \$16.50 at 12.375.

one \$17.00 at 12.75.

one \$17.50 at 13.125.

one \$18.00 at 13.50.

one \$18.50 at 13.875.

one \$19.00 at 14.25.

one \$19.50 at 14.625.

one \$20.00 at 15.00.

one \$20.50 at 15.375.

one \$21.00 at 15.75.

one \$21.50 at 16.125.

one \$22.00 at 16.50.

one \$22.50 at 16.875.

one \$23.00 at 17.25.

one \$23.50 at 17.625.

one \$24.00 at 18.00.

one \$24.50 at 18.375.

one \$25.00 at 18.75.

HAMBURGER'S

127-147

N. SPRING

LOS ANGELES

Ladies' Manicuring,
25 Cents
at Hamburgers.
Why Pay More?

100 Sample Flannel Waists at About Half Price.

Buyer, who is now in New York, recently purchased and shipped this immense assortment of waists, which were sent from the manufacturers at the end of their wholesale season. They include the house sample lines as well as surplus which were not delivered this season. All of them are of the best materials, in very latest styles, garnished in the latest of fashion and are in the newest and most popular shades; they will be divided into three lots, priced as follows:

\$1.50 FLANNEL SHIRT WAISTS AT 69c.

lot includes all wool flannels in red, blue, gray and black; made in plain tailored styles with three double rows of small braid down front, have the new bishop sleeve and are carefully finished throughout. There are about 100 dozen in the assortment, plenty of sizes for everybody, and all of them were made to sell at \$1.50. Sample Sale price.....

\$2.98 FLANNEL WAISTS AT \$1.48.

lot includes some of the finest all wool flannel waists of the season; they are in light and medium weights, are tucked, have seam, stitched trimmed effects, also plain tailored styles, finished with pearl buttons; colors are pink, blue, green, gray, and, also black; all have the new bishop sleeves, are carefully tailored, perfect fitting; the button styles have either pearl or metal buttons. No matter what your fancy, you certainly can satisfy the most critical taste, for every one of these waists was made to sell at \$2.98. Sample Sale price, choice.....

\$4.50 FLANNEL WAISTS AT \$2.48.

lot includes fancy striped aerges and fine all wool flannels in popular shades of gray, green, blue, rose, red, tan, also black and white. They are in corded, tucked and button trimmed styles, also plain tailored styles with cable seams. Button styles are either down side or front and are finished with large pearl buttons. All of them have the new Bishop sleeve, have pointed collars and they are among the most stylish of the season and will be as popular next year as this. Every one of them is an actual \$4.50 value. Sample Sale price.....

Waists at about Half Price

Waists on Sale Monday.

boys that has
ularity which has
other's Friend."
well merited, for
that no superior
ywhere, and cer-
t on the market
We have been for-
over-production
e factory, and as
n under regular,
are as many as you have



to patent button waist band; the material heavy
or Madras pretty patterns and colors; sizes
12 years; regular 70c values. Sale price.....

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69c

\$2.00 Set Knives and Forks, \$1.49.
An exceptionally meritorious trade winner for Monday only - 6 knives and forks of best steel; heavy silver plated; burnished handles; sell regularly at \$2.00 a set. For the one day, with a limit of one set to a customer - 6 knives and forks. Price.....
THIRD FLOOR.

\$10.00 Dress Hats at \$2.50.
The assortment includes hats for women and misses; white black and colors. Among the lot are felt, velvet hats and beaver hats with chiffon veil drapes. No two alike. But 50 in the lot. Values from \$7.50 to \$10.00. Post Inventory price.....
THIRD FLOOR.

30c Taffeta Ribbons Per Yard 19c.
Exceptionally fine quality Fine Satin Taffeta Ribbon - soft finish; beautiful sheen; colors pink, blue, Nile, emerald, maize, heliotrope, national blue; also white and cream; width 1 1/2 inches. Post Inventory price.....
THIRD FLOOR.

Post Inventory Sale of Linens.

Inventory last week disclosed a number of broken lines or very fine grades of table linens and towels. They were among our best sellers and were exceptionally good values at regular prices. These cut prices specially merit your attention.

60-INCH CREAM TABLE DAMASK - 25 pieces in the lot; very heavy; hand loom finish; desirable for hotels and restaurants. 75c value priced at per yard.....
59c

60-INCH HALF-BLEACHED TABLE LINEN - Hand loom; choice of six floral patterns. This linen was imported from one of the best Irish mills and sold regularly at \$1.00. Post Inventory price per yard.....
69c

BARNLEY CREAM TABLE LINEN - 70-inches wide; a serviceable slightly damask in small floral patterns and sold regularly at \$1.00. Post Inventory price, per yard.....
79c

70-INCH BLEACHED IRISH DAMASK - a firm, heavy weave in pink dot and small figured patterns. It is a regular \$4.00 grade priced for our Post Inventory Sale at per yard.....
75c

COTTON HUCK TOWELS - full bleached, size 24 x 23 inches, long fringed ends; fast colors. Post Inventory price \$1.35 per dozen or each.....
10c

BROCADED LILY HUCK TOWELS - Very heavy and absorbent; patent hemmed ends; a lot of 75 dozen will go on sale at, per dozen \$1.85, or each.....
16c

BLEACHED HUCK TOWELS - Soft and absorbent; have nice hemmed ends and are a towel which gives exceptionally good wear. A lot of 48 dozen on sale Monday at \$2.25 per dozen, or each.....
20c

LADIES' UNDERWEAR.
Knit garments will claim your attention for several months, and as they are of best quality and low priced for this sale, it is a matter of economy to yes to lay-by a liberal supply.

LADIES' FLAT KNOT VESTS AND PANTS - gray and white; vests in high neck and long sleeve style; regular \$1.50 values, priced at, per garment.....
\$1.00

LADIES' WOOL VESTS AND PANTS - vests high neck long sleeve; they are fine French ribbed, either gray or white and are regular \$2.00 values, priced at, per garment.....
\$1.50

Children's Underwear.
The same reason applies why you should purchase several outfits of children's wear at this post-inventory sale as the arguments we used for the sale of ladies' garments.

MISSIES AND CHILDREN'S KNIT UNDERWEAR - vests, pants and drawers; French ribbed, white only; vests high neck long sleeve; regular 50c values, priced at per garment.....
25c

MISSIES UNION SUITS - gray and white; high neck and long sleeves, in ankle length, they are Jersey ribbed, perfect fitting and are regular 75c values, priced at.....
50c

First Showing 1903 Embroideries.

Our Spring Importation of Embroideries has been received and every line is complete. They are the largest and finest collection ever brought to Los Angeles as they were selected from the stocks of the best manufacturers in St. Gall, Switzerland, the city which supplies the world with the finest and best creations in this line. As our orders were placed nearly a year in advance under favorable conditions, we are in a position to price these new goods from 25 to 35 per cent. less than present market prices, and the use of fine embroideries for the coming season will be greater than any previous year. These embroideries are wide, showy patterns, open and blind effects, linen Batistes, black and white, black and linen and Batiste combinations as well as solid white. Also the insertions, bands and galleons are in showy patterns and will be much used for shirt waists and fronts as also allovers for yokes and entire waists.

FINE SWISS, ORGANDY AND NAINSOOK EMBROIDERY - including edges and insertions in matched sets; delicate designs; handsome patterns, neatly finished; widths 1 1/2 to 3 inches and prices ranging, per yard, 18c to.....
50c

NAINSOOK AND SWISS EMBROIDERY - consisting of edges and insertions; beautiful patterns, rich designs, choice material and workmanship, exclusive patterns in open and blind effect, all widths from the medium to the wide skirt patterns as well as semi-founcings, 5 to 15 inches. Prices range, per yard, 50c to.....
\$2.00

MATCHED SETS IN BATISTE - plain solid color or batiste and white, or batiste and black combinations. Also black and white. Swiss and Nainsook matched sets, including the new grape patterns, polka-dot and wheel designs; all of them exclusive and widths range 3 to 15 inches. Prices, per yard, 35c to.....
\$6.75

ALLOVER EMBROIDERY YOKINGS - linen, Batiste, Swiss, Nainsook and Cambric; newest patterns and color combinations also black and white. Patterns in grape, polka-dot, wheel and diamond designs; widths 18 to 24 inches. Price per yard \$1.00 to.....
\$7.50

HANDSOME FLOUNCINGS - in Swiss, Organdy and Nainsook; lace trimmed, embroidery trimmed and hemstitched patterns; rich designs in open and blind effect; dainty lace and fine embroidery. White Batiste and black and white combination. Widths 27 to 45 inches long. Prices.....
\$7.50

CAMBRIC EMBROIDERY EDGES - Nice patterns; good weight, open or blind effects; wide margin; hand edges; widths 3 to 7 inches. Priced.....
12c

HANDSOME STRAIGHT INSERTIONS - in Swiss, Nainsook and Cambric; also fancy galleons and beading effects; wide range of styles in dainty patterns and wide open and close designs. Pattern width and design suitable for any purpose from trimming infants' outfits to waists and suits. Widths range 4 to 7 inches. Prices, per yard, 10c up to.....
\$2.00

FINE CAMBRIC EMBROIDERY EDGES - Choice patterns; large variety of styles; nice cloth; wide margin; open and close patterns; widths 4 to 7 inches; priced at, per yard.....
15c

HANDSOME CAMBRIC EMBROIDERY - Large variety of styles; wide, showy patterns; choice designs; good cloth; good styles for undershirts; widths 6 to 12 inches. Price per yard.....
25c

12 1/2c Baby Flannel at 7c.
The well known "Cinderella" Baby Flannel - Soft and fluffy. It is a plain colored Flannellette especially designed for children's wear and always sold at 12 1/2c. For Monday only, priced at per yard.....
7c

Ladies' \$4.00 Shoes, per pair \$2.95.
Odd lots and broken lines - Lace and button styles of fine kid shoes, well extension or light flexible soles, all sizes and widths, have sold regularly at \$3.50 and \$4.00. Post Inventory price, choice per yard.....
\$2.95

\$3.00 Ready-to-wear Hats at 50c.
An assortment of Women's Ready-to-wear Hats - Plain or Mohair felt, stitched felt turbans, also misses' sailor shapes of Mohair felt with quills and ornaments and a number of white felt hats. Values up to \$3.00. Post Inventory price, choice.....
50c

Choice Cut Glass and Fancy Vases.
Our cut glass and decorative art department has no superior this side of Chicago, in fact we carry larger stocks than do most of the stores of the largest cities; but as regards prices, you are familiar with what exclusive stores charge, but we can assure you that we sell you equally as pretty patterns and as good goods at from one fourth to one third less, as the following values will attest.

CUT GLASS ALMOND DISHES - Three styles, rich cuttings, good size and exceptionally pretty; sold regularly at 75c. Price reduced to.....
49c

CUT GLASS OIL BOTTLE - fancy design, rich cuttings, good size and exceptionally pretty; sold regularly at 75c. Price reduced to.....
49c

CUT GLASS WINE DECANTER - One pint size, furnished with cut stopper, the cutting is in strawberry pattern, one of the handsomest pieces in the department; sold reg. at \$3.50. Post Inventory price.....
\$1.98

CUT GLASS SUGAR AND CREAMER - Patterns of cutting to select from, all of them in low stock, an assortment of regular \$2 and \$2.50 values, priced this week at.....
\$1.49

VENETIAN GLASS VASES - beautiful decorations, range from 6 to 12 1/2 inches, all of them are 75c values, to close this week at choice.....
49c

ASSORTMENT \$1.49 VASES - These are in larger size than the above and more prettily decorated; some of them are cut glass with raised gold scrolls & pretty shapes; post inventory price, choice.....
98c

ASSORTMENT \$2.00 VASES - including Majolica, Bique and Tazita ware. Height range up to 12 inches, choice.....
\$1.49

\$3.00 MAJOLICA VASES - some of the most beautiful of these art treasures, furnished with raised flowers as handles; they are 16 inches high and will be priced this week at choice.....
\$1.49

THIRD FLOOR.

Post Inventory Sale of Fine Dinner Sets.
In going over our stock for the purposes of inventory we selected several broken lines in patterns which we cannot duplicate again this season, but which are all good styles and of fine quality, and will especially feature them for this week's selling. Every line of china-ware represented in our immense department are the products of famous factories, and of strictly best qualities. Prices are below competition.

\$4.00 HAVILAND CHINA DINNER SET - full 100 pieces, choice of four handsome decorations to select from, priced at per set.....
\$27.50

\$25.00 GERMAN CHINA DINNER SET - full 100 pieces, pretty shapes and decorations. Two or three pieces in each set are slightly defective, for this reason the price per set will be.....
\$14.98

\$16.00 AMERICAN SEMI-PORCELAIN DINNER SET - best quality, 100 pieces in set, pretty embossed patterns with best china flower decorations; price per set.....
\$12.98

\$11.00 66-PIECE DINNER SET - best American semi-porcelain, embossed patterns with corn flower decorations; price per set.....
\$8.98

THIRD FLOOR.

Flannel Waists worth up to \$3.50 at \$5.00.
Including finest French Flannels and French Flannel Waists; trimmed with the new box plait, prettily stitched; also silk trimmed styles. Pastel shades, also black and white; the very finest, most stylish of the season; sold regularly at \$6.50, \$7.50 and \$8.50. Post Inventory price.....
\$5.00

SECOND FLOOR.

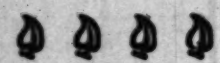
Silk Remnants at Half Price.
Lengths range from 1/2 to 15 yards and the assortment includes plain colored Taffetas, Poplins, Bengalines, Perle de Soies, Louisenes, China silks, wash Taffetas, also Moires, fancy striped Taffetas and Louisenes, printed warp Taffetas, printed Velvets, fancy Grenadines and others; regardless of what they have sold for up to now, they will all be offered for Monday.....
One-Half Price

\$5.00 and \$6.00 Flannel Waists \$3.98.
This assortment includes fine Albatross, Cashmere and French Flannel waists; stitched, silk trimmed and box plaited styles; also some finished with buttons; new pastel shades also black and white. Regular \$5.00 and \$6.50 lines. Post Inventory price.....
\$3.98

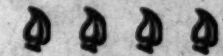
Flannel Waists worth up to \$3.50 at \$5.00.
Including finest French Flannels and French Flannel Waists; trimmed with the new box plait, prettily stitched; also silk trimmed styles. Pastel shades, also black and white; the very finest, most stylish of the season; sold regularly at \$6.50, \$7.50 and \$8.50. Post Inventory price.....
\$5.00

SECOND FLOOR.

The Hamburger Store



GOOD STORIES FOR CHILDREN---By Walt McDougall



A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY TAKEN ON A GAS HOUSE

Strange Experiences of a Young Student Who Was Seeking Information About the Manufacture of Gas and Who Got Too Close to the Subject

MARTIN HOOLIHAN sat in front of the Gas House wrapped up in a heavy overcoat, waiting for the night watchman to come and relieve him, when Percy Owlender came along. Percy was one of those studious boys who are always looking for knowledge everywhere, and when he saw Hoolihan he thought over to him that the day watchman of the Gas House could supply him with enough information to enable him to write a composition on gas. Percy wrote the best compositions of any boy in his school, and this was because he took a great deal of trouble to get his facts from the right people. He stopped and said:

"Good evening, Mr. Hoolihan. Will you tell me all about how they make gas? I want to write a composition."

"I will," said the watchman, "and with pleasure. What do you want to know first?"

"What's the reason the Gas House is so tall and day and so low another?" inquired Percy, looking up at the high iron walls towering above them.

"That's because it's full of gas," replied Hoolihan. "The upper part sets down over the lower part like the lid of a pill box, only further down—dye mind!—and then, when the gas comes pouring in, it rises and rises till it's full to bursting, belike."

"Why don't it rise right off and float away?"

"Because, when it gets to the top edge, thin clamps you see up there hold it fast. Would you like to go up on top and see how it works?" he added.

"Indeed I would!" cried Percy.

The Tank Began to Rock and Was Soon Sailing Away

"Thin, feller me," said Mr. Hoolihan, rising and leading the way to the narrow ladder running up outside the iron tank. Percy followed him and climbed up the ladder close behind him, and they were soon on the flat top of the Gas House and looking down on all the other houses round about.

"It's very high," said Percy, in surprise.

"It is that, and I'm wondering at it myself," said Hoolihan, "for it never was so high before. Of'm thinkin' it's some new stuff shov' gittin' inter the makin' of it that's givin' it more liftin' power, belike. It's ris up several feet the last tin minutes and, faith, it's got but six inches more to rise before it gets to the top!"

"It seems to me," said Percy, "that it is sort o' rocking like a ship, or is that my imagination?"

"Sure, it never rocked before, but it don't be feelin' stiddy," replied Hoolihan, looking about nervously and starting for the ladder.

"Yes!" exclaimed Percy. "I think it is really rocking!"

"You think so?" cried the watchman. "You think it's rockin', do you? Well, faith, I know blamed well it's rockin', and O'm goin' ter git right out o' this!" He started to descend, but just then the great tank heaved so mightily that he was almost tossed off over the edge, and then there was an awful sound of ripping, cracking and tearing beneath them. Both held on to the girders as the Gas House tilted over like a ship in a heavy sea. Percy could look right down upon 'is street for a moment, then the tank righted again, but another heave followed instantly, there was more and louder ripping and splitting, and then, silently and swiftly, the Gas House rose up in the air and soared away like a balloon. Over the tallest chimneys and steeples it sailed, rising higher every moment, and, looking down, they could see all the people of the town running wildly after them with loud cries of amazement.

"Faith, we've gone and done it now!" said Hoolihan. "I told them they was puttin' too much hot air in 'ot last batch o' gas!"

Drifted All Night and Into a Much Warmer Climate

"And why do they do that?" asked Percy, desiring to obtain information even under such curious circumstances.

"To make the meters go round faster!" replied Hoolihan. "But never mind that. The question is, how are we goin' to get down out o' this?"

"I have never been up in a balloon," said Percy, "and it will be a pleasing experience unless we meet with an accident. I should like to travel and see something of the country."

"Faith," said Hoolihan, "O've never been fuder away than the Twenty-first ward in me life, an' O'm not objectin' to an excursion myself; but as ye say, maybe we might have a disaster any minute. I wish we had an anchor or the like o' that to fetch up wid when we want to stop."

"Well, we can't starve very soon," said Percy, "for I was coming home from the grocer's when I met you, and I have here several boxes of crackers, some cheese, sardines, olives and dog biscuits."

"O'm glad o' that; but what shall we do for water?" said Hoolihan.

"There's plenty of snow on the roof here," replied



THE END OF THEIR SEARCH FOR STRANGE ANIMALS

Sailed Away to a Foreign Country, Met Strange People and Animals, and Finally Reached Home After Being Cast Far Away in the Ocean

THEY FOUND THE BUGBEARS WERE QUITE HELPLESS

Percy. "We will have to melt that in the tin can I see yonder."

"Bedad, it's filled with wather already!" cried Hoolihan, going to the can.

"Then we are all right for a while. Now let us look at the scenery," said Percy.

Although it was late in the afternoon, it was not at all dark up there, for they were now two miles in the air. But it was very cold, and they had to hop around in a very lively manner to keep themselves warm.

When night came they were far from home indeed, and it was very uncomfortable, and, to make it more distressing, Hoolihan kept wondering whether or not the Gas House might turn over at any moment and drop them off. All night long they clung to a girder in fear and trembling, but when the morning came and they found themselves sailing over a strange country they forgot their fears and made a breakfast of crackers, olives and water. The wind was N. E. half E., and soon they were in the tropics, so they had to remove their heavy clothes, for the heat was terrific.

Landed at Last in a Very Strange Part of Wild Africa

"Sure, the gas don't leak out much," said Mr. Hoolihan, "or we would be descendin' long ago. It's a fine, air-tight Gas House we have!"

"I see a tapir," cried Percy, "down there in the woods by that stream!"

"Faith, I hope he'll not come near us and set us afire!" cried Hoolihan. "A tapir's some sort of a candle, I'm thinkin'."

"No; it's an animal. Don't you see it," said Percy.

"I do that. He has a nose on him like a fire hose, hasn't he? I see a snake, too, and it's glad I am we're a mile in the air."

"That's a quite harmless snake, however," said Percy.

"Sure, no snake is harmless—not fer me! They all scare me to death!" retorted Hoolihan.

They sailed along across the equator, over high mountains all covered with eternal snow, over dark green forests into which the eye could not penetrate; over wide rivers filled with alligators, electric eels, sea cows and other strange creatures; over vast plains covered with antelope, cassowaries and apaches, and finally swept out over the ocean. Both were much alarmed when they found the sea be-

neath them, but the Gas House floated along at the same height and seemed as though it would go on thus forever. Flying fish leaped up as if to reach the queer object in the sky. Great sharks dashed madly to the surface, whales spouted at them, and all the inhabitants of old ocean came up and stared at them as they sailed along with the clouds. They saw ships frequently, and observed on each of them a great scurrying around among the sailors as telescopes were pointed at them, for, of course, the people on board took the Gas House for a new kind of airship. Finally, just when their food was about eaten, they reached Africa, and, after passing over half of the continent, the Gas House suddenly showed signs of becoming emptied, for it slowly sank lower until at last it settled down upon a low hill near a great forest.

As it came to the earth they saw thousands of black savages running in all directions in great alarm. But they were too anxious to get something to eat to worry about savages. They made at once for a banana orchard nearby, and soon were filling themselves with that delicious fruit, which in Africa costs nothing at all. After a while a number of blacks approached them, led by their king, who, with every sign of friendship, yet greatly troubled, welcomed them to Oompaloololand. This part of Africa has never been explored, and Percy found it truly a wonderful region, with more strange things to see than can be found anywhere else on earth.

The natives wear no clothes, but paint themselves carefully in various patterns, such as big checks of all colors, polka dots, stripes and circles, every week or so, and they really seem to be dressed up. Thus they keep in style without the unpleasant results of wearing clothes in such a hot climate. And one must admit that it's much cooler.

The Natives Were Kind and They Learned Curious Things

Percy and Hoolihan determined to adopt the style as soon as they could engage a painter, as they both wore winter clothes.

Many gifts, both of food and other treasures, were brought to them by the people of Oompaloololand, and they soon were on the best of terms with everybody, for the natives were merry and simple negroes, who only desired to be jolly and eat four or five times per day. Percy went about gathering information daily, and many were the strange and wonderful things he saw and wrote down in his little

note book for future compositions. Such animals as were unknown in other parts of the world he made pictures of.

Among these was the Tree Cow, a species of cow that has long claws and stays in trees almost constantly, eating leaves. It hangs by its horns from a limb when sleeping, and Percy never could help laughing when he saw a string of them thus swinging among the foliage of a tall Hysteria Palm.

"Sure, O'm a-thinkin' that's waa o' thin kind o' cows that jumped over the moon," said Mr. Hoolihan, when he first saw this wonder.

Then, there was a new kind of monkey, called the Powder Monkey, which carries in a pouch, like the kangaroo's, a big powder puff with which it dusts its sooty face dozens of times a day, and there he saw the Golf Lynx, an animal which never tires, but gets up at all sorts of hours to roam about in the tall grass and hunt for puff balls. Yet, strange as these were, they were simply trifling and of no account alongside of another wonderful creature they soon heard about.

Captured Two Bugbears and Put Them in the Gas House

Percy had noticed some of the queerest of forest mate in front of the king's hut, and when he asked what they were he was told they were made of the skin of the Bugbear, a fierce and marvelous animal that lived deep in the darkest forest, where even the hippopotamus or the ocelot dare not penetrate. The Bugbear, they told him, is a small and timid creature by day, but grows as darkness approaches, until at nightfall he is as big as an elephant and twice as fierce. By midnight he is so ferocious that no one dare come within a mile of him, and he betide any poor savage whom he catches out at night. Sometimes, they said, he even invades their huts, but that is a rare occurrence. Those which they had killed had been surrounded at midday when perfectly defenseless and harmless, but many of the natives were even then afraid of the Bugbear, for they thought he was a magician or sorcerer in the shape of an animal.

Percy immediately resolved to capture one of these creatures at once, and Mr. Hoolihan was quite as anxious to possess one also. So when the sun was blazing away in the very top of the heavens they started into the deep forest, several natives going in front as guides, and after penetrating so far that all were nearly smothered with the perfume of the

great Anomalous flowers growing there, they came upon two feeble, exhausted Bugbears that had been wandering around all night and were sleeping under a Fromage tree. These were quickly seized and tied with cords. Then they returned to the village, where they were welcomed with loud outcries by the negroes, who wanted to eat the animals at once, before they got big and dangerous. But Percy had decided to put them into the new empty Gas House for safe keeping and study their habits, which he immediately proceeded to do.

They were sure to be harmless in there, he thought, but when night came and he heard them wallowing and rampaging around inside he grew somewhat alarmed; yet, after a time, as they became quiet, he concluded that they had become reconciled to captivity, at which he was much pleased. When, late at night, Hoolihan told him to come to bed, he went there feeling much elated over his captives.

Alone Again and Soon Wrecked on the Ocean Deep

Now, they both slept on top of the Gas House, because it was cooler there, and Hoolihan felt more secure from the visits of snakes, of which there were plenty in Oompaloololand. During the night Percy seemed to feel the Gas House moving now and then, and he wondered if the Bugbears could tip it over. But when Hoolihan suddenly awoke and cried, "Hiss! The tank's alive! We're rockin' again!" he sprang up in alarm. Surely the scenery had altered, for he could not see any forest around them, and when they both peered over the side they were amazed to see the ocean waves rolling beneath them and no land in sight at all.

"Oh, what has happened?" cried Percy, almost ready to cry.

"I dunno," replied Hoolihan. "Them bugbears has done something to us. There was no gas in the tank. I'll bet they's got wings an' are flyin' over wid us."

"There's gas there now," said Percy. "I can smell it plainly!"

"So kin I," said Hoolihan. "I wonder where it came from!"

There was gas in the air about them, so that it was evident that it was coming from the tank. Soon the Gas House, although it sailed along as fast as ever, began to sink toward the sea, and for many hours it continued to get nearer and nearer to the water.

"Soon we'll be floatin' in the ocean," said Hoolihan, "an' then phwat will we do?"

"I think we are in the track of ships, for we have seen several," replied Percy. "I don't think we would remain adrift very long, for the Gas House will fill with water and sink. So I hope a ship will rescue us soon."

Toward morning, after they had spent the night in useless watching, the tank sank to the bottom of the sea and rocked to and fro gently. The wind moved it slowly along, but it made no headway as it had made in the air. The sun was very hot, and they were without food, so that their position was distressing indeed; but when the Gas House was about half-filled with water and they were in despair a ship came sailing along.

The Bugbears Had Bored a Hole Into a Natural Gas Well

It was the Merry Nymph, of Balboa, W. J., commanded by Captain Ned Acton, and the two were taken aboard at once, where the narration of their wonderful adventures astonished everybody. The mystery of the refilling of the Gas House baffled all minds, and Captain Acton resolved to turn the Gas House over and try to ascertain what had happened. When this was done a great hole was discovered in its bottom, a hole as big as an elephant, and this suggested a solution of the mystery to Percy. It was evident to his scientific mind that both of the Bugbears had made this hole and burrowed into the earth beneath the Gas House at night, when they were large and strong, and thus escaped. "But," asked the captain, "where did all the new gas come from?"

"Well," replied Percy, "I imagine that it could have come from but one place. The Bugbears must have burrowed down so deep into the earth that they struck a supply of natural gas, of which there is plenty in the earth, as you are well aware, and the gas flowed up through the tunnel they had made, filling the tank and causing us to rise in the air. Of course, it soon leaked out through that immense hole in the bottom, and that was the end of it."

I think that was the correct solution, and I am supported by the opinion of other eminent scientists in my belief. Percy got home in a few months, and his father employed Mr. Hoolihan in his plant pencil factory, as the gas people refused to hire him again, because, they said, he had been careless and lost them a fine Gas House, which, I consider, was cruel and heartless treatment of an innocent man. But Hoolihan doesn't care, so why should we?

WALT MCDUGALL

WHEN THE GAS HOUSE WAS HALF FILLED WITH WATER AND THEY WERE IN DESPAIR A SAILING SHIP RESCUED THEM FROM DROWNING



HOUSE

Country, Met
and Finally
ing Cast Far

rowing there, they came
Bugsbears that had been
and were sleeping under
quickly seized and tied
returned to the village,
with loud outcries by the
the animals at once, he-
giveness. But Percy had
now empty Gas House
their habits, which he in-

harmless in there, he
me and he heard them
around inside he grew
a time, as they became
had become reconciled
much pleased. When
him to come to bed, he
and over his captives.

Soon Wrecked
in Deep

top of the Gas House,
and Hoolihan felt more
makes, of which there
and. During the night
the House moving now
if the Bugsbears could
an suddenly awake and
alive! We're rockin'
on. Surely the scenery
any forest around
over the side they
waves rolling beneath
all.

cried Percy, almost

an. "Then bugsbears
there was no gas in the
and are flyin' away
at Percy, "I am dead

"I wonder where is

about them, so that it
coming from the tank.
it sailed along as
toward the sea, and far
yet nearer and nearer

the coast," said Hooli-

of ships, for we have

"I don't think we
for the Gas House
So I hope a ship will

had spent the night
such to the surface
very gently. The wind
made to their progress

the sea was very hot,
that their position
the Gas House
and they were in

as well

of Hoolihan, W. J. con-

and the two were

the narration of their
and everybody. The
Gas House bumbled
to turn the Gas

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rest hole was discov-

as an elephant, and

the mystery to Percy

mind that both of
and burrowed into

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was escaped. "But,"

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refused to hire him

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an innocent man

why should we?

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FARE OF BAR-ROOMS.

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Found as Patrons—Often it is Means
of Tiding Over Misfortune—Sad Tale
Now and Then Brought to Light.

[Washington Post.] "How the other
half lives" has been partially told by
the President's old friend, Jacob Rias,
who was a New York Police Court re-
porter when Mr. Roosevelt served as
Police Commissioner in the metropolis.
No one author and no one book can
tell it all. There are phases of life in
large cities, among the submerged
which escape even the observant pens
and eyes of writers and philanthrop-
ists.

The "lunch fiend" has been pictured
in the comic press, and the free lunch
has been the butt of many a good joke
and a witty cartoon; but there is another
side—a pathetic side—to the picture
that few of the rushing thousands
asked out at the free-lunch counter,
and many a fuller meal is guaranteed
to the helpless and suffering family at
member of the fact that that one
hunger from the coarse food
by the saloonkeeper for his cus-
tomers.

That the saloon "free lunch" aids
poor man is easily demonstrated, how-
ever much one may be inclined to con-
sider the saloon itself as the main
cause of the poor man's impecuniosity.
The saloon is with us, and if it is not
eviled, it is, nevertheless, a qualified
consoling reflection that some good
comes out of it.

In one of the best patronized of these
usual daily when lunch was
spread out on the table facing the bar.
The crowd was a mixed one, and com-
fortably filled all the available space
in the saloon. There were the work-
ing laborer, the member of the "rough-
er," the hewer of wood and drawer of wa-
ter, the professional man, the business
man, the student, and the patient bar-
tender, the patient bar-tender, the dis-
appointed officeholder, the discharged
government clerk, all busy engaged
in clearing the table of its contents.

They ate, not daintily, like men with
full stomachs, but with a hungry look
and hands for want of something better
to eat, rather like men whose hunger
had given them a relish for even these
pieces of indigestible remnants, which
a much more pretentious feast or were
bought upon the market for a soup,
they were too stale to sell to
the market's customers. And the
barkeeper, in reply to an inter-
rogation:

"You would have no idea how many
men—discharged clerks, expectant of-
ficers, and professional men out
upon these free lunches. This time of
day, and all during the winter the
free lunch is quite an item of our
running expenses. Many men come

here to eat and not to taste. Half the
victuals that some men eat in a day
are eaten from these lunch stands.
They probably eat little or no break-
fast at all; they strike a free-lunch
route, as it is called, and by taking in
several saloons they soon have a com-
fortable meal, such as it is. It is not
very rich, but it fills up and prevents
hunger.

Sometimes they buy a glass of beer
or are treated to one by some friend,
but oftener they eat the lunch and go
on to the next place without spending
a cent, for the very good reason, per-
haps, that they have none to spend.
I know more about some of these men
than they think I do, perhaps more
than they would like the world to
know. I have in my mind a certain
gentleman, who is gifted with a rather
brilliant intellect, and who, if it were
not for his habits of intemperance,
might still be enjoying a high depart-
ment position. That man every morn-
ing shows up regularly at the lunch
hour here and at another saloon
near by, and for 10 cents gets both
breakfast and dinner, besides a couple
of glasses of beer. He has no regular
boarding-house, but he pretends to his
friends that he takes his meals at a
restaurant. In this way he succeeds
in living on a dollar or less per week,
and by earning a small sum occasion-
ally he manages to make both ends
meet.

"I know of a young physician who
came here a few years ago as a de-
partment clerk from one of the States,
and, graduating as a physician, set up
in office. For months, of course, be-
ing a young man, he had nothing to
do in his profession and was hard put
to live. For more than two years I
know that the doctor made the free-
lunch stands answer for his breakfast
and dinner. Then he struck a streak
of luck, and saw him no more except
as he passed my place with his head
high in the air, as though he had never
even dreamed of entering a beer sa-
loon.

"Occasionally a particular case ap-
peals to me, and then I do something.
You know that we barkeepers come
to be pretty good judges of human na-
ture. This is natural enough, as we
get all kinds of view of the man we
care to study. From sobriety to in-
toxication there are many stages, and
men, as a rule, show their real nature
or leading characteristics at some one
of these stages. There are very few,
indeed, who fail to exhibit the Mr.
Hyde when far gone enough in their
cups, but then again there are others
who are Dr. Jekyll all the way
through, drunk or sober.

"Now, here is one of the many cases
I interest myself in occasionally, as I
have told you. One day a middle-
aged man, dressed in decent but thin
clothes, came in here, and when the
lunch was spread, without calling for
anything to drink, stepped up to the
table and commenced to eat as though
he was almost famished. This was re-
peated several mornings, but I said
nothing to the man, for there was
something in his pale face that en-
listed my sympathy. One morning a
lounge in the saloon told me that I
had better watch this man, for he was
not only eating his fill at the lunch
put two or three slices of bread and
sausages in his pockets and carried
them away with him.

"On my way to visit I watched him
and found that my informer was cor-
rect in his statements. The next day
he came in I motioned him up to
the bar and pouring him out a glass
of liquor, asked him to drink with me.
He looked surprised, but politely re-
fused. I got into conversation with
him and found that he was a carpen-
ter who had lately moved from a
western city; that his wife was sick
and that he had not succeeded in get-
ting any kind of work to do and was
consequently entirely out of money.
He had a small amount he had brought
with him having been spent for medi-
cine, rent, etc.

"Several days before I saw that he

was sensitive and did not press him
for a revelation of the extreme neces-
sity that had compelled him to steal
victuals from a lunch counter to take
to his sick wife. Without telling him
all I knew I gave him a job of inside
work and in a delicate way as pos-
sible paid him some money on the job
in advance. I kept him at work two
or three weeks and then got him some
work among my friends which kept
him at work the rest of the winter. I
believe I saved that man from becom-
ing a criminal.

It is not evidently the half-naked
wretch who has become inured to suf-
fering and who in his struggle for ex-
istence has cast sensitiveness and pride
to the winds and who can apply to
public charities for aid and assistance,
but those who suffer mental torture
and physical want, and die, perhaps,
before they will stretch forth their
hand for charity, that more particu-
larly appeal to one's sympathies. Some
of these are only unfortunate, others
have been brought to their present
condition by carelessness and by neg-
lecting opportunities, but they all suf-
fer alike, no matter whether misfor-
tune has befallen them or they have
brought it upon themselves by their
present low estate.

The American saloon "free lunch"

shows heavily when it offers these va-
rious types of the submerged the food
which saves lives among the unfor-
tunate and in many cases halts, briefly,
at least, the erring on the downward
course.

THE SCHOOLMA'AMS' UNION.
We've had unions for the printer, for
the painter, for the clerk,
And unions for the men in each
and every trade or work.
But mighty few for womenkind, those
poor, neglected creatures!
Till now we have a union for the
teachers.

It's a common supposition, over which
we've often sighed,
That a certain sort of union to the
teacher is denied;
So it seems the Schoolma'ams' Union
is a very proper thing.
In praise of which we gladly rise to
sing.

From the viewpoint of the schoolboy
such an order seems sublime,
For there'll be a lookout often, and an
end to overtime.
Still, the prospect has its clouds; and
when the teachers rise to strike,
We can see the trembling schoolboy
run like Mike.

Suppose the teachers chase him with
the swiftness of the Fates.
Would it quite be right to think of
them as walking delegates?
Perhaps the teachers capture him and
then to teach him on the spot.
We then should have a boycott,
should we not?

Now, the Teachers' Union surely may
expect the recognition
Of the wise, alert, far-scheming and
prophetic politician.
Who sees beneath the red and rule of
public education
A herd of coming voters for the na-
tion.

We shudder at the outlook; for the un-
ion teacher maid
May call the federation out and stop
the wheels of trade;
The world of labor may suspend to
see her grievance righted.
There's trouble since the teachers got
united.

In Labor Day procession next Septem-
ber we behold
The schoolma'ams of the village with
their banners flying bold;
"Beware the low-priced sweatshop edu-
cation that's unable
To show the Pedagogic Union label!"
—(Newark News.)



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entire human organism, increases the ap-
petite, stimulates digestion, and thus aids
in producing pure, rich, red blood and firm
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—antiseptic and germ-destroying; forming
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product of its nature in the world, and far in
advance of any other preparation.

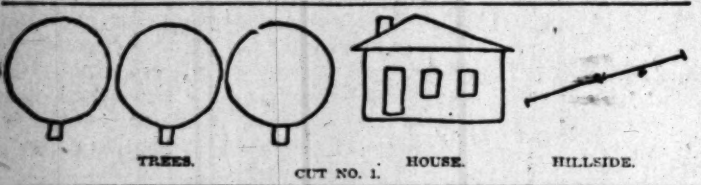
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for emaciated men, thin women, work-out
mothers, and sickly, puny children. By its
delicious use, all may receive new strength,
vitality, vim and vigor, and become sturdy,
robust, healthy, plump and pure blooded.



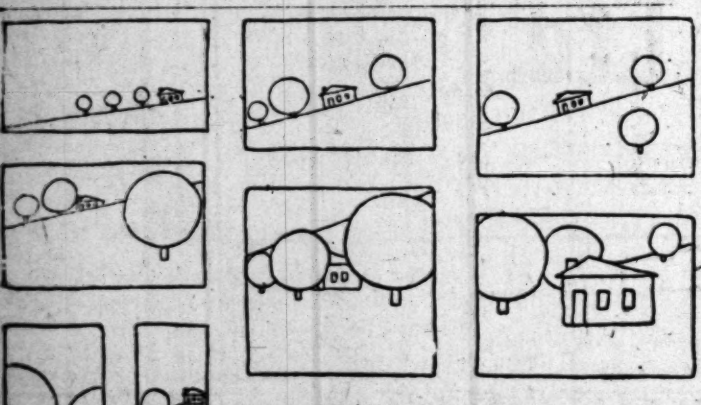
THE TIMES "ANSWERS BY EXPERTS" SERIES.
Drawing Made as Easy as Writing.

PICTURE MAKING.
A SIMPLE METHOD OF TEACHING CHILDREN ART—HOW PARENT SHOULD BEGIN—ALL CAN LEARN TO DRAW ON THIS NATURAL PLAN—FIRST LESSON OF THE SERIES.

By Frederick Richardson.
Instructor in composition and in charge of instruction classes in the Art Institute, Chicago.
This article and the one to appear next are intended for the teacher or parent as a means of taking up the teaching of the child.

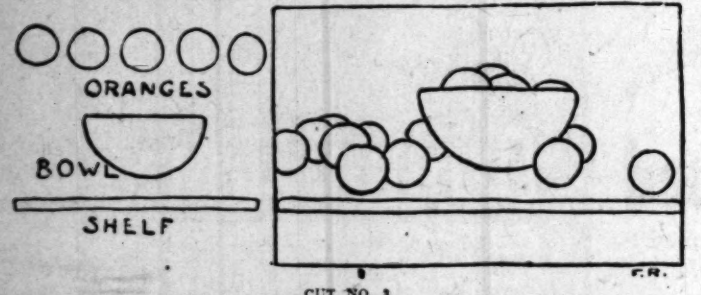


Education; at the same time appreciation and taste can be cultivated. Let the child seek to express himself by drawing rather than spend all his efforts in trying to learn to draw. Stimulate and train the expression, and the desire for technical facility will follow soon enough.

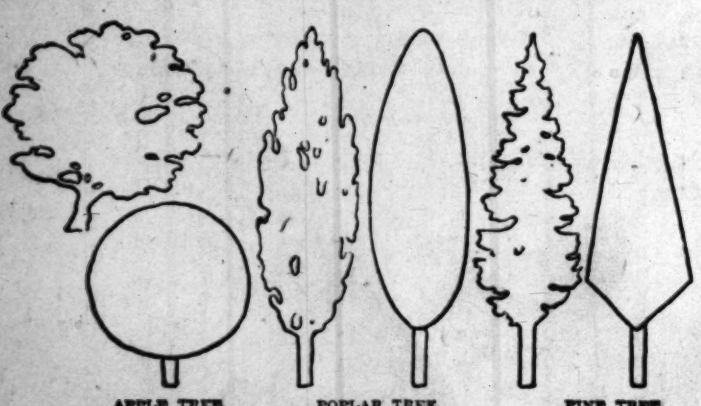


given place to object drawing and designing of various kinds.
If the question were one of the individual child it could easily be decided—the amount of its artistic temperament would settle that. The public school, however, is made up of children of all degrees of artistic instincts and from all walks of life. Some of them draw by natural desire better than others could draw by careful training. Drawing, therefore, ought not to be considered for the talented few, but for the untalented many.

Children love to express themselves. One child may express itself in writing, another in drawing. Let the most simple of the given forms. The forms are nowhere more difficult to draw than the letters W, O, R, D. The drawing is a question of taste in the use of materials.



other, the results are better where proportion and arrangement have been considered. It was not a question of drawing, it was a question of taste in the use of materials.



It is not to the unequal ability of a number of pupils. Most of the systems that now obtain fall through this, that they suppose more all school teachers and children can draw, whereas most cannot.

Special Terms.

\$4 down and \$4 per month. No interest. No taxes.

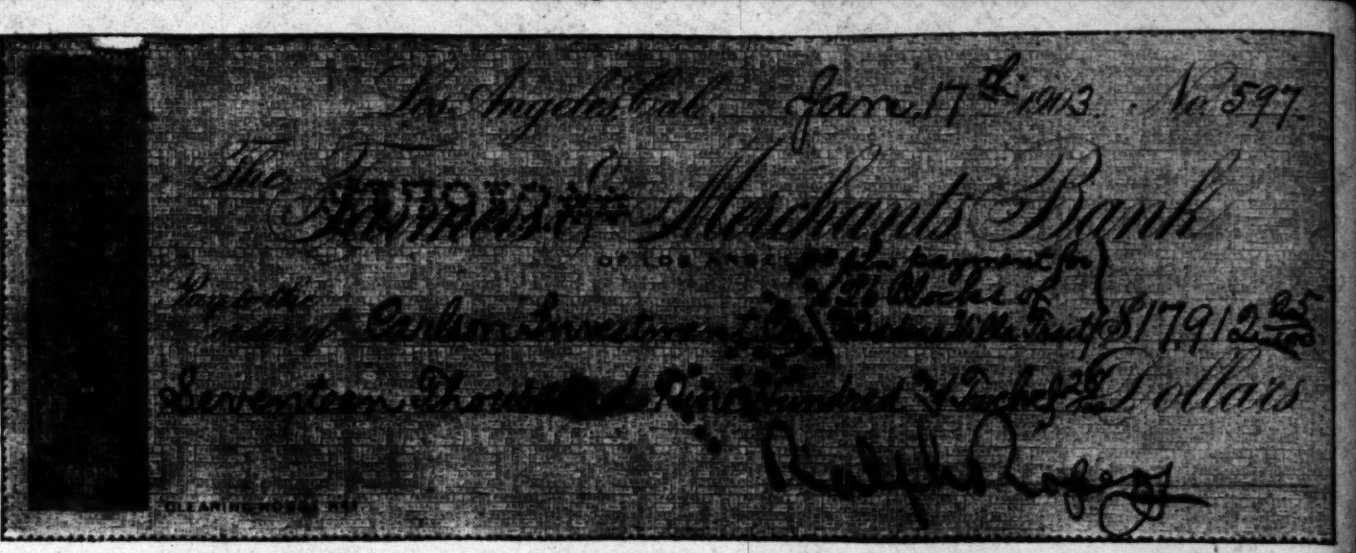
\$4 Down \$4 Per Month. No Interest. No Taxes.

Special Terms.

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We Received \$33,447.12 on Jan. 17.

H. E. Huntington, Reg. paid us \$11,134.87, and Ralph Rogers, the wide-awake real estate dealer, paid us \$17,912.25 for their purchases in our 891 acres of land—the



Pasadena Villa Tract The Coming Suburb of Los Angeles

25 Per Cent. Guaranteed Increase
For \$4 down and \$4 per month until paid for, we sell you a regular PASADENA VILLA TRACT LOT, full size, 100x150 feet, facing on 80-foot avenue, subject to the following guarantees from us. If, at the expiration of one year from purchase this lot is not worth \$57.50—or 25 per cent. increase—based on the price at which you purchased it, we will refund to you the money you have paid us with 6 per cent. interest additional. If you should die at any time before payment has been completed, we will give to your heirs a deed of the lot without further cost. If you should lose employment or be sick you will not forfeit the land.

Free Trip to Los Angeles
An assurance of good faith we agree with all persons living west of Chicago to pay you in cash the cost of your rail road fare to Los Angeles and return. If you visit our property and find one of the most beautiful and desirable places in the world, we will refund to you the cost of the fare on your purchase. To those living farther away we will pay a proportionate equal to round-trip Chicago ticket, and to those who purchase a less number of lots we will pay proportionate cost of round-trip Chicago ticket.

REMARKS ON PASADENA
Twenty-five years ago Pasadena was a sheep pasture. What a grand transformation has been wrought. It is today the finest and most beautiful section in the world. A similar change will take place in the Pasadena Villa Tract, which is three miles from Los Angeles. It is bound to overtake the city of Los Angeles. The entire region between Pasadena and Los Angeles is bound to be built up into a solid city.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY FROM LOS ANGELES TO MONROVIA
The Huntington electric railroad has just been completed from Los Angeles to Monrovia. In a few days it will be open for public travel. This grand boulevard will positively follow. People will come from all over the world to drive over it. In winter, with the beautiful Sierra Madre Mountains covered with snow, this grand boulevard will traverse a region of flowers, oranges and the pretty homes of happy people, having in the glorious sunshine of Southern California. The famous boulevards of Southern France will not equal it. The "King's Highway" from Los Angeles to Monrovia will be the most beautiful boulevard in the world, and this region will always be the "Paradise of America."

Remittances can be made by Express, Postal Money Order or Bank Check. For further particulars call on or address

\$70 Carlson Investment Company \$70

114 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.
(Incorporated Under the Laws of California) Capital \$100,000.
Unusual opportunities to a limited number of energetic men of unquestioned reputation to act as our permanent representatives in their own community; write for particulars.

other, the results are better where proportion and arrangement have been considered. It was not a question of drawing, it was a question of taste in the use of materials.

Nov. picture making or composition is not the aim of the series. The aim is to give the child a sense of proportion and arrangement. The child is given the symbols with which to draw, and by drawing it is given the symbols with which to draw.

For the sake of my little children. PROF. HOFF'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION SAVED THE LIFE OF THIS MOTHER.

CONSUMPTION CURED.
An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections; also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and seeing free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, given in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using, is sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SWEENEY, 411 South Broadway, Rochester, N. Y.



Hotel Playa Satisfies
Concert Today by DeNubla's Orchestra.
Take the New Short Line cars.
SEE TIME TABLE

WHAT DO YOU
now to the advantage of
by us, and others, will
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MANY SOUTH FR
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The lots are from
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every month in the y
dollars have been spent
All this you real

ARIZONA
D. KNOX VIGOROUSLY
TACKLE PLATFORM.
EIGHT-HOUR BILL PUSHED THROUGH
TERRITORIAL HOUSE.
Council Sells Additional Revenue from
Railroads—Barber Commission Idea
Has Promoter—Movement Against
Stock Thieves—Arbor Days Set.

YOUR GRAY HAIR NOT WANTED.
But there is relief from it.
Four Days it can be Restored
to its Natural Color by
Mrs. Nettie Harrison's
4-Day
Hair Restorer

Say
Your
Fa

High Montez Cre

Mrs. Nettie Harrison
78-80 Geary St.,
San Francisco, Cal.
THE BENNETT TOILET PARLOR
Fifth and Spring Streets, carry a
line of my preparations

RUPTURE
CAN BE CURED
PROF. FANDER
W. W. SWEENEY, 411 South Broadway
(Removed from Fourth St.)



PLAYA DEL REY



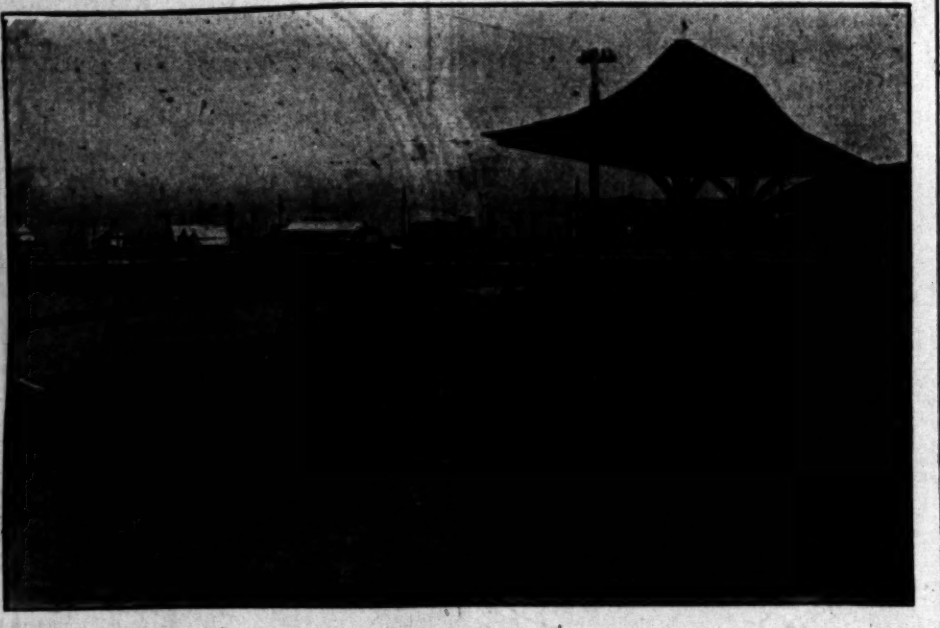
Hotel Playa

Satisfies

Concert
Today by
DeNubla's
Orchestra.

Take the New
Short Line
cars.

SEE TIME TABLE



Showing Boardwalk System.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT? We can do no more than call your attention now to the advantage of investing early. It is yours to decide. Additional improvements by us, and others, will add cost because it will add value. It is for you to decide whether you will own now, and get this added value, or wait and pay for it.

MANY SOUTH FRONT LOTS HAVE BEEN SOLD and every week will limit your choice and the full benefit of progress.

The lots are from 40 to 75 feet frontage, some have 100 feet of front; the average is 50 feet. Every lot has its View of Ocean, Mountains or Valley. The climate is there every month in the year, the new electric short line is now in operation, thousands of dollars have been spent which are now beginning to show.

All this you realize in one short visit to Playa Del Rey.

THE BEACH LAND CO.,

219-220-221 CONSERVATIVE LIFE BLDG.
THIRD AND HILL STREETS, LOS ANGELES.

GO TO PLAYA DEL REY TODAY and see what has been done there in the past week and you will begin to realize what it all means. Go and see what 100 men with teams and scrapers have done in a short time. Get a salt air appetite and satisfy it at Hotel Playa. Hear the music, take a boat ride on the Lagoon, a stroll on the broad board walks and up the winding road to the plateau and pick out your ideal building spot.

FORM YOUR OWN JUDGMENT of what money and artistic taste will make of Playa Del Rey. You will find a representative of the Company there, of whom you may ask questions about it. You will find much there to surprise and interest you.

THE BUILDING RESTRICTIONS to residences and business blocks guarantee that all associations at Playa Del Rey are those most to be desired. The building limit on the cheaper lots is fixed at a minimum cost of \$750. On the choice lots the minimum cost is limited to \$3000. The business district is limited and the class of business strictly specified to exclude everything objectionable in character.



A Glimpse of the Lagoon.

Today's Time Table

New Short Line.

Short line cars will leave Fourth street, Los Angeles, for Playa Del Rey at 7:40 a.m., 8:40 a.m., 9:40 a.m., 10:40 a.m., 11:40 a.m., 12:40 p.m., 1:40 p.m., 2:40 p.m., 3:40 p.m., 4:40 p.m., 5:40 p.m., 6:40 p.m., 7:40 p.m., 8:40 p.m., 9:40 p.m., 10:40 p.m., 11:40 p.m., 12:40 a.m.

Cars leave Playa Del Rey for Los Angeles as follows: 7:30 a.m., 8:30 a.m., 9:30 a.m., 10:30 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 1:30 p.m., 2:30 p.m., 3:30 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 5:30 p.m., 6:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., 8:30 p.m., 9:30 p.m., 10:30 p.m., 11:30 p.m., 12:30 a.m.

From Santa Monica, Leave Front Street, Santa Monica, every hour, commencing at 9:30 a.m.

Leave 13th St., OCEAN PARK, five minutes later.

Send for

FREE MAPS

and

Descriptive Matter.

ARIZONA DEMOCRATS VIGOROUSLY TACKLE PLATFORM.

EIGHT-HOUR BILL PUSHED THROUGH TERRITORIAL HOUSE.

Council Sets Additional Revenue from
Belmont-Barber Commission Idea
Has Promoter-Movement Against
Stock Thieves-Arbor Days Set.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES

PHOENIX (Ariz.) Jan. 31.—The Democratic majority of the Twenty-second Territorial Legislature has tackled with vigor the problem of carrying out the provisions of the several plans of the last Territorial Democratic platform. As a starter, a bill under suspension of the rules, making eight hours a legal day's labor in all mines and smelters. A half dozen of the majority were prepared with bills to this effect, but the measure passed was that of W. A. Rowe of Yavapai county. The Council has taken the bill in its consideration.

Representative Cowan of Pima introduced another platform bill, though on lines also suggested in the Governor's message. It is to divert to the Territorial treasury the fees now received by the Territorial Secretary for the filing of articles of incorporation. The Territorial Auditor is to be given the work, instead of the Secretary, and is empowered to employ additional clerical assistance for the purpose, but the fees of the bill to the Territorial officer Arizona for any foreign corporation. The effect of the bill would be to practically strip the Secretary's office of emolument, save that received from the Federal government.

The Council, Ashurst of Coconino sought out a platform measure, designed to secure added revenue from ability, to apply even to tax-exempted roads. Roads over 10 miles in length are to pay an annual license fee of \$175 upon its Congress as the tax which the Santa Fe Pacific should contribute to the support of the county and Territorial governments. Shorter roads, according to the Ashurst bill, are to pay measure of interest to the Territorial government. Another measure would repeal of the tax exemption law. It had been expected that several years before the present measure would be enacted. Another measure would set fares at 4 cents a mile, instead of the present minimum of 4 cents. Still another bill would strip the Secretary's office of emolument, save that received from the Federal government.

For a number of years, despite the eastern insistence to that effect, Arizona has not handled cattle and horse thieves over to the vigilantes for summary execution, but has considered the offense nothing more than petty

larceny. If the value of the animal taken was less than \$50. The law has not been satisfactory in operation and, on demand of the cattlemen's associations, it is proposed to reinstate the old law, making the theft of live stock of whatever value constitute grand larceny.

A bill that is said to have the support of both bench and bar changes the organization of the three southern judicial districts as follows: First District, the counties of Pima, Santa Cruz and Yuma; Second District, Graham, Pinal and Cochise; Third District, Maricopa and Gila.

Assemblyman Marlar has an interesting bill that establishes supervisory districts in first-class counties, with five, instead of three, supervisors. Each Supervisor is to be ex-officio road overseer and overseer of the poor in his district.

Gov. Brodie has submitted a recommendation to the Legislature that a flat appropriation of not less than a year's pay as ranger be granted the widow of John Tofallo, the Arizona ranger killed last year in Eastern Arizona in an encounter with the Jack Smith band of outlaws. The widow was left destitute, with three small children.

Another gubernatorial communication forwarded a recommendation from the Territorial Treasurer, advising that a per cent. be made the rate of interest on all Territorial floating indebtedness. Only a few years ago, the Territory was paying 10 per cent. on floating warrants.

Arizona has two Arbor days, a curious fact due to the existence of two very different sets of climates in the northern and southern sections. By proclamation Gov. Brodie has officially designated February 6 as Arbor Day in the southern counties of Maricopa, Pima, Pinal, Graham, Yuma, Santa Cruz, Gila and Cochise. April 3 is designated for the northern counties of Apache, Navajo, Coconino, Yavapai and Mohave.

Overheard in Skallyballos.

"Murphy had courage."
"He did."
"Yes, when the cannon ball blew his head off, what did he do?"
"What did he do?"
"Phew! He turned around and asked the corporal for a glass of whisky."
—(London Daily News.)



A DIFFERENT KIND.

"Took a flyer in the stock market today."
"That so? How did you make out?"
"Bought three pigs and four cows."

The Slums of London.

Imagination is a thing which is rare enough in any very advanced form, and the comfortable classes may congratulate themselves upon it; for any person reading, with a full idea of its actual meaning, the evidences now being given before the alien immigration commission at Westminster would have an unpleasant mental experience. A master of theology once said that if any one ever realized for a moment the full meaning of the doctrine of eternal punishment, he would go mad; a realization of the conditions under which the alien immigrants in London live might at least shake one's sanity. One of the most remarkable aspects of the evidence is that given as to the raising of rents. The chief statistical officer of the London County Council said that in Spitalfields there was an average increase of 1s. 4½d. per week per room.

In this neighborhood, he said, rent raising had gone on for four or five years. In some places the average annual increase was nearly 25 per cent. In Clark street, in cases where rents before 1902 had amounted to £1 13s., they were now £4 7s., and in most cases where the rents had been raised there had been no structural alterations to the houses. In Brick lane, Bethnal Green, sixteen rooms before 1902 had been rented at £2 6s. per week; they now fetched £3 15s., showing an increase of 25 per cent.

The other day it was stated before this commission that in one case where a room was let to a man, his wife and two children, these brought with them seven other children, the husband's friend and the wife's cousin and aunt and the aunt's husband. This packing of human beings into a single room reminds a correspondent of the experience which a lady had in the slums of Dublin. She came upon room in a tenement house in which there were five families "in residence". One in each corner and one in the middle of the floor. The lady expressed her astonishment to an old woman in one of the corner locations and wondered how in the world they were all able to find room. "Wish, ma'am," was the reply, "we were all right till the Casey's there in the middle of the floor took in lodgers." —(London Daily Mail.)

HIGHLAND PARK ADDITION

Is rapidly coming to the front as one of the most beautiful places for a home in Southern California. The \$25,000 Free Methodist College is to be commenced within thirty days. Grading the streets and piping water is progressing as fast as possible. Work on a new Electric road will be commenced in a few days. We sold in this beautiful tract 36 lots the past week. Special prices will be given to parties desiring to build at once. Parties desiring a good place to tent can have it in this tract free of charge.

Price of Lots \$300 Each, with Graded Streets and Sidewalks.

We desire to call attention to our beautiful Sierra Street Tract in East Los Angeles. Some of these lots are perfectly level. They are on high ground free from fog and frost. We sold 20 of these the past week. One house is being built in this tract already. We are selling these lots from \$25 to \$75 each. They are only a short distance from two car lines. City water piped to the tract. We have several nice tracts and can suit in location, price and terms if you call and see us. We have also some of the choicest business property in the city.

RALPH ROGERS & CO.

219 West 1st. Street.

Phone Main 1378.

David B. Hill's Quaint Humor.

An incident illustrating ex-Senator David B. Hill's quaint humor, used to be told by the late Gen. Ferdinand P. Earle. The general and his family, a few years ago, when Mr. Hill was in the Senate, were guests at his spacious home in Washington, D. C. One night at dinner, there was a pitcher of cream

of a very rich brown tint on the table. Young Earle, always of an inquiring mind, noticed the unusual color.

"Senator," he said at length, when he could no longer curb his curiosity, "I wish you would tell me what makes this cream so funny looking—it's sort of red, isn't it?"

Mr. Hill's serious face broke into a

smile. "Well, I'll tell you," he replied, his eyes twinkling merrily: "that is, if you'll not tell a soul what I tell you."

"Oh, I won't," answered the lad. The Senator lowered his voice to a whisper, and the youngster bent forward to catch his words:

"We keep a red cow," he said.—(New York Times.)

A Sense of Values.

Mother (to her seven-year-old son William, who has been growing free of speech): Billy, dear, I will give you 10 cents a day for every day you don't say "darn fool!" Harold (little brother of Sam, with superior air): Humph! If "darn fool" is worth 10 cents, I guess I know words that are worth a quarter.—(Smart Set.)

577
\$79.12
Dollars

Coming Suburb
Los Angeles

Told Your
Real Estate.

Only \$4 down and \$4 a
week, interest. That's
the New York World of

LAKE PROPERTY, IN THE
MOUNTAINS OF CALIFORNIA, FOR
SALE AT \$100,000.00. TERMS
AND CONDITIONS.

ONLY \$50,000.00. Purchase

LA TRACT

There is no underground. It is
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that is not only a tract of
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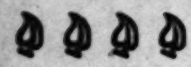
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HOW TO BE HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL---By Mrs. Symes



Letting chin high and taking a deep breath to exercise the chest, lungs and throat.

FACIAL MASSAGE AN ABSORBING TOPIC FOR THE BEAUTY-SEEKERS

Scores of letters have been recently received in this department, many of them from new subscribers, asking about facial massage. In these short talks it is not possible to go over a great deal of ground each week, but if readers will carefully watch this department each one, I am certain, will find information on each step in beauty building which will be valuable. Do not forget that facial massage will have various effects.

It may be so administered that instead of making the face round and filling up hollows in the cheeks, it will produce the very opposite effect, and make the face look drawn and haggard. Don't forget, also, that massage will, if given vigorously for too long a time, have the effect of wasting the tissues. Fresh is reduced by friction, which wastes and burns out the carbon, which is the body fuel or fat.

In giving massage for beautifying the face the operator should understand when to leave it off.

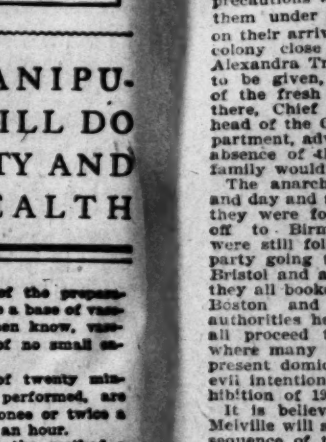
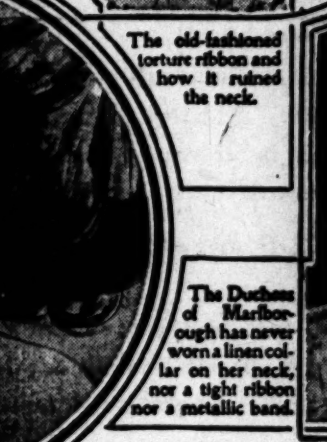
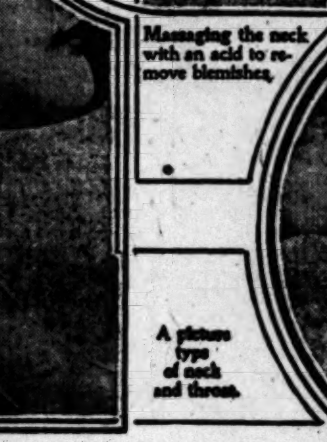
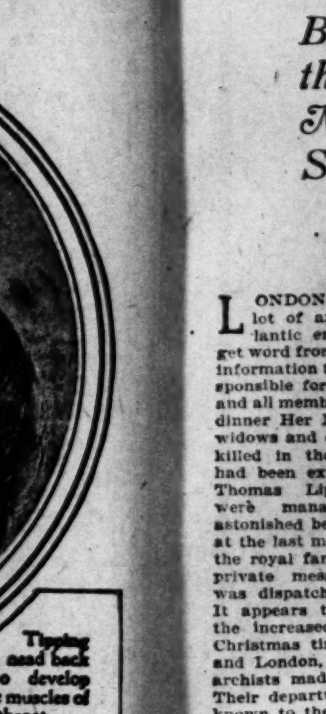
The effect of massage is to stimulate the circulation of the blood and invigorate the muscles, which can only be nourished in this way.

When the muscles are in good condition they are taut and firm, not hard and lumpy, but elastic and strong.

When they are sick they are relaxed, and as the muscles support the fatty tissues, of course, when they are unhealthy and flabby, the face sags.

When the fatty tissues become impoverished, no matter what the reason, they shrink, and the skin, which relies upon these tissues for smoothness, naturally becomes wrinkled, as well as yellow.

Keep in mind if your face is inclined



Restoring Beauty of

NOW that the collarless garments of our grandmothers are really coming back into style every woman who cares for the beauty of her neck and throat is singing their praises and loudly denouncing the tortures of the old style high-collared dresses.

to be thin, that you require massage to encourage flesh making, but not enough to destroy fat.

If your face is too fat you need more vigorous massage, but never enough to waste the tissues that the result will be a new set of lines or wrinkles.

Support the fingers by pressing the thumbs against the subject's head just back of the ears.

The second movement is made for the

An exercise to take out the crumple produced in the neck that has been bound up with a ribbon

never worn on her long graceful neck a linen collar, a tight ribbon or a metallic band.

For the neck whose beauty has been spoiled by the old-fashioned torture ribbon there are a few simple exercises to be used.

purpose of rounding the cheeks as well as obliterating the wrinkles at the corners of the eyes. Same rotary motion—a kneading movement may also be given.

To prevent a double chin the movement should be made under the ears.

If you try the exercise in front of a mirror, you will see how it raises the cheeks and takes away the double chin.

High-Collared Neck

Massage and bathing in warm water will take out many blemishes and help to remove the wrinkles and flabby skin caused by the tight collar and the sun and sea.

Of course the simplest exercises are always the best in every case, and the tortured neck is no exception. Tipping the head back as far

The movement for the drooping lines at the corner of the mouth, which so many people acquire, is made by manipulating the nose muscles with the fingers. Remember that the object is always to lift up, not to pull down. Upward curves are youthful and youthful faces should have no need of massage.

The operator should dip her fingers lightly occasionally in a good skin food.

WHAT MANIPULATION WILL DO FOR BEAUTY AND YOUR HEALTH

Unfortunately many of the preparations on the market have a base of vasoline, and, as most women know, vasoline is a hair grower of no small capacity.

Massage treatments of twenty minutes a day, regularly performed, are better than treatments once or twice a week prolonged for half an hour.

Unless one has given up the method of manipulation, the shape of a nose may be changed by manipulation with the thumb and fingers.

The operation is slow, and is more successful in extreme youth than later, but I can bear witness to the fact that pug noses, caught young enough, can be marvellously improved and almost made over by manipulation several times a day.

Treat the nose precisely as though it were really a bit of stubborn dough you are trying to mould into shape.

SKIN FOOD.
White wax, 1 ounce; spermaceti, 1 ounce; lanoline, 2 ounces; sweet almond oil, 2 ounces; castor oil, 2 ounces; tincture of benzoin, 2 drops; orange flower water, 2 ounces.

Melt the first five ingredients together. Take off the fire and heat until nearly cold, then add the orange flower water, and lastly the orange flower water.

WITCH HAZEL A GOOD SKIN FOOD.
1 ounce each of white wax and spermaceti, 1 pint of oil of almonds.

Melt; pour into a mortar which has been heated by being immersed some time in boiling water. Very gradually add three ounces of rose water and one ounce of witch hazel, and audaciously stir the mixture until an emulsion is formed, and afterward until the mixture is nearly cold.

BEAUTY RECIPES AND ADVICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

By Mrs. Henry Symes

I HAVE become very much interested in your page. I regret I was away during the months of August and September, and therefore lost the benefit of some of your most valuable recipes. The cucumber, cucumber and skin food, you kindly send me some? I would be very thankful to you. Is the best cucumber, cucumber butter, sweet, and in the house? My skin looks smooth and is alive.

LOUISIANA.
I give you the cucumber recipe and skin food recipe with pleasure. It is a little early for cucumbers in the North, but not too soon to collect recipes.

CUCUMBER MILK.
Oil of almonds, 4 ounces; fresh cucumber juice, 10 ounces; essence of cucumber, 4 ounces; white vasoline (Vaseline), 4 ounces; tincture of benzoin, 2 drops.

The juice of the cucumbers is obtained by boiling them in a very little water, then very thin, skin and all, and let them cook slowly till soft and mushy; strain through a fine sieve and then through a cloth. Make the essence by putting cut cucumbers and a half of the juice into the same quantity of large-proof alcohol.

Put the cucumber with the soap in a large jar or bottle, the larger the better, as the mixture requires much shaking. After a few hours, add the cucumber juice; shake till thoroughly mixed, then pour into an earthen bowl and add the tincture of benzoin, stirring constantly till you have a creamy liquid.

This makes a delicious every-day-in-the-week lotion.

CUCUMBER CREAM.
Cucumber, cut fine or grated, 20 ounces; alcohol, 10 ounces; benzoated vasoline or Vaseline, 10 ounces; lanoline, 2 ounces. To make benzoated vasoline, mix with pure vasoline 1 ounce of tincture of benzoin to 10 ounces of vasoline; white vasoline will do perhaps better than Vaseline.

Mix the cucumbers and alcohol, macerate for one hour, and then distill off 2 drams. This distillate may be known as spirit of cucumber.

CUCUMBER LOTION.
Use fresh cucumber juice, strained, and bring to a boil as soon as possible. Cool down quickly, and to every five ounces of cucumber juice add 1 ounce of Borax powder, 15 grains; sodium acetate, 15 grains; tincture of quillaia, 15 grains; rose water, 10 ounces. Use with caution, as it is very perfumed with cassia essence, if desirable.

The cucumber cosmetics can be used for face, sunburn, chapped or rough skin or the dry, cracked feeling which is the result of exposure to cold and dust, and the cucumber cream will take the place of cold cream, and may be used in the nursery as well as for the toilet of older persons.

selects for slicing for salads. Do not select them. The bleaching quality is largely contained in the skin.

I noticed in Sunday's paper your answer to K., where you say there is really no way of reducing except by diet and exercise. And therefore lost the benefit of some of your most valuable recipes.

Would you kindly send me some? I would be very thankful to you. Is the best cucumber, cucumber butter, sweet, and in the house? My skin looks smooth and is alive.

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DEPILATORIES.
One of the oldest depilatories manufactured and which has a very large sale is as follows:
Sulphate of soda, 100 grains; chalk, 30 grains.

Grind into a fine paste with water and apply to the hairy part, and let it remain a few moments and then scrape off with a blunt blade—a paper knife, for example. The effect of this depilatory is to destroy the hair, which comes out in a few days.

Another good depilatory is made as follows:
Sulphate of soda, 100 grains; slaked lime, 50 grains; starch, 20 grains; lime water, 4 fluid drams. Apply as the preceding.

Barium sulphide is also used as a paste for depilatories. The standard formula is:
Barium sulphide, 30 grains; powdered chalk, 40 grains.

Mix with water. The barium sulphide must be absolutely dry to be effective and to make a thin paste. Sulphide of strontium makes also an efficient depilatory. It is made as follows:
Sulphate of strontium, 5 drams; oxide of zinc, 5 drams; powdered starch, 5 drams.

Mix thoroughly and keep dry in well-corked bottles until wanted for use. Apply to the hairy part, and let it remain a few moments and then scrape off with a blunt blade—a paper knife, for example. The effect of this depilatory is to destroy the hair, which comes out in a few days.

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skin should be avoided, and immediately after the hair has been removed the denuded surface should be gently washed with warm water and a cold cream or a bland oil applied to prevent irritation.

I have been troubled for several years with pimples and blackheads, and my cheeks are pitted and marked. Will you kindly give a prescription for skinning the face and removing the same, as I can't afford to go to a specialist, one of whom says one can remove them, but at a cost of \$10. I have tried so many things to get rid of the pimples and blackheads, but without permanent result. Your bichloride of mercury did not remove them. If I could get rid of them my face would not look so badly.

You also at one time gave a prescription for whitening the face. The ingredients, I think, were mercury, zinc, etc., but I lost it—I cannot remember.

I hope you will be advised and will not attempt to skin your own face. Face skinning can only be effective by the application of an irritant strong enough to destroy the cuticle. To do this it is necessary to create an active inflammation. Only a skilled surgeon is really justified in undertaking this process. Only an operator of experience can tell when the inflammation has reached a point where a condition of acute dermatitis is threatened. If the inflammation is not arrested at this point the most hideous results are the consequence. Every writer and student of beauty culture has seen not one, but many ruined faces as a result of the so-called skinning process. Scars require a special treatment. They are more than skin deep. I give you a pimple lotion

which has helped thousands of women. I hope it will be useful to you and remember to be useful to you, and I will be glad to hear from you.

PIMPLE LOTION.
Carbolic acid, 15 drops; borax, 20 grains; glycerine, 4 drams; tannin, 20 grains; alcohol, 1 ounce; rose water, 2 ounces.

Mix and dissolve. Apply night and morning.

LIQUID WHITENER.
One quart water (previously boiled and strained), alcohol, 20 drops; oxide of zinc, 20 grains; tincture of mercury, 2 grains; glycerine, 20 drops.

Take four ounces of the water and heat it to boiling; dissolve the bichloride of mercury in this hot water and add the alcohol. Mix the zinc and glycerine together in a bowl; pour the larger portion of the quart of water in, stir, then add all the diluted bichloride of mercury and alcohol. Bottle and shake always before using. Apply the liquid with a small, soft velvet sponge.

In looking over your paper I see no formula for making tonic for oily hair. Kindly publish a suitable tonic for oily hair, also one for dry hair.

There are a number of good tonics both for oily and dry hair. As I do not know which you refer to, I print several for you to choose from.

TONIC FOR OILY HAIR.
Witch hazel, 2 ounces; alcohol, 2 ounces; distilled water, 1 ounce; resorcin, 40 grains.

Apply every night, rubbing it thoroughly into the scalp.

daily it tends to produce a crispy condition and an auburn shade. I have heard of a solution of bicarbonate of soda, but do not know how to use it. My hair is very dry and it makes me thin in the face and upper part of the body.

LOTION FOR DRY FALLING HAIR.
Phenolic acid, 2 drams; tincture of nuxvomica, 7½ grains; tincture of red cinchona, 30 grains; tincture of cantharides, 1 ounce; tincture of camphor, 1 ounce; sweet almond oil, 6 ounces.

Brush the roots of the hair with a soft sponge once or twice a day. This lotion is especially good for very dry hair.

LOTION FOR DRY HAIR.
Glycerine, 1 ounce; castor oil, 4 ounces; tincture of benzoin, 1 dram; oil of origanum, oil of rosemary, 1 dram of each; tincture of camphor, 1 ounce; camphor, 1 ounce; tincture of camphor, 1 ounce; tincture of camphor, 1 ounce.

Apply to the hair with a soft sponge once or twice a day. This lotion is especially good for very dry hair.

TO MAKE CAMPHOR JULEP.
Camphor (gum), 1 dram; rectified spirit, 10 drops.

Triturate until reduced to powder, subsequently gradually add with continued trituration distilled water, 1 pint. Lastly strain through blotting paper.

I feel that I am the most ill-shaped I have ever seen. Down to the waist I am very thin. But awfully stout in the limbs and hips, and a great roll of fat on the thighs. The fat is so low down it makes me look short and squat. I find dieting makes little difference in the hips, and yet it makes me thin in the face and upper part of the body.

Kindly advise me about this roll on the thigh, which is so disgusting. I have heard of a solution of bicarbonate of soda, but do not know how to use it. My hair is very dry and it makes me thin in the face and upper part of the body.

I do my own work and take plenty of exercise. MISERABLE.

Very deep massage, if you could get it properly done, would be helpful. There are special physical culture movements for the hips. Watch this department for a description of exercises suited to your case.

I am greatly interested in your article and I have a great deal of faith in your advice, so I am going to ask you about something which troubles me very much.

I have a birthmark on my right temple and I want to know if there is any way to remove it besides by the electric needle.

Will you please inform me what data was the first information given on the treatment of flabby breasts. By doing so you will greatly oblige MRS. C.

I do not keep a file of the papers, so I cannot tell you exactly, but the first advice was given over a year ago.

Would you please print a recipe for a red nose, but do not know. Can you tell why, and if there is anything to recommend it, I would be so thankful for it? If the pores are too large, is there anything I can do for them? I understand this was in the paper once, but I was out of the city, so didn't get the paper.

MISS R.
A red nose is usually caused by indigestion, a stricture caused by tight clothing, or is the result of a bad circulation. Persons afflicted with dyspepsia or gastritis in any form are subject to flattered faces and red noses. Some persons are so susceptible to changes of atmosphere that getting the feet chilled will disturb the circulation of the entire body, and the victim of cold feet will pay the penalty of her imprudence by a bright, red nose. If your digestion is not good you should not work to reform it. Red-nosed patients should never wear clothing that crowds the pores, or give you a local remedy, but the best advice to red noses is: As certain the cause and begin treatment at that end of the hard history. A simple lotion for red nose is made thus:

LOTION FOR RED NOSE.
Boric acid, 1 dram; distilled water, 2 ounces; rosewater, 2 ounces.

Use as wash two or three times a day. Boil the water, add the boric acid, and use as wash two or three times a day. Boil the water, add the boric acid, and use as wash two or three times a day.

A more heroic remedy is as follows:
LOTION FOR ENLARGEMENT AND REDNESS OF THE NOSE.

Muriate of ammonia, 1 dram; tannic acid, ½ dram; glycerine, 2 ounces; water, 2 ounces.

Dissolve the muriate and acid in the glycerine, then add the water. Saturate a piece of absorbent cotton with the lotion and bind on the nose tightly with a piece of gauze.

It takes a long time to cure enlarged pores, and the only way I know of is by the use of the scrubbing brush and water, applied several times a day. The pores, which have become enlarged by the clogged secretions, are kept free and gradually they will contract and become normal in size. I know thousands of cured enlarged pores.

An astringent lotion will sometimes hasten the closing of the pores.

ASTRINGENT LOTION.
Rosewater, 6 ounces; elder flower water, 2 ounces; simple tincture of hamamelis, 1 ounce; tannic acid, 10 grains. Apply as often as agreeable.

The English Chancery Court adjourns largely and persistently to the property in its keeping—despite the fact that the institution is in America that this institution is greatly averse to parting with such to the King to be spent on the navy. In reality the Chancery folk are as great as that discovered is almost celestial regions over a reputation felt in the Chancery keep mounting—years alone amount to over five million.

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Write Today.

ANARCHIST THE

British Police the Lot Took More Missing States for Mo

By (STAFF CORRESPONDENT)

LONDON, Jan. 3.—There is a lot of anarchists now on the Atlantic en route for New York. Information these men were directly responsible for the absence of the Queen and all members of her family from dinner Her Majesty gave this week widows and children of British soldiers killed in the Transvaal. The Queen had been expected to attend, and Thomas Lipton and the others were web managing the feast were astonished beyond measure to get word at the last moment that no members of the royal family would be present. The private messengers from Sandringham was dispatched to explain the cause. It appears that taking advantage of the increased passenger traffic at Christmas time between the continent and London, a number of foreign anarchists made their appearance. Their departure from Paris was known to the London police and precautions were at once taken to keep them under observation immediately on their arrival. There is an anarchist colony close to the premises of the Alexandra Trust where the dinner was to be given, and finding that a few of the fresh arrivals had been there, Chief Superintendent Melville, head of the Criminal Investigation Department, advised His Majesty that the absence of the members of the royal family would be judicious.

The anarchists were watched night and day and the persistence with which they were followed about drove them off to Birmingham. Finding the police still followed them, they separated, party going to Liverpool, another to Bristol and a third to Glasgow, where they all booked passages to New York.

Massachusetts of twenty minutes a day, regularly performed, are better than treatments once or twice a week prolonged for half an hour.

Unless one has given up the method of manipulation, the shape of a nose may be changed by manipulation with the thumb and fingers.

The operation is slow, and is more successful in extreme youth than later, but I can bear witness to the fact that pug noses, caught young enough, can be marvellously improved and almost made over by manipulation several times a day.

Treat the nose precisely as though it were really a bit of stubborn dough you are trying to mould into shape.

SKIN FOOD.
White wax, 1 ounce; spermaceti, 1 ounce; lanoline, 2 ounces; sweet almond oil, 2 ounces; castor oil, 2 ounces; tincture of benzoin, 2 drops; orange flower water, 2 ounces.

Melt the first five ingredients together. Take off the fire and heat until nearly cold, then add the orange flower water, and lastly the orange flower water.

WITCH HAZEL A GOOD SKIN FOOD.
1 ounce each of white wax and spermaceti, 1 pint of oil of almonds.

Melt; pour into a mortar which has been heated by being immersed some time in boiling water. Very gradually add three ounces of rose water and one ounce of witch hazel, and audaciously stir the mixture until an emulsion is formed, and afterward until the mixture is nearly cold.

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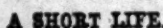
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BY F. P. DUNNE.
Specially Contributed to The



OLD MEN AND YOUNG WIVES.

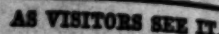
**Venerable Chaps Who Capture Youth
ful Consorts.**

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED, CORNER OF LOS ROBLES AVE. AND COLORADO ST. AMERICAN PLAN ONLY.
ROOMS ENSUITE WITH PRIVATE BATH. ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES.
COLIN STEWART, Proprietor. A. B. PARSONS, Manager.

For Weak Men



Causes bloating after meals and large quantities of gas which cannot be expelled, causes diarrhoea alternating with constipation. S. B. Catarrh Cure has a tonic and curative effect on the bowels and restores them to a natural and healthy action and condition and removes the cause of that dreadful disease, catarrh of the bowels and constipation. For sale by all druggists. Circular on catarrh free. Address **Smith Bros., Fresno, Cal.**



Me: I bet he saw life as it should not be.

To MONDAY, FEB'Y 2

Assignee's sale of Long Beach lots at public auction, postponed to Monday, Feb. 24. 47 lots 50, 60 and 75 feet deep, by 130 to 150 feet deep. All must be sold. Highest bidder gets them. This is a rare opportunity to invest and double your money quickly or obtain a desirable home site at your own price. Get off Los Angeles electric cars corner American Avenue and Anaheim, and take free conveyances to the tract.

J. W. A. OFF, Cashier State Bank and Trust Co., Los Angeles, Assignee.

\$22.50

Will buy one of our solid oak
Sutcliffe's, worth \$15.00

J. J. Martin
FURNITURE AND CARPET HOUSE
531-3-5 SO. SPRING ST.

We sell nearly everything needed for home and office furnishing.

BEGINNING WITH
WINDOW SHADES, 3x7 25c.

Carpets, Rugs,
Mattings, Lace Curtains,
Rope and Damask Portieres,
Rattan Rockers,
Cobble Rockers, Morris Chairs,
Roll Top Desks.

Our stock is large, goods first-class and ^{when wanted} sold or rented lowly priced. All goods guaranteed as represented.

Set of Teeth \$7.50

01/11/2011 10:11 AM

FOR SALE



Inventory Is Over

And now will be inaugurated a carnival of price cutting which will close out all winter merchandise quickly that we may have room to display the spring lines to best advantage. The new goods are coming in by every freight and express. First quality—lowest prices always—the rule at Hamburger's.

Store Opens 8:30 A. M.
Store Closes 5:30 P. M.
Except Sundays
Clos. at 10 P. M.

127-147
N. SPRING
LOS ANGELES

HAMBER

5000 Pairs Ladies', Misses' and Men's Hosiery

If you have been down this way in the past two days you have noticed the large show windows in which are displayed the finest lines of hosiery marked at 25 cents, which has ever been placed on sale in this city. They are by all odds the best bargain in local merchandising ever offered. Our New York buying organization recently purchased the entire sample lines from three of the best hosiery manufacturers in Europe. These stockings were the ones used by a traveling salesman from which this spring and summer's orders were taken. There are but a few more left, but there is every color, every pattern, every style and every texture used. They are actual 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50 grades. They will go on sale Monday afternoon to give every one a chance to be here on time, as you know best selections go first. They will be divided into three lots, priced as follows—

LADIES' HOSIERY WORTH UP TO \$1.50 AT, PER PAIR, 25c.

Several thousand pairs Ladies' and Misses' Hosiery—including allover lace hose in black, white and tan; embroidered ankle in both white and colors; lace ankles; also opera length hose in opera shades, gauze lises and gauze cottons, heavy lisle threads, real Maco cotton hose in heavy and light weight fancy stripe; zig-zag and Scotch plaids—all in the very newest patterns and colorings and represent actual 50c, 75c, \$1 and \$1.50 values. On sale at 9:30 a. m. Monday, choice per pair.

CHILDREN'S 50c TO \$1.00 HOSIERY, PER PAIR, 25c.

In this large assortment of sample hosiery are hundreds of pairs of infants' and children's hose in fancy colors and plain blacks, both ribbed and plain. Many of them are in fancy colors. The assortment includes both lises and cottons. They are now displayed in our big show window, and are actual 50c to \$1.00 values, but will go on sale Monday at 9:30 a. m., choice per pair.

MEN'S 75c AND \$1.00 HOSIERY, PER PAIR, 25c.

Several thousand pairs in this sample line including mercerized lace lises, plain and fancy colorings; finest quality Maco yarn, plain black with full instep handsomely embroidered; finest lisle hose in newest shades; fancy cotton hose in variety of colors and patterns including stripes, plaids and dots; lisle and cotton hose in plain colors including black and tan with opt. soles; also pure white cotton and lisle hose; plain and silk embroidered crew cotton and mercerized bedstraw hose and black cotton hose with pure lisse soles and black Maco hose with cashmere soles; regular 50c, 75c and \$1.00 values. On sale at 9:30 a. m. Monday, choice per pair.

Post Inventory Prices on Dress Goods and Silk

Now that inventory is over and the spring lines will be soon coming in, we will during February, in order to reduce our stocks, give such exceptionally low prices that you will be shrewd enough to purchase a dress pattern or so, though it may not be wanted for present uses; for most of these goods will be as popular next season as this; but we never carry goods from one season to another, as our entire space is needed to show goods always in season.

27-INCH GUARANTEED BLACK TAFFETA—excellent quality; lustrous black; Swiss finished; free from creasing and a weave which can be thoroughly recommended for service; has sold up to now at \$1.15. Post Inventory price

\$1.00

30-INCH BLACK REAU DE SOIE—a high grade imported silk especially serviceable for Monte Carlo coats, as it is extra heavy; free from creasing and perfectly reversible; is of best dye; actual \$1.25 value. Post Inventory price

\$1.00

35-INCH COLORED VENETIAN CLOTH—satin finished and shades are tan, coral, red, brown, green and Oxford; some twilled, others smooth face, similar to broadcloth; pure wool, sold up to now at \$1.00. Post Inventory price, per yard

69c

CHECKED SNOWFLAKES AND SCOTCH TWEEDS—30 pieces in the two lines; shades of blue, green, brown, gray; also black with white nub yarn fleck effect and Scotch. Tweeds in crash and Nette effect and widths range 52 to 56 inches; never sold under \$2.00. Post Inventory price while they last, per yard

\$1.00

70c BLACK TAFFETA—Swiss finished; pure silk; best dye; widths 19 to 21 inches and a quality which cannot be matched elsewhere under 70c. Post Inventory price per yard

59c

23-INCH BLACK TAFFETA—A rich lustrous black; Swiss finished; crisp quality; strictly pure silk; 33 inches wide and has sold up to now at \$1.00. Equally serviceable for waists, skirts, petticoats and linings. Post Inventory price per yard

79c

54-INCH COLORED DRESS GOODS—a large assortment of all-wool textiles which have sold up to now at \$2.00. They include 54-inch melton cloth, covert cloth, nub yarn crash cloth and pebble cheviot; also 52-inch Venetian cloth and broadcloths; all of good weight and in all colors. Post Inventory price, per yard

\$1.50

IMPORTED FRENCH WHEELMAN CLOTH—the newest and best weave, especially designed for bicycle skirts and suits; colors are gray, tan, Oxford, coral and brown mixtures; twilled face; Scotch back; strictly pure wool, 56 inches wide; actual \$3.00 value. Post Inventory price

\$2.00

IMPORTED BLACK FIGURED PIEROLAS—10 pieces only; bright Mohair finish; large and small figures and leaf patterns; the weave is in cord effect and is a fine imported Mohair wool yarn, 42 inches wide; usually sold at \$2.00. Post Inventory price, per yard

79c

52-INCH BLACK CHEVIOT SERGE—coarse twill weave of hard twisted yarn; extra heavy; they are a rich Mohair black, all nap. Sold up to now at \$1.25. Post Inventory price, per yard

89c

PLAIN AND COORDED BLACK MISTRALS—A popular sheer textile for street and evening gowns. It is an open rough mesh; some in plain weave while others have cord effect. They are a rich Mohair black, all wool; widths range 46 to 52 inches and values \$1.25 to \$1.50. Monday leader per yard

\$1.00

BLACK NUB YARN MISTRAL—A new material which will be popular this season. It is open and sheer; rough nub yarn effect; light weight; is of hard twisted Mohair wool, 46 inches wide and sold elsewhere at \$2.00. Post Inventory price per yard

\$1.50

\$1.00 Wool Waistings, per yard 49c

27-inch Wool Waistings—good range of popular colors; some fancy appliques; others with corded pompadour stripes in Granite and Albatross weaves; also Scotch waistings in stripe effects. Not a yard in the lot worth less than \$1.00. Post Inventory price per yard

49c

\$1.25 Ruffled Curtains, per pair 98c.

A choice line Ruffled Swiss Curtains—3 yards long; the patterns are neatly worked figures; some in choice stripes; finished with deep full ruffles and all of them tape sealed. Sold regularly at \$1.25. Monday's Post Inventory price, per pair

98c

Ladies' 35c Handkerchiefs 19c

A lot of handsome Lace Trimmed Pure Linen and Lawn Handkerchiefs—large variety of styles; some have lace edge and two to three rows lace insertion; others solid linen center and lace edge. All of them slightly soiled from show display but worth regularly 35c. Post Inventory price, choice

19c

"Mother's Friend"

800 Dozens of



There is no ever attained been accomplished. The popular it is absolute waist is to tainly could at the same tune in so for the season we price that it will be to boys to supply

"Mother's Friend" Laundered Waistings—waist bands; the materials heavy Percale box patted back and front and attached corners are neat; colors light or dark; all sizes 4 to 12 years; regular 75c values. Sale price

"Mother's Friend" Shirtee Waistings—in without collars; have patent button materials of good quality heavy French Percale patterns and checks; all in washable colors to 19 years; regular 75c values. Sale price

Boys' 75c Blouse Waistings—French Percale large sailor collar to match; have attached all new patterns, stripes and checks; washable; colors; sizes 8 to 8 years. Price

Boys' \$1.00 Blouse Waistings—heavy French Percale; large sailor collar; all washable colors and checked patterns; all seams linen sewed 3 to 6 years. Sale price

15c FINE ENGLISH CREPE—Cream grounds with black, blue and red polka dots. This is a slinky dress textile for evening costumes; party dresses; worth 40c. Post Inventory price per yard

25c

47 PIERCE OF GRENADINES—choice colorized lace stripes; black with white and colored stripes; looks and wears as well as silk; sold regularly at 75c. Priced this week at

49c

February Sale of Floor Coverings.

Owing to the alterations which are now being made in this department, having for their object a considerable enlargement of the department and putting in of a larger stock of floor coverings, we will this week make exceptionally low prices on carpeting now on hand, and as they are all in good patterns and colorings it offers you an opportunity to make the needed changes in your home that you have been contemplating, at a very small cost to you.

AXMINSTER AND MOQUETTE CARPETS—Alexander Smith & Sons' best make, choice line of colorings; sold regularly at \$1.50; now priced at

\$1.15

9x13 FT AXMINSTER RUGS—all in the new spring patterns, fine assortment of colorings; regular \$27.00 value, priced this week

\$22.50

TAFFETY BRUSSELS RUGS—9x12 feet in size, made in one piece, no center seam, choice colorings; regular \$17.00 value, sale price

\$14.50

WOOL SMIVINA RUGS—Finest grade, 9x13 ft, they are perfectly reversible, good assortment of patterns; \$25.00 value, priced for this week at

\$18.00

21-INCH STAIR CARPET—A lot of 500 yards only; all of choice goods made by Alexander Smith & Sons; sold regularly at 75c, priced at

59c

BODY BRUSSELS STAIR CARPET—26 inches wide, perfectly reversible, well made, \$1.25 grade, priced at

89c

NEW CORK LINOLEUMS—Several patterns and colorings to select from, a lot of 9000 yards; sold regularly at 50c per square yard, priced this week at

50c

FINE AXMINSTER MATS—Product of Alexander Smith & Son's mill; 10 colors and patterns to select from; all new spring goods; price

98c

Assortment 20c and 25c White Goods 8 1/2c

About 1000 yards of Fancy Lace Striped White Goods—Slightly soiled from window and department display. There is a complete line of colors; all of them exceptionally nice; were sold regularly at 15c, 20c and 25c. On sale in our new basement Monday, per yard

8 1/2c

25c Velvetta Flannels per Yard 19c

40 pieces of Velvetta Flannels or Velvetta Flannels—Large assortment of stylish stripes; pretty colorings. This material is equally serviceable for kimonos, shirt waists and wrapper styles; sells regularly at 25c; Monday's Post Inventory price, per yard

19c

\$4.50 German Verona, per yard, \$2.50

The finest imported German Verona, or figured plush, 56 inches wide, 10 different patterns to select from, all in new patterns, some in 3-tone effects, others 2 colors. They are choice upholstery goods for hangings, draperies and coverings. Never sold under \$4.50. Post Inventory price Monday, per yard

\$2.50

Special Values in Wash Goods.

There are so many uses for house garments and children's wear as well as shirt waists that one season is as good as another for using them. We want to clean up our present stock in order to have plenty of room to show the new spring and summer goods and this week the following choice values are offered:

FINE SCOTCH ZEPHYR GING-HAMS—50 inches wide, striped patterns, all in washable colorings, 50c value; priced per yard

20c

LINEN BATISTE—fancy mercerized stripes, rich colorings suitable for evening wear; stylish, dainty fabric sold from 80c to 75c. Post Inventory price per yard

39c

SILK ZEPHYRS and MERCERIZED STRIPE LACE CHAMBRAYS—an assortment of colors to select from, all of them values from 75c to \$1.00 a yard. Priced this week at, choice

50c

SILK ORGANDY—White ground with dainty floral patterns in choice colorized lace stripes; a handsome textile for spring and summer wear or evening dresses; sold regularly at 75c. Post Inventory price per yard

35c

27-INCH INDIA LINON—fancy lace striped pattern, good quality, dainty for evening costumes, an assortment of 25c and 40c values; priced at, per yard

25c

SILK MOUSSELINE DE SOIE—Cream white grounds with black polka dots. An exceptionally nice fabric for this popular textile which has sold regularly at 75c. Post Inventory price per yard

35c

47 PIERCE OF GRENADINES—choice colorized lace stripes; black with white and colored stripes; looks and wears as well as silk; sold regularly at 75c. Priced this week at

49c

\$1.00 Fancy Silks Per Yard 49c.

The assortment includes fancy plaids, lace, cord, embroidery and applique stripe Taffetas, Moire Voileurs, 27 inch printed Foulards, satin and Broche Stripe Taffetas, hairline stripe Tulle and others; widths 19 to 27 inches. Post Inventory Price, per yard

49c

50c Ready-made Sheets, 39c.

An assortment of 40 down Ready-made Sheets—good grade muslin; size 3 yards wide by 34 yards long; neatly finished with hemmed ends; sold regularly at 50c. For Monday only, no telephone orders filled, price

39c

Engraving and Monograms.

For Monday only we offer stylishly engraved plate and 100 Calling Cards printed from same, at

\$1.19

Also for the one day we will stamp a one letter monogram in any color (we to furnish the die) on 24 sheets of writing paper at

10c

The Hamburger Store

Baby Carriages at One Third Off

We have a sample line of baby carriages and go-carts which were used to show the styles and naturally have become a little soiled and so possibly a little soiled and to close them out before the new spring goods arrive, this week they will be priced at one third less; some possibly more.

RATON GO-CARTS—steel springs and patent foot brake; an exceptionally strong go-cart sold up to now at \$12.50. Sample Sale price

\$2.85

ALL RATON RECLINING GO-CART—Reclining cushions, three rubber tires, large lined ribbed cloth parasol with two wheels, patent footbrake, and rubber lined parasol; regular price \$17.95. Sample Sale price

\$11.95

ALL RATON RECLINING GO-CART—Sik Damask upholstered cushions, best grade lined satin parasol, large ruffle, green canvas lined gear, rubber lined wheels, patent footbrake and parasol; regular price \$22.50. Sample Sale price

\$15.00

RATON BABY CARRIAGE—India Cloth upholstery; lined satin parasol, rubber lined wheels, patent footbrake and footbrake; regular price \$17.95. Sample Sale price

\$11.33

ALL RATON GO-CART—Reclining pattern, nicely upholstered cushions, green canvas lined gear, rubber lined wheels, patent footbrake and parasol; regular price \$18.95. Sample Sale price

\$8.98

ALL RATON RECLINING GO-CART—Sik Damask upholstered cushions, best grade lined satin parasol, large ruffle, green canvas lined gear, rubber lined wheels, patent footbrake and parasol; regular price \$22.50. Sample Sale price

\$13.89

ALL RATON RECLINING GO-CART—Sik Damask upholstered cushions, best grade lined satin parasol, large ruffle, green canvas lined gear, rubber lined wheels, patent footbrake and parasol; regular price \$22.50. Sample Sale price

\$15.00

FINE GRADE BABY CARS—fancy rattan; all silk damask upholstery, satin rolls, four-ruffled silk satin parasol, green canvas lined gear, rubber lined wheels, patent footbrake and parasol; regular price \$22.50 and \$25.00 values. Sample Sale price, choice

\$22.50



1000 Hair Switches at Half Price.

This is possibly a larger lot than that carried by any three hair Stores in the city. They are all the choicest productions, are all in good length and weight and in most wanted colorings. Our hair dressing, facial and manicure parlors are the best in the city and every new mode of arranging the coiffure is first to be found at Hamburger's. We charge but 25c for ladies' manicure while the price is 50c elsewhere.

\$4.00 Switches—Good length, all colors except gray. Price

\$1.98

\$8.00 Hair Switches—Good length, good weight, all colors except gray. Price

\$1.50

\$2.00 Hair Switches—Good weight, good length, all colors except gray. Price

98c

Pompadour Hairs—A large assortment of these popular hair pieces. Priced for this week at choice

20c

Kid Gloves.

Our glove department is particularly attractive now for we have just finished inventory and all the broken lines will be given special price reductions.

CLASP "LA MAZENO" KID GLOVES—Real French and Italian skins, black, white and all the newest spring colors, entirely new novelty embroideries, all length of fingers; regular \$3.00 values, per pair

\$1.50

REAL FRENCH KID GLOVES—choice of 3 or 5 clasp; black and all the popular colors, and all finger lengths; regular \$1.50 and \$1.75 values, warranted and fitted; priced at per pair

\$1.15

Suit Cases.

A desirable article for every man and woman when traveling, as it prevents the mauling where a valise is used and gives all the benefits of a trunk where only a small portion of wearing apparel is to be carried.

22 INCH WARRANTED COW HIDE SUIT CASES—solid leather, corners riveted, patent brass lock, linen lined, padded, shirted, two straps in body and lid of case, closing straps with brass buckles; the same case sold elsewhere at \$7.50. We price them at

\$4.98

LADIES' 22-INCH SUIT CASE—light weight, made of selected cream case leather, polished rounded edges, no corners, steel frame, fancy shirt waist pocket, linen lined throughout, brass spring lock, patent fastener, no better case sold elsewhere at \$6.00. We price them at

\$6.69

The two weeks this department has been established the fact that it will be popular for every line of merchandise to be found in room is under-priced.

15c Fancy Striped Wrapper Flannel—Henrietta finish, cream ground with pink and blue stripes; per yard

\$1.30

15c Honeycomb Towels—large size, have fringed ends, heavy border, Monday

10c

One Case Bleached Muslin—36 inches wide, soft, finish, per yard

61c

Gingham Shirting—wide and heavy, in blue checks and stripes, 19 1/2c value; per yard

13c

Dark Dress Prints—navy blue and black and white, per yard

51c

Light Shirting Prints—suitable for boys' waists, figured patterns, per yard

51c

Dark Dress Duck—black, navy and French blue, white stripes and figures; worth 12 1/2c, price per yard

81c

For collar towels worth 25c, per yard

13c

28-inch Brown All Linen Crash—per yard

61c

Fancy Striped Granite Buttings and Waistings—navy, blue, brown, red and pink; worth 20c; per yard

13c

10c Outing Flannel—cream grounds, with pink and blue stripes; per yard

7c

50c Fancy Table Covers—pretty colors, fringed, 46 inches square; priced at

35c

5c Quarter Bleached Sheet—soft finish, worth 22 1/2c; price per yard

11c

1c Japanese China Individual Butters—priced at each

3c



SIXTH YEAR, FEB. 1, 1920, 9c.

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FEBRUARY 1, 1903.

Illustrated Weekly Magazine.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

SIXTH YEAR.
FIVE CENTS.

FEBRUARY 1, 1903.

FIVE CENTS.

AND THEY'RE GETTING TIRED OF IT, TOO.



California's Legislator on "junketing trip."—Never mind the bill, waiter, charge it to the State, the taxpayers pay for this.

LOMA LINDA HOTEL HILL BEAUTIFUL
On the main line of the Southern Pacific R.R., sixty-two miles from Los Angeles. No for-
tains. Scenery and climate unequalled in the world. Loma Linda Association, Loma Linda, Cal.

Life Than is Mormonism.
(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)
BALTIMORE, Feb. 1.—Preaching at
the Cathedral on "Christ, the only en-
durance name," to his

representatives of the allies will give
him a final answer at the earliest pos-
sible moment. Meantime exchanges
are still in progress between the allied

coast from which shellfish, etc.
supplied to the markets. The in-
in these cases is due altogether
bad local sewerage. There has

OUR ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

A MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

Californian in tone and color, Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, the slopes, the valleys and the plains.

Devoted to the development of the country, to the exploitation of its marvelous natural resources and to the word-painting of its wonders and beauties. The contents embrace a wide range of good reading matter: Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles, thoughtful and picturesque editorials, brilliant correspondence, poetry, pictures and bright miscellany.

The Magazine being complete in itself, may be served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required. It is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

Each number has from 28 to 32 large pages, equivalent to 120 magazine pages of the average size. The numbers will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. Address THE TIMES-MIRROR CO., Publishers, Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

Editorials by Eliza A. Otis.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

A HOPEFUL MOVEMENT.

THE world is not standing still. We see all along the paths of our modern civilization the signs of progress, and of a large awakening to the moral and spiritual needs of the race. We see evidences that Christian America is throwing off the spirit of lethargy that has bound her, and is seeking to arouse more fully the sense of universal brotherhood between the nations and peoples of the earth, as well as between individuals.

There is hope in the Christianity that loosens the purse strings, and that fills the contribution box for the needy. When a denomination sets out with its whole heart in the work for the evangelization of the world, and with the determination to raise \$20,000,000 as a thank offering to inaugurate a larger life of Christian effort in this new century of its existence, it means that there is a spirit pervading it that will not suffer defeat, and carried out to its ultimate end it means America for God, and it is the embodiment in the heart of every earnest Christian worker of that noble sentiment of Wesley's—the "father of Methodism": "The world is my parish."

One of the most hopeful signs of the religious life of the present day is the larger spirit of fellowship which exists among Christians of different denominations, and the ignoring of denominational lines in the united work for the evangelization of the masses. The question, are you a Baptist, or Methodist, or Congregationalist, or Episcopalian, is not considered as pertinent as it once was, but rather it is asked, are you a follower of Christ? Do you believe in Him, and wish to do His will? And when it comes to this, there is hope for the world. The great work of evangelization is not going to be hindered by denominational jealousy, for the only jealousy that will be felt will be for the salvation of souls.

There is glorious promise for the future of Christianity in these great popular movements, and not for Christianity alone, but for us as a people in the solution of the various problems that have troubled our national life. They promise a forward movement to a condition of larger sympathies, and a greater regard for others' rights, a more complete crucifixion of self and selfishness, better government and greater loyalty to both the individual and the state.

With these changed conditions existing we shall not long hear it asserted, as we often do at present, that "the state knows no ethics. It knows only expediency, safety. Its argument is a club, a jail, a scaffold. It says, let a man hold what theory he will. We are concerned only with his acts. Let him worship God or fellowship with Satan; hold with Moses and Jesus or break all the sacred tablets; let him be Christian, pagan, scoffer, philosopher, what he will; we only ask that he shall abide by our ordinances of public safety. If he steal and be found out, we have our penalty; but with his relations to God and his own soul, we have no business."

As says a recent writer: "This is a shallow policy, fit only for slaves and idiots. Shall not the state deal with man as with a living soul? Yes, but philanthropy and Christianity respond, and it is to this larger, nobler dealing that this new movement and awakening of Christianity tends. Every man a brother, is its watchword—a brother whom we will seek to help and save. There is nothing in this opening century that holds in it more of hope and promise than this new, united movement among Christians to reach and help the masses, not only in our own land, but throughout the world. In its work the individual unit is not to be lost sight of. Practical Christian living and Christian effort are the means to be employed to reach men. It is proposed that theory shall give place to practice, and that man shall come into closer contact with his brother man with a view to helping him. The evangelization of the world can only come about through such methods. In speaking of our political and social life, President Roosevelt says: "Fellow feeling, sympathy, in the broadest sense, is the most important factor in

producing a healthy political and social life. Neither our national nor our local civic life can be what it should be unless it is worked by the fellow feeling, the mutual kindness, the mutual respect, and the sense of common duties and common interests which arise when men take the trouble to understand one another." And is there anything in the world that is so well calculated to bring about this sense of common fellowship and sympathy as this great movement which our Methodist brethren, in connection with other churches, are seeking to inaugurate, and through which all classes may be reached, and a helping hand lent to all, according to their need? This purpose, if once fully inaugurated and carried out, is one that will lend resplendent luster to this new century, and make it the grandest in the history of the world.

NATIONAL AID TO ROAD BUILDING.

HON. W. P. BROWNLOW, Representative from the First District of Tennessee, has introduced in Congress a bill which contemplates an important movement in the interest of improved highways in the United States. It provides for national aid in road improvement in every political division or subdivision of the country, one-half the expense of construction under the terms of the bill being paid by the Federal government.

The time is ripe for the consideration of measures such as Mr. Brownlow proposes. It is owing largely no doubt to the rapid development of this country that the roads of the United States have been so inferior in comparison to those of the Old World. After more than a century of comparative indifference, however, the people are awakening to a consideration of this subject. The advent of the bicycle and the automobile and the demand for rural postal delivery have stimulated activity and there is reason to hope that this activity will rapidly develop into profitable progress.

Negligence of our highways has been enormously expensive to the United States. The excess of energy which has been required to haul loads over hills that could easily have been graded down, over rough roads that could easily have been smoothed and around curves that could easily have been straightened, would, if properly directed, have covered this country with magnificent highways and left a big surplus in the hands of the people. Good roads are a labor-saving device, a great public economy. And not only this, they tend to promote the very elements of mental, material and moral progress. They make schools and churches more accessible, bring the resident of the rural districts into closer touch with the world, add to the facilities for social and commercial intercourse and generally promote the increase of intelligence and of material well-being. The inconveniences of country life have no doubt been mainly responsible for the tendency to the concentration of our population in cities, which has been going on for years past. The improvement of our roads and the consequent betterment of rural conditions would have a tendency to check this tide of concentration and turn it back toward the healthier and better life of the country.

Our highways are the avenues over which the poor as well as the rich must travel. Their utility is democratic and there seems to be no good reason why the Federal government should not take a hand in their development. As the friends of Mr. Brownlow's bill observe, the same clause in the Constitution which authorizes the establishment of postoffices authorizes the establishment of post roads. The two provisions are coordinate measures for the convenience and happiness of the people.

REMARKS BY MEN OF THE TIMES.

At last the many obstacles which have prevented for so many years the beginning of work on the isthmian canal seem to have been cleared away, and the indications are that the actual work of construction will soon begin in earnest. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

The United States produced close upon \$3,000,000,000 worth of farm products last year. All of which goes to show that not all the people in this great and glorious country are speculating in real estate and working up all-embracing mergers. Somebody seems to be doing some farming.

This is the hobo question they talk so much about: If you allow the constables to arrest all the hobos they like, their fees nearly break the bank. If you don't, the hobos rush in and break the bank with jail expenses and trials and robberies and thefts. Maybe the only way to settle it is to give the hobos the country and find a new place to live in.

We often have to go away from home to learn the news. In a recent issue of the Strand, a prominent English magazine, appeared an illustrated article on the elevated cycleway between Los Angeles and Pasadena. We are informed that, after several years of effort, the cycleway was lately opened to the public for bicycles and motor cycles, 1250 feet of Oregon pine and twenty miles of heavy wire netting having been used in its construction. "The track has been painted a dark green, and as it winds away through the hills, like a gigantic snake, it cannot be said to present an objectionable feature to the landscape." Indeed it doesn't! "On Saturdays and Sundays the cycleway presents a novel spectacle, with the numerous cycles passing up and down. Incandescent lights are now being placed over the center of the road at intervals of 200 feet, which at night will convert the cycleway into a gleaming serpent." The enterprising author of this article appears to have been seeing snakes.

Bits of Verse.

PAUL DE LONGPRE.

Thou wizard of the brush, so wonderful
The flowers that do upon thy canvas rest
Nature might think them her own children, nursed
By the warm sun, fed by her sacred air.
And Earth might clasp them to her breast and smile
Because they are so fair; they only lack
Sweet fragrance, since color, form, thou hast made
Perfect. The breeze would lovingly caress
Their petals and seek to steal the perfume
From their lips, and the sun, with large eye of
Contentment gaze, thinking them his, within
The garden grown, offspring of his own sweet
Paradise of bloom. Poet of color
Art thou. Each painted flower upon thy
Canvas is a psalm like those we see upon
The rosebush fair and on the lily's stem.
And thy soul must kindred be with nature,
Reading her laws of growth, her mystery
Of color, loving her beauty with a
Love that doth endow thy magic brush with
Recreative power, so that we find,
Upon the canvas that thy hand hath touched,
The fair sweet outer world of loveliness
And bloom mirrored enchantingly, each flower
A spirit form which we may not pluck, but
Leave to dream in fadeless beauty where thy hand
Hath placed it through all the golden years,
Changeless and fair as some saintly soul that
Wakes, when free from earth, to endless blossoming.

ELIZA A. OTIS.

January 26, 1903.

The Mother.

Great passions I awake that must
Bow any woman to the dust
With fear lest she should fall to rise
As high as those enamored eyes.

Now for these flying days and sweet
I sit in beauty's mercy seat.
My smiles, my favors, I award,
Since I am beautiful, adored.

They praise my cheeks, my lips, my eyes,
With love's most exquisite flatteries,
Covet my hands that they may kiss
And to their ardent bosoms press.

My foot upon the nursery stair
Makes them a music rich and rare;
My skirt that rustles as I come
For very rapare strikes them dumb.

What jealousies of word and glance!
The light of my poor countenance
Lights up their world that else were drear,
"But you are lovely, mother dear!"

I go not to my grave, but I
Know beauty's full supremacy:
Like Cleopatra's self, I prove
The very heights and depths of love.

So to be loved, so to be wooed,
Oh, more than mortal woman should!
What if she fall or fall behind!
Lord make me worthy, keep them blind!

—[K. T. H., in Mexican Herald.]

On the Mojave Desert.

The Eastern sun that climbs above the palm
With Orient splendors haloed round his head
Casts on the sands the image once again
Of Ophir's gold and India's flaming red.

Unwelcome rays that unrelenting drink
Each precious drop from out the oasis,
And beat upon the cattle at its brink
With parching tongues outstretched for drops of life.

Their patient watch the prickly cacti keep,
With outstretched arms o'er tiny gopher's mound,
Breasting the scorching winds that sand-stung sweep
Unchallenged o'er their lonely battleground.

But when the cool of dark o'ercomes the day
Hoot loud the owls from carthy caves that hide;
Midst bleaching cattle-bones, upon their way
O'er sagebrush trails the red Mojaves ride.

—[Marguerite D. Allen, in Boston Transcript.]

Thy Duty Heed Today.

Today unsullied comes to thee—newborn,
Tomorrow is not thine;
The sun may cease to shine
For thee ere earth shall greet its morn.

Be earnest then, in thought and deed,
Nor fear approaching night;
Calm comes with evening light,
And hope and peace. Thy duty heed today.

[Ruskin.]

CURRENT COMMENT.

A Baltimore girl had a man arrested for stealing her jewels and then married him. It won't do to fool with a Baltimore girl.—[Kansas City Journal.]

Some of the babies in populous districts might easily envy the wild animals whose hopes of reaching maturity are looked after by the game laws.—[Washington Star.]

One difference between Boston and Indianapolis is that in the former's place they eat beans to keep warm, while in the latter they burn them to keep warm.—[Des Moines News.]

It's a good thing it was discovered that lemon juice kills germs just before it was discovered that there are 66,000,000 germs in every average-sized oyster.—[Houston Chronicle.]

E. Benjamin Andrews says free gifts of coal "lower the moral stamina of the recipient." Mr. Andrews should remember that a zero temperature in the house has also been known to disintegrate the moral fiber.—[Des Moines Leader.]

Our In

CAPTURING THE HOW AMERICAN GOODS THE NETHER

From Our Own Co

I STUBBED my toe on the moment I landed in Rotterdam was a square box marked: "Connecticut, U.S.A. C. Keltner's Pianos. Kalverstraat, Amsterdam." A little further on were barrels New York, and next to them a machines in crates. Out in the to a floating buoy were great ste neapolis flour into two huge bar Rhine, and all along the Boompjes of various kinds.

I took a carriage and drove for wharves, crossing the bridges to on to the left bank of the Maas house after warehouse, and very less stuff from the United States.

On the Holland-American quay so of cotton bales from Galve shipment for the Dutch cotton yard filled with resin barrels gave forth a smell like a cannal in my nostrils until driven out by where the rich-smelling beans were being loaded on a ship for

At one place I stopped my carriage a wagon-load of Standard oil. I took a snapshot of a gang of Dutch board a ship for New York. I saw lumber, buckets and boxes of American loads of lard and tallow and all American machinery. One item mowing machines, being loaded, terior of Northern Europe, and an

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Our Invasion of Holland.

By Frank G. Carpenter.

CAPTURING THE DUTCH.

HOW AMERICAN GOODS ARE FLOODING THE NETHERLANDS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

I STUBBED my toe on the American invasion the moment I landed in Rotterdam. The obstruction was a square box marked: "Organ. From Meridan, Connecticut, U.S.A. C. Keltner Groote Magazijn van Piano, Kalverstraat, Amsterdam."

A little further on were barrels of machine oil from New York, and next to them a lot of American sewing machines in crates. Out in the River Maas anchored to a floating buoy were great steamers unloading Minneapolis flour into two huge barges to be sent up the Rhine, and all along the Boompjes were American goods of various kinds.

I took a carriage and drove for several miles up the wharves, crossing the bridges to the Noorderland, and on to the left bank of the Maas. We went by warehouse after warehouse, and everywhere I saw more or less stuff from the United States.

On the Holland-American quay there was an acre or so of cotton bales from Galveston, awaiting transshipment for the Dutch cotton mills. Nearby was a yard filled with resin barrels from Savannah, which gave forth a smell like a canning factory, which stuck in my nostrils until driven out by the coffee warehouses, where the rich-smelling beans of Java and Sumatra were being loaded on a ship for New York.

At one place I stopped my carriage and photographed a wagon-load of Standard oil barrels, and at another I took a snapshot of a gang of Dutch emigrants about to board a ship for New York. I saw cargoes of American lumber, buckets and boxes of American meats, wagon loads of lard and tallow and all sorts of crates holding American machinery. One item was a cargo of Chicago mowing machines, being loaded on barges for the interior of Northern Europe, and another was barge after

Of course, much of the goods are bought to sell again, and some go to the Dutch East Indies, which are eighty times as large as Holland itself, but the trade is there all the same, and the business is so big that it will pay the most careful nursing and the most enthusiastic pushing. The South American continent is less important to us than Holland. Our trade with the Chinese brings in nothing like as much as our trade with the Dutch, and in its possibilities it is worth as much as the business of any of the countries of Europe, with the exception of England, Germany, France and that undeveloped empire, Russia.

Uncle Sam's Trade With Holland.

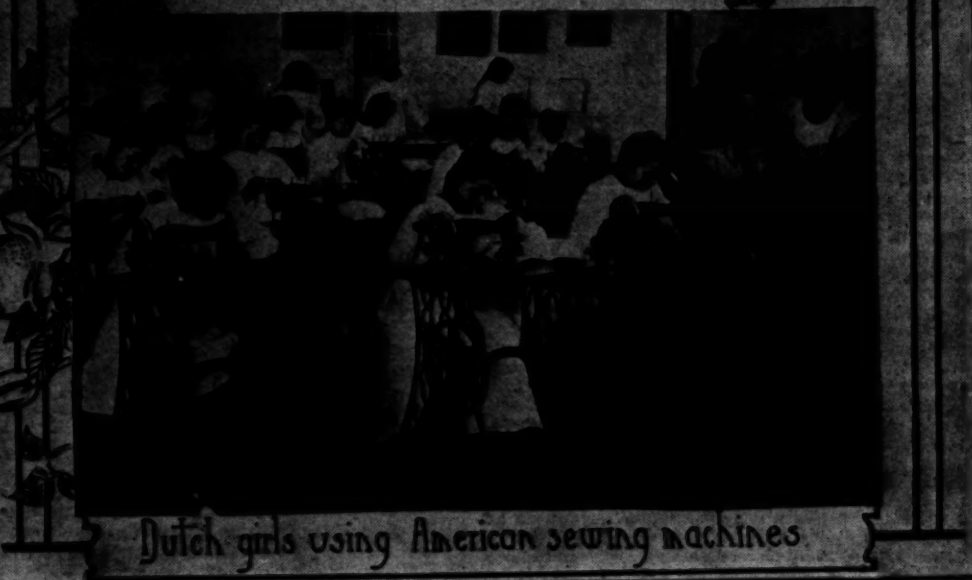
Just now is the best time to increase this trade. The Dutchmen do not like the English. They can't get over the troubles of their South African cousins, the Boers, and other things being equal, they will give the United States the preference every time. There are hundreds of articles which we make that ought to be sold here,

was used for? To feed the Holstein cattle, to furnish butter for London? No, the grass here is good and it makes the sweetest of milk. For corn bread for the people? No, the Dutch don't eat maize, though they take vast quantities of our second-grade flour and like it. What, then? I can easily show you if you will come with me to Schiedam, a little way out from Rotterdam. At that place are the great distilleries, which make the Holland gin or schnapps. There are 200 of them, and their business is to grind up American corn and reduce it to alcohol, which mixed in a certain way with the juice of the juniper berry forms gin. Holland gin is considered the best, and the Dutch think it is the best drink of the world. They consume vast quantities of it and it warms them body and soul. It is used not only here, but throughout the Dutch East Indies, where the hotels give you free gin cocktails before every meal, and where the people drink gin almost every hour of the day.

A large part of what Holland sells to us is gin, alcohol and wines. She sends us Java coffee and some



A wagon load of Standard oil barrels



Dutch girls using American sewing machines



Rotterdam's American Skyscraper

large of American cotton-seed oil, which passed through under one of the drawbridges as I waited to cross.

At the same time, I saw a score of ocean steamers loading for Asia, Africa and the Dutch East Indies, and rode past miles and miles of river and canal craft.

Holland's Big Trade.

As I went on I could see something of the enormous business which the Dutch have with the rest of the world. They are the little giants of commercial Europe. They do not number as many as three times the population of Chicago, but they have twice as much foreign trade as the 120,000,000 Russians, three times as much as the Spaniards or Italians, and twice as much as the whole South American continent. Holland stands sixth in the point of business done among the commercial nations of the world, and about one-tenth of its trade is with the United States. It makes foreign exchanges to the extent of more than \$1,000,000,000 a year, and it annually buys more than \$100,000,000 worth of goods from us.

Let us stop a moment and think what this means. This little country has in round numbers just about five million people, or one million families, but it buys \$100,000,000 worth of Uncle Sam's goods every year. This means that on the average every family buys \$100 worth annually, and this notwithstanding its sales to us will not average more than \$12 or \$15 per family.

and by studying the wants of the people and drumming the trade there can be an enormous increase.

But first let me tell you what our business now consists of. I have before me the Dutch imports from the United States for the first half of the year 1900. They are a little old, but the trade is practically the same today. I will give you some of the items. They consist of cotton, cotton-seed oil, lard, tallow, margarine, meat and tobacco, as well as a large variety of other articles.

The cotton they bought amounted to 20,000,000 pounds, equal to more than three million pounds of cotton per month. This went to the Dutch mills, and a large part of it was made into cloths for Java, Sumatra and different parts of Africa.

Holland Butter from Our Cotton Seed.

The cotton-seed oil weighed just twice as much as the cotton itself, and thereby hangs a tale. These Dutch are among the chief artificial butter makers of the world. They bought \$43,000,000 pounds of margarine of us during that six months, but at the same time they used this forty-odd million pounds of cotton-seed oil to make other margarine and low-grade butter, for use, not only in Holland, but in England and other parts of Europe. There is one factory here which makes over three million pounds of such butter every month, and England imports something like eight hundred million pounds of it every year. A Frenchman invented the process of making this butter, but the Dutch have the biggest factories, and they do the bulk of the world's business along this line. They make also cow butter for export, so much, indeed, that Holland has been called the dairy farm of London.

Dutch Schnapps from American Corn.

Our biggest Dutch export in point of weight is American corn. In this six months it amounted to almost one hundred million pounds per month and brought in several millions of dollars. What do you suppose it

thing like two million pounds of spices every year, all of which comes from her colonies in the East Indies.

The Modern Port of Rotterdam.

Rotterdam is by far the best place for pushing our trade. It is, with the exception of Hamburg, the best distributing point on the coast of Northern Europe, and it has fewer trade restrictions than Hamburg.

The city is about sixteen miles back from the sea, built upon piles on both banks of the Maas. The piles are driven as much as fifty feet into the soil, and upon them have been constructed miles of stone quays, enormous warehouses and a city of about 350,000 people. The town controls all public improvements, and it is spending vast sums to increase its shipping facilities and trade. If I remember correctly, the cost of deepening the River Maas, so that the biggest ocean steamships could come right into the city, was more than \$16,000,000. This work, however, has made Rotterdam superior to Amsterdam as a port, and it now ranks second among the ports of continental Europe, and is surpassed by none in its safety and in its conveniences for handling goods. I have spoken of its miles of stone quays.

It has also ship yards and floating dry docks, and every means of repairing and taking care of shipping. It has mooring buoys in the Maas, so that the vessels can unload into the barges in midstream, and its quays are so fitted with cranes that all sorts of freight can be rapidly moved. At present there are seventy-five ocean liners which call regularly at Rotterdam, and the river and canal craft, which annually enter this port, number 125,000. The river is always free from ice, and business goes on all the year round.

Uncle Sam's Dutch Connections.

In my ride around the wharves I was surprised at the number of ships loading for and unloading from the United States. Our trade is very important to

LOMA LINDA HOTEL
HILL BEAUTIFUL
On the main line of the Southern Pacific R.R., sixty-two miles from Los Angeles. No fog-
always machine. Among groves of blooming orange trees. Ocean view.

Life Even is MORMONISM.
(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.)
BALTIMORE, Feb. 1.—Preaching at
the Cathedral on "Christ, the only en-
durance name in history and the only

representatives of the allies will give
him a final answer at the earliest pos-
sible moment. Meantime exchanges
are still in progress between the allied
governments and their respective am-

coast from which shellfish
supplied to the markets. The
in these cases is due altho
bad local sewerage. There
other fatal warnings altho

Holland. Of all its tonnage more than 23 per cent. comes from our country, and the only country which surpasses the United States in this is Great Britain, which has about 36 per cent. of the total tonnage, but some of this consists of American goods which come to Holland via England.

There are more than four hundred ships leaving Rotterdam every year for the United States, or more than one every day. There are thirteen regular steamship lines, which do business between the two countries.

The Holland-American line is the greatest. It has a passenger line to New York and freight steamers for Newport News. The passenger ships make the journey from Rotterdam in eight or ten days, while the freight steamers take from nine to twenty days.

This line is making money, and it has for several years paid dividends of 10 per cent. and upward.

Outside the Holland-American line the chief steamship companies, which deal with the United States, are freighters, the most of the vessels going to the Southern States. There are tank steamers belonging to the German-American Petroleum Company and the American Petroleum Company, which ply regularly between New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Rotterdam, and there are tramp steamers which carry oil. The Neptune line has one or more steamers a week to Baltimore. The Cosmopolitan and the Keystone lines make regular shipments to Philadelphia, and the Johnson Blue Cross line and North American Transport line do a business between here and Norfolk and Newport News. Then there is the Charleston Transport line, with irregular sailings; the Texas Transport and the Terminal Transport, with steamers to New Orleans and Galveston, and the Gulf Stream line, which sails bi-weekly to the same ports. Barnard & Co. have steamers from Savannah to Rotterdam, and the Cuban line goes from Rotterdam or Antwerp to New Orleans every three weeks. There is also a line from Holland to Boston, with steamers every ten days, and other lines to Philadelphia and New York. So you see that the Dutch-American trade keeps the gulf stream sizzling the greater part of the year.

A Dutch-American Sky Scraper.

I have letters from Chicago to the Holland representatives of Armour & Co. and Swift & Co., and asked my porter at my hotel where to find them. He took me to the corner and pointed to a big, white building facing the river at the end of the Boompjes. "That," said he, "is the Witte Huis. It is the only American building in Holland, and is the headquarters of the chief American firms."

I crossed several bridges, and, strolling down to it, found it even so. The building is on the American plan, although it was erected by a Belgian. It is made of bricks faced with white porcelain tiles. The Dutch call it a sky scraper, and talk of its dangerous height, although it has only ten stories. It is, I am told, the only ten-story building in Europe; it is a giant in Rotterdam, although in New York it would be but a baby. It is perfectly plumb, notwithstanding 900 trees were driven down into the sand to make its foundation. The average building of Rotterdam is of from three to five stories, and many buildings lean this way and that, so that parts of the city are apparently drunk.

The American house has electric elevators worked by little Dutch boys dressed in white smocks. It was by them that I went from story to story, calling on some of our largest American agents. I find that the meat men here are selling vast quantities of our meat and lard, not only to Holland, but to all the countries along the Rhine, and that the American Cereal Company is pushing its goods into this part of Europe. It has its offices in the American building, and its advertisements are everywhere. Indeed, the Americans are far better advertisers than the Europeans, and you see "Kwaker Oats," American typewriters, Kodaks and California fruits everywhere.

Dutch Girls Like Our Sewing Machines.

I find a great many American sewing machines used in Holland. They are scattered over the continent, and are considered far superior to any made in Europe. One or two of our firms are pushing their foreign business more than any other, and especially the Singer company, which has its advertisements everywhere, and branch houses in all the cities of England and the continent. In fact, I found a store here on the Hoogstraat—the Broadway of Rotterdam—which had photographs of some of the sewing schools of Holland, in which the little Dutch girls are working away on American machines. One of these pictures is of a school at Alkmaar, one of the oldest towns of Holland.

Not far from this shop are hardware stores, with a great variety of American goods, including Philadelphia lawn mowers and Michigan pitchforks, and in the music store, just over the way, I saw windows filled with the marches of Sousa printed with the American flag on the cover. They are made by a Rotterdam firm, and sell in sets at 40 cents a copy.

The American shoe does not seem to be walking into Holland as rapidly as could be desired. The climate is so wet that thicker soles than ours are needed. Nevertheless, it is no worse than England, and our shoes will sell if properly pushed. There is one store in Rotterdam with a big sign above it advertising American footwear, and another store, which was intended for selling American shoes, is vacant. The Dutch merchant opened his place on contracts which he had with Americans, leasing one of the best places and planning to make our shoes a specialty. His goods, owing to the carelessness of the American exporters, failed to come on time, and the result was that he compromised his lease and gave up the business.

Are We Poor Business Men?

Indeed, the Americans have a bad reputation in Europe as exporters and traders. We make the best goods, but we don't know how to sell them. Such trade as we have is because our goods are so good, and not because of our business ability in selling or care in filling orders.

Take for instance an order which a stationery dealer here sent to New York and had filled at a loss. The man has a shop right next to the Witte Huis, and I

dropped into it to buy a lead pencil. He offered me one made in New York, and when I asked him if he handled other American goods, took me through rooms filled with unit book cases, desks and office furniture, and showed me cases of American inks, pencils and pens. As I looked at them he said:

"I can sell American goods, but I don't care especially to do so, for your people do not watch my interests nor try to save money for me. Only last month I had a customer who wanted a certain brand of American pen. I wrote a New York exporter to send me three boxes by mail, and supposed that the charges would be about 20 cents. The exporter sent the pens by express, so that they cost me, in commissions and freights, \$3.20, and the result was that I lost on the transaction. This is a little thing, but it is only one of many in which the carelessness of you Americans causes us to lose money." Rotterdam, Holland.

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A Day in Oodeypore.

GLIMPSE OF A MOST INTERESTING TOWN IN INDIA.

—From a Special Correspondent.

OODEYPORE or Udaipur, the most beautifully-situated town in India, is not very easy to get at and does not encourage foreign visitors. It is the residence of the Maharana Sarup Sing, who is a fine man, careful of the welfare of his people, and besides being their King is the representative of their gods, and their high priest. We had been told not to by any chance miss going to Oodeypore, but we had been unable to find out anything about the accommodation there for travelers and had not the faintest idea where we were to spend the night of our arrival. The beautiful, little station where we sleepily descended from our comfortable compartment in the train was covered by flowering vines and surrounded by lovely gardens, but not a carriage could we find to take us to the town two miles further on. Finally, however, Abdul, our bearer, came up with radiant countenance and said: "Please, sir, two tongas here, sir; one for ladies, and one for luggage."

We knew not what a tonga might be, but hastened forth and found at the back of the station two remarkable-looking small traps with back-to-back seats, huge wheels which looked as if they were on the point of coming off, and covers, or roofs, of calico, with large, pink roses on a magenta ground. They were drawn by pairs of small, excruciatingly-thin ponies, which made us miserable to see, but which trotted rapidly the whole of the two miles, the tonga rocking, the roof on the verge of falling off and we in the back holding on for dear life, our pith hats clashing together as we swayed from side to side. We had a blessed respite of a moment when about half-way from the station, we were joined by a swarthy native, who got silently into the empty seat next the driver and settled his portly figure comfortably for the drive. We demanded at once to know by what right our driver took on another passenger, and were answered by the portly gentleman, with great modesty of demeanor, that he was the owner of the hotel; and we were so relieved to think that there was a hotel, that we sighed contentedly and said nothing more.

A Marvelous Picture.

We drove past some very fine tombs and under huge trees until, at a turn in the road, we came to a view which was so beautiful and so unusual that we felt for a moment as if we were dreaming, so unreal did it appear. Far off in the distance the red glow of the sunrise turning into faintest pink stood a city! How can it be described! A pile of noble marble palaces on a hill top, the glimmer of a lake beneath, and the outline of mountains beyond! It is indescribable and grew in beauty the more we saw of it—snowy white in the mid-day sun, rose color in the sunset and turned to pearl by the light of the nearly full moon, silent and stately and mysterious always.

The hotel proved to be a two-story dak bungalow with the usual huge rooms, with their very high ceilings and attendant bath and dressing-rooms. It was situated in the exact place for it, a hill top with a broad plain dotted by trees separating it from the town, a very ancient domed tomb at one side and the mass of marble palaces in the distance. It is necessary to appeal to the British resident for permits to visit the palace and lake at Oodeypore, and he proved, we were glad to find, a most amiable person, putting his carriage at our disposal for the rest of the time we were there, and providing guides and boats for the lake. The city is surrounded by an old bastioned wall, with a moat and some beautiful gates, and is like all eastern towns, except Jaipur, small and crowded, with narrow streets and sharp corners, with tiny shops and picturesque natives, the streets full of donkeys, buffaloes, camels and goats, and now and again an elephant, that entirely blocks the way. The houses are gaily decorated and carved, and here and there, in a wall, is a shrine to Hanuman, the monkey god, which is always smeared with red. The palace has an immense entrance-court, where the state elephants are kept, the great creatures moving restlessly about on their marble pavement, and swaying continually from one huge foot to another.

A Town Painted Red.

To get to the upper part of the palace was a difficult matter, for the stairways were so narrow and dark and the marble stairs so slippery that it became nearly a matter of life and death to ascend them. From a balcony high up, with lacy, pierced-marble balustrades, we looked down on the brilliantly-colored little town with its brilliantly-clothed inhabitants, its donkeys painted pink and red, poor wee creatures, and even its bullocks tinted in spots and with hoofs and horns a brilliant red.

From the other side of the palace the view was out

over the lake, with its small islands covered with white marble palaces and palm trees, and on toward the hills on the highest of which was a white temple. Later on we were taken down to the boats which lay moored at the foot of the marble wall and were rowed over the still lake, our faces toward the beautiful mass of white marble of the palaces, which rise directly out of the water.

One feels that one has either dreamed it all or that it is a memory of heaven or something, for it has in some way a familiar look about it, and it seems to have been there through all ages, the same calm, simple, grandeur, resting silently on the edge of the blue lake. As the resident had told us that we must not miss seeing the pigs fed, we were taken first to the far side of the lake, where one goes up a jungle path and then one's way inside a marble court with arcades and a beautiful tower on one side.

The Feeding of the Pigs.

From the balustrade the "pigs" are fed, and we found the pigs to be a great company of hideous wild boars preserved for the Maharana—huge creatures which come every day at the same hour to be fed, and are one of the sights of Oodeypore. From the tower there is, besides the beautiful views of lake and palaces, the view of a very large and magnificent tiger, kept in a down below, and so well fed that he looked amiable itself.

He was to be kept there until the visit of the Viceroy some time later on, when he was to try his strength against the might and guile of a wild boar. We had been told since then that he absolutely refused to fight, and so a leopard was brought to the contest and was most instantly killed by the huge tusks of the boar.

The next two hours we spent in drifting about the lake, first in the sunset and then by the light of the moon, past the small marble palace on an island, where Shah Jehan, the famous builder of the Taj, took refuge from his father's displeasure, and where the marble towers rise from a grove of banana trees and are shaded by tall and feathery date palms; down past the great mass of marble of the palaces now pearly white in the moonlight, and so on to the far end of the second lake, where we found our carriage and drove silently back to the hotel.

There is a fine public garden at Oodeypore, and a Hindoo temple in the town is one of the best in India with its dado of elephants' heads in deep relief, but at Ajmere, the natives are not especially friendly, and one is not allowed to go very near to the temple, we felt it prudent not to spend nearly all the time necessary to see all the wonderful carving with which it is literally covered.

Hot Weather.

As it was very hot while we were at Oodeypore, we were forced to remain in our cool rooms from 11 to 3 o'clock, and so confine our hours to those from 8 to 11 and from 3 to 8. But we drew our chairs to the doors, and while trying to read, found our eyes continually wandering to the dream-like view in the distance.

Early on the last morning of our visit we found a tonga—the same one we arrived in, with its pink, calico roof—awaiting us, and a bullock cart for the luggage, a two-wheeled skeleton of a cart drawn by two white bullocks, their horns and hoofs a bright green, and their reins fastened to a stick passed through the noses of the animals.

Our poor, thin horses dashed to the station, and we got out we caught a glimpse of the bullock cart on a hill top of the road with Abdul seated on top of the piles of luggage, smiling as usual, I dare say. As we later the luggage, Abdul and all appeared, and we asked if the bullock cart was a comfortable mode of traveling, he answered with his usual sweetness and vagueness, "Yes, sir; please, sir; thank you, sir."

MARGARET STERLING.

A WANDERER.

East and West and North and South,
I range o'er land and sea;
And I bear deep kisses on my mouth,
And dead love wearies me.
I am caught up as a feather
That the winds toss to and fro.
Since we dwell not together,
What care I where I go?

North and South and East and West,
I drift on alien tides;
The one place where I may not rest
Is that where she abides.
So on through wind and weather!
Afar o'er land and sea!
If we be not together,
What matter where we be?

—[Richard Hovey.]

AN ALL-ROUND ATHLETE.

"We had a very clever book-keeper last year. He used to be an athlete in a circus."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. You ought to have seen him balancing books. He could keep the day book in the air while he juggled the ledger on his nose and totaled up a journal with either the right or left hand. Oh, he was fine, but we had to let him go."

"How was that?"

"He was too much of an adept at the horizontal bar."

—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

TITLE WAS CHANGED.

Dr. Van Dyke's "Story of the Other Wise Man," translated into Turkish, but the Sultan's censor disapproved of its title. When asked to give his reasons for his objection, the censor gravely replied: "It is true." "Why not?" asked the publisher's wonderful agent. "Because there is no one wise but Mohammed was the Turk's pious retort. So the title was changed into something which might be translated, 'How the Other Scientist Was Left Behind.'—[Philadelphia Record.]

Growsome Re

CURIOSITIES NEWLY COLLECTED
GOVERNMENT MUSEUM

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—Last week the Museum paid \$50 for three skulls, at least the remains thereof—those of hunters of New Guinea. This island of our Philippine group, and is divided into two parts, which are, respectively, the Dyaks and the Malays, and British suzerainty.

Head-hunting is practiced as a custom by the people of Malaysia, and particularly by the Dyaks. The Dyaks, from whom these skulls were obtained, are influential both in Borneo. They are probably the aboriginal and spring from the same parent stock as the Malays, although the latter look down



beneath humanity. They preserve the skulls of their slaughtered enemies as trophies of the hunt, and a man among them is not known by his name, but by the number of skulls which he keeps hanging from his hut, just inside his threshold. The certain number of heads is absolutely known, and he can be admitted to the upper ranks of the Dyak society. Hence, it behooves him to early establish his social status upon frequent head-hunting excursions. The skulls of his victims are preserved as trophies of the hunt, and no end of magic influence. For this reason, the skulls are used by some people of these islands as charms. Each draught from such a cup communicates its tonic effect.

Carefully Preserved.

The preservation of the heads and skulls of the Dyaks is a matter of great importance. It is essential that they be perfect in every detail, having been removed. Especial care must be taken that the jaws are bound to the sides and in front. The skulls are tied in by cords secured to each by the sides and in front. If one tooth be lost it is an artificial duplicate wrought of wood or ivory. The mouth is sealed by a plug around the point of the chin and throat passage. Sometimes a special ornament is attached to this binding, done with palm splints.

Two of these crania are decorated with carved upon the frontal (forehead) bone, and represent some event in the crude life of the Dyaks. Two of the skulls appear to be of women, and all three seem to possess characteristics. The Dyak does not bury his own race. Living in the center of a large island, he has no opportunity for the selection of his victims. Prof. W. H. Holmes, the director of the Ethnology, the Dyaks preserve and prize their friends and relatives as well as those of the British protectorate of New Guinea have temples, in which many carefully-prepared skulls are stored. The explorer, Chalmers, reported in these temples "numerous skulls of men, children, crocodiles and wild boars, also of the cannibals. All are carved and painted. The human skulls are of those who have been eaten."

Ornaments made from various parts of the anatomy have been lately received by the Museum. Dr. W. L. Abbott, the explorer, who made an expedition to the Andaman Islands, made an unknown, in the Bay of Bengal, in the Malay Peninsula. From the earliest times, the Andamanese have been considered to be of a primitive and savage of races on the face of the globe. Accounts of their cannibalistic habits have been found in early Chinese writings. They are supposed

all islands covered with white trees, and on toward the hills was a white temple. Later to the boats which lay moored on the wall and were rowed off toward the beautiful mass of palaces, which rise directly

either dreamed it all or that it something, for it has in some it, and it seems to have been the same calm, simple, quiet on the edge of the blue lake, that we must not miss seeing taken first to the far side of up a jungle path and find the court with arcades and a

"pigs" are fed, and we found company of hideous wild boars—huge creatures which come to be fed, and are one of From the tower there is, be of lake and palaces, the view magnificent tiger, kept in a pit ed that he looked amiability

until the visit of the Viceroy, he was to try his strength of a wild boar. We have absolutely refused to fight, ought to the contest and al- the huge tusks of the horrid

spent in drifting about the and then by the light of the palace on an island, where sider of the Taj, took refuge ure, and where the marble banana trees and are shaded palms; down past the great ces now pearly white in the the far end of the second carriage and drove silently

eden at Oodeypore, and the is one of the best in India, heads in deep relief, but as not especially friendly, and very near to the temple, and nearly all the time need- ul carving with which it a

we were at Oodeypore, we our cool rooms from 11 until hours to those from 8 till we drew our chairs to the read, found our eyes con- dream-like view in the dis-

g of our visit we found a ved in, with its pink, callio ellock cart for the luggage, a cart drawn by two white of a bright green, and the ed through the noses of the

shed to the station, and as ppe of the bullock cart as Abdul seated on top of the usual, I dare say. An hour all appeared, and when as a comfortable mode of his usual sweetness and air; thank you, sir." MARGARET STERLING.

NER. and South, en; my mouth, e. and fro.

and West, y not rest weather!

—[Richard Hovey.

D ATHLETE. ook-keeper last year. 19 reus."

seen him balancing his ay book in the air while nose and totaled up the or left hand. Oh, he was

cept at the horizontal bar."

HANGED. he Other Wise Man," w the Sultan's censor disap- to give his reason for vely replied: "It is not the publisher's wonderin ne wise but Mohammed." So the title was changed be translated, "How the ind."—[Philadelphia Rep

Growsome Relics.

CURIOSITIES NEWLY COLLECTED IN GOVERNMENT MUSEUM.

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—Last week the National Museum paid \$50 for three human heads—at least the remains thereof—taken by the head-hunters of New Guinea. This island lies just southeast of our Philippine group, and is divided into three protectorates, which are, respectively, under Dutch, German and British suzerainty.

Head-hunting is practiced as a fine art by the wild people of Malaysia, and particularly those of the Moluccas. The Dyaks, from whom these heads were obtained for Uncle Sam, are influential both in New Guinea and Borneo. They are probably the aborigines of the islands and spring from the same parent stock as that of the Malays, although the latter look down upon them as

inhabitants of the "Isles of Good Fortune," described by Ptolemy, who said that they were man-eaters, "whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." Other writers have referred to them as having "tails like horses."

Skulls as Neck Ornaments.

That these Andamanese do have heads beneath their shoulders is corroborated by Dr. Abbott's collection, but these heads so misplaced are not those of the living people. It is the custom of the Andamanese to wear the skulls of departed relatives suspended about their necks by bands. Their horse-like tails are appendages on their belts of pandanus leaves. Such belts are the nearest approach to clothing worn by the Andamanese men. But the women, impelled by the instinctive modesty of their sex, suspend a few green leaves—in the form of a very small apron—from the belts. In a letter to the Smithsonian, Dr. Abbott says: "We liked the Andamanese very much; they seem such a happy, jolly lot of little folk. They are without the rank smell of the negro. The girls are frequently pretty when young. They are the very blackest people I have ever seen."

These skull-wearers are Negritos, whose nearest rela-

head, his features, scalp and hair being removed, wrong side out. The gory bag thus obtained is turned right side out again. It is filled with hot sand, which is continuously renewed until every bit of the moisture has been removed, by which the entire head-skin has shrunk to the size of the average doll's head and hardened to the texture of leather. On the two specimens obtained by the museum the hair remains, but as a result of the great shrinkage of the scalp and features its wealth is exaggerated in proportion. The eyebrows remain intact. The eyes are shut with a growsome, uncanny squint.

Into the top of each of these tanned heads is bored a hole, through which is fastened a leather sling, by which the whole is suspended from the ceiling of the owner. The lips are sewed together securely by cords which hang in a broad fringe, somewhat suggesting a beard.

The lips of these chiefs are thus sealed that they may not answer to the curses of their captors, who, after tanning and shrinking the heads and suspending them in their huts, take delight in cursing them and their ancestors up to Adam and down again several times a day. Such is the fate of him whose army is conquered by these savages.

This is but going the North American Indian one better, and scalping a man at his neck instead of at the crown of his head. And it has been observed that while our Indian takes only the scalp and the Amazon Indian the entire skin of the head, the Malay takes the entire head.

All three processes are distinct phases of what Prof. Otis T. Mason, the distinguished ethnologist of the museum, terms "synecdochic magic." We learned at school that a synecdoche is a figure of speech wherein a part is taken for the whole. Prof. Mason states that all people of the earth practice this sort of magic, more or less.

Among some of our negroes there is the belief that if they have possession of a fragment of the skin or finger nail of their enemies, they have them in their power, to a certain extent. The negro brought this superstition with him from Africa, where his kinsmen, until this day, wear little bags containing bits of the skin, parings from the nails or even the teeth of their enemies, while others in like manner carry relics of their heroes that they may absorb their bravery.

Necklaces of human teeth are worn by some South American tribes. A necklace of human fingers made by an Apache who amputated these digits from a Cheyenne victim, is among the older ornaments wrought of human fragments, which are on exhibition in Uncle Sam's wonder house. JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, JR.

A WINTER MORNING IN VERMONT.

The last and deepest gloom forsakes the earth
As twilight cometh, clad in robe of gray;
A solemn herald of a new day's birth,
With scarce a hint of morning's grand display.

A veil of finest snow, unstirred by breeze,
Has fallen, soft and spotless, in the night;
It drapes grotesquely fences, rocks and trees,
Till little meets the eye but purest white.

The eastern sky warms with the tints of dawn,
The mountains contrast strongly with the light;
There streaky vapors drift and linger on
To first conceal and then reveal their height.

These dwindling clouds, each tinged a lively hue,
Do brighten swiftly as the moments speed;
No painted scene can match the matchless view,
Nor choicest words suffice the poet's need.

The early sunbeams redden Camels Hump,
Ere long the lesser summits catch the glow,
From ridge to ridge the rosy blushes jump,
And giant shadows stretch along the snow.

The silence yields to sounds unheard before,
An engine's warning blast to clear the road,
Then rushing train outstrips, with jar and roar,
The patient oxen toiling with their load.

Fast fall the blows of choppers on the hill,
The logman's chains clink sharply as they drag,
The saw's loud whir is borne from distant mill,
And tinkling bells announce the doctor's rag.

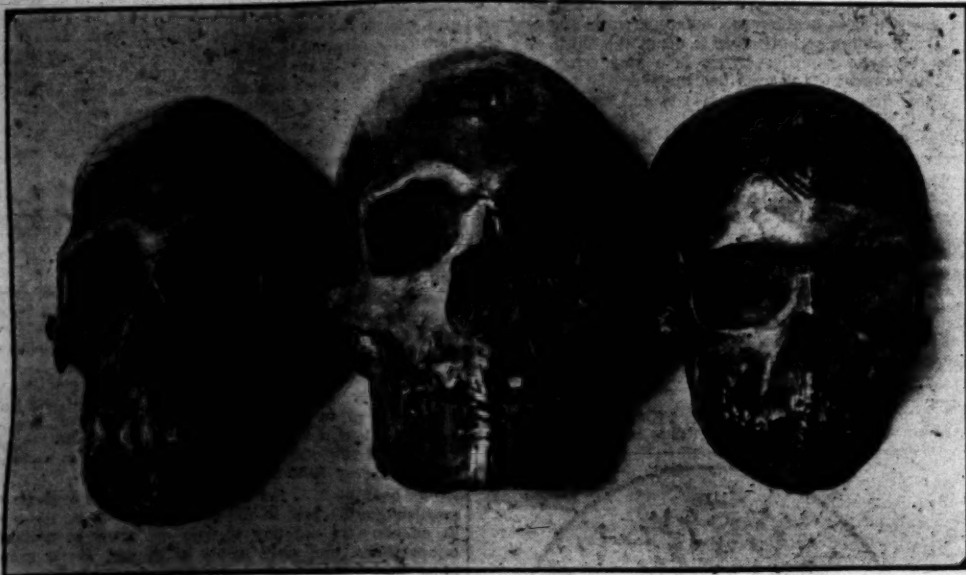
The village chimneys send their columns high,
Weird, frosted pictures from the windows melt,
And ruddy cheeks of people passing by
Are tokens of the pleasant vigor felt.

Man to his labor or his pleasure goes,
The charm of morning can no longer stay,
For bustling life succeeds the night's repose
And ceaseless motion marks the hours of day.
—[Charles Bryant Cheney, in Montpelier Journal.

INTELLECT AND HAIR.

From the color of a man's hair may be learned a good deal in regard to his intellectual ability, says a professor of the University of Lille, who has for some months been closely studying the subject. Schoolboys with chestnut hair, he maintains, are likely to be more clever than any others, and will generally be found at the head of the class; and in like manner girls with fair hair are likely to be far more studious and bright than girls with dark hair. In mathematics and recitation these boys and girls, he claims, specially excel. On the other hand, he says that boys and girls with brown hair are most likely to attain distinction through their individuality and style, and that those with red or auburn hair do not often excel in any respect. These are the conclusions at which he has arrived after a careful study of the students at the University of Lille.—[Modern Society.

Trying Moment: Johnny: 'I spect if I wasn't here, Mr. Spooner, you'd kiss Bella, wouldn't you?
Miss Bella (flushing with indignation): You impudent boy! Leave the room this moment!—[Chicago Tribune.



TROPHIES OF NEW GUINEA HEAD HUNTERS.

beneath humanity. They preserve the skulls of their slaughtered enemies as trophies of the success in war, and a man among them is not known by the company which he keeps, nor by the extravagant style in which he lives, but rather by the number of these ghastly relics which he keeps hanging from the ceiling of his hut, just inside his threshold. The possession of a certain number of heads is absolutely necessary before he can be admitted to the upper realm of high and exclusive Dyak society. Hence, it behooves each young brave to early establish his social status by venturing upon frequent head-hunting excursions of a private nature. The skulls of his victims are preserved partly for the reason that they are believed to impart to the possessor some of the enviable qualities of the victim, and no end of magic influence. For this same reason the skulls are used by some people of these islands as drinking cups. Each draught from such a ghastly tankard communicates its tonic effect.

Carefully Preserved.

The preservation of the heads hung within the thresholds of the Dyaks is a matter of grave concern. It is essential that they be perfect in every detail, the flesh having been removed. Especial care is taken that no parts be lost. The jaws are bound together by fastenings at the sides and in front. The teeth are carefully tied in by cords secured to each by peculiar knottings and loopings. If one tooth be lost it is replaced by an artificial duplicate wrought of wood or other suitable material. The mouth is sealed by a band extending around the point of the chin and through the nasal passage. Sometimes a special ornamental finish is added to this binding, done with palm splints.

Two of these crania are decorated with designs engraved upon the frontal (forehead) bone. These probably represent some event in the crude mythology of the Dyaks. Two of the skulls appear to be those of women, and all three seem to possess distinct racial characteristics. The Dyak does not hunt the heads of his own race. Living in the center of a zone remarkable for its variety of peoples, he has abundant opportunity for the selection of his victims. In the opinion of Prof. W. H. Holmes, the director of the Bureau of Ethnology, the Dyaks preserve and prize the heads of friends and relatives as well as those of foes. In the British protectorate of New Guinea have been found old temples, in which many carefully-prepared skulls were stored. The explorer, Chalmers, reported that he found in these temples "numerous skulls of men, women and children, crocodiles and wild boars, also many breasts of the calagowary. All are carved and many painted. The human skulls are of those who have been killed and eaten."

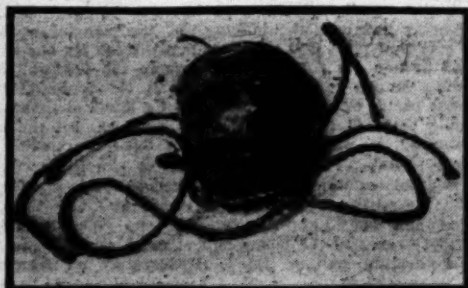
Ornaments made from various parts of the human anatomy have been lately received by the museum from Dr. W. L. Abbott, the explorer, who some months ago made an expedition to the Andaman Islands, which lie, almost unknown, in the Bay of Bengal, just west of the Malay Peninsula. From the earliest times the Andamanese have been considered to be one of the most primitive and savage of races on the face of the earth. Accounts of their cannibalistic habits have been found in early Chinese writings. They are supposed to be the

lives are the black dwarfs of the Philippines. The men are under five feet in average stature, and are so sensitive to the sun that they coat their bodies with clay as a protection therefrom. Very few children reach the age of 30 years without being tattooed.

Each wife cuts off the head of her husband, immediately after death, and boils it until only the skull—as white as snow—remains. She then makes a cord or netting three feet or more in length, which she inserts through the round opening, admitting the spinal cord, in life. By aid of this harness she fastens the skull upon her shoulder and thus wears it as long as her period of mourning lasts.

Such are the ghastly weeds of the Andamanese widow. Other relatives wear suspended about their necks the skulls of the departed, their jaws—with teeth protruding—and other bony remains painted red with white markings, and sometimes ornamented with shell pendants. The museum has also a necklace formed of small finger bones of some departed Andamanese bound together with cord and worn about the throat of a mourning relative.

Conjuring paraphernalia are manufactured from the bones of relatives by the wild savages in the heart of Australia. If a parent dies, his or her corpse is placed in a crate kept in a tree until the flesh disappears. Then



SKULL OF HUSBAND WORN ON SHOULDER OF ANDAMANESSE WIDOW.

the large bones are buried amidst great ceremony, but the little ones, as of the fingers and toes, are carefully preserved by the descendants. Were you to give one of these wild Australians any impudence, he would produce one of these digits—perhaps the big toe bone of his father—and point it at you. In his belief, such conjuring would cast a spell on you. In consequence, you would waste away unto certain death, and no medicine could save you.

Two dried and shrunken human heads have been received from the wild tribes of the Upper Amazon, those denizens of the South American forests, who decorate themselves most beautifully and extravagantly with the feathers of birds.

Horrible Practices in South America.

When they kill the chief of one of their enemies' tribes they cut a circle about his throat and skin his

WV LOMA LINDA HOTEL HILL BEAUTIFUL

Life Then is MORMONISM.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.)

BALTIMORE, Feb. 1.—Preaching at the Cathedral on "Christ, the only en-

representatives of the allies will give him a final answer at the earliest possible moment. Meantime exchanges are still in progress between the allied governments and their respective em-

coast from which shellfish, supplied to the markets. The in these cases is due alto- bad local sewerage. There h other fatal warnings shou-

The Bubonic Plague.

ITS HISTORY, SYMPTOMS AND OTHER CHARACTERISTICS.

By a Special Contributor.

WHAT is the bubonic plague? For a disease that has raged in certain parts of the world with great virulence and fatality for so many centuries, there is a strange lack of knowledge among even the medical men of Europe and America.

No disease, perhaps, with the possible exception of leprosy, is more dreaded than bubonic plague. If reliable records could be obtained from infested countries, it would probably be found that the percentage of deaths from yellow fever equals or exceeds those from bubonic plague; yet neither yellow fever nor typhus fever inspires the horror with which bubonic plague is regarded in western countries. Perhaps this indicates that dread of things unknown is stronger than fear of things known.

There are many points regarding bubonic plague upon which doctors disagree. Not even the time of its discovery is definitely known. In an old medical encyclopedia discovered in the Vatican library in the first part of this century, the compiler, who was physician and friend of Julian the Apostate, quotes Rufus as saying that the physicians of the time of Dionysius were acquainted with a disease whose description leaves no doubt that it was identical with bubonic plague. As Dionysius lived about three hundred years before Christ, this would prove that the plague has been known for more than 2000 years.

In Old Testament Times.

Biblical students trace the disease back to the eleventh century before Christ, when there is an account in the book of Samuel, of the Philistines having been smitten by a plague of emerods after their victory over Israel, in which they captured the ark of the covenant. The word "emerod" is translated to mean "bubo," which is the characteristic symptom of the plague of today.

On the other hand there are those who claim that the bubonic plague was first discovered in the city of Pali,

ments to Hongkong when, in 1894, the plague appeared there in virulent form, to study the disease after the latest methods of bacteriological research.

The studies of Yersin and Kitasato were interrupted by the breaking out of the Chinese-Japanese war, but not until they had accomplished the main purpose of their visit.

Varieties and Symptoms of the Disease.

There are two varieties of this disease; according to some authorities, three. The most common form is characterized by the appearance of large buboes or swellings in the larger groups of lymphatic glands, particularly the glands of the groin and armpits, and less frequently of the neck and other localities, which either suppurate or undergo resolution.

Cases where the buboes are most pronounced are sometimes less rapidly fatal than in other forms of the plague, in which the symptoms are an acute aching of the limbs, rigors or chilly feeling, with fever and a high degree of nervousness. There is intense headache, with thirst, and great prostration. The pulse is unusually full at first, and of increased frequency. Respiration is rapid, and the temperature during the first three or four days may gradually reach 104 deg. or 105 deg. F., and in some cases 107 deg. during the twenty-four hours preceding death. Coma may set in, however, and death result before there is any marked elevation of temperature. It is often the third day before the bubo appears. There is a staggering gait, as of drunkenness. The eyes become red; the tongue dry, swollen, fissured, and sometimes black, and other times covered with a thick white coat.

One peculiarity of the graver form of the disease is the occurrence of stablike pains in different parts of the body. This symptom has given rise among the superstitious and ignorant to a belief that the victim is wounded by invisible arrows shot from the bow of a demon.

Suppuration of the buboes with free discharge has been regarded as a favorable sign. It is not certain whether it is the germ itself that kills, or the poison emitted by the germ, the rapid accumulation of which accounts for the virulence of the disease. Large carbuncles may form on various parts of the body, and these are regarded as a very unfavorable sign.

Why Called "Black Death."

The skin is sometimes covered with livid spots, which become very dark after death. This condition gave rise

and it is difficult to confine them to rule. The virulent form of plague is rapid in action, sometimes destroying life within a few hours, but the milder cases terminate about the fifth day, and many have occurred after the tenth day.

Period of Incubation.

As to the period of incubation of this disease, some uncertainty prevails. It is claimed by some that if one is exposed or becomes infected, the disease develops in from three to six days after infection. It is difficult in any case to say just when the germ entered the body. One may come in contact with sick, and perhaps manifest symptoms of the disease days later, but this does not prove that the period of incubation is ten days. He may have carried the germ under his finger nail or in a fold of his garments at that time.

It is generally conceded that there are several ways in which the germ may be introduced into the body, an abrasion of the skin, through the alimentary canal by inhalation, and through the mucous membrane of nose and mouth.

The exaggerated idea of the contagiousness of the disease held by some of the old writers is thus set at rest. "Every spot which the sick had touched, their breath, their clothes, spread the contagion; and the attendants and friends who were either blind to their danger or heroically despaired of them, fell a sacrifice to their sympathy. Even the eyes of the patient were considered as a source of contagion which had the power of acting at a distance, whether on account of their unwonted lustre or distortion which they always suffer, or whether in conformity with the ancient notion that the sight was a bearer of demoniacal enchantment."

The life of the germ varies with the conditions. In ordinary drinking water it will live three days, in sputum, where the sun does not fall directly upon it, it will live sixteen days. In lint, it will live eight days. Exposure of the bacillus in thin layers to the action of the sunlight destroys it after three or four hours. The germ is killed by an exposure to the temperature of 80 deg. C. for a half hour, and 100 deg. for a few minutes. It is not known whether any degree of cold will kill it.

The bacillus flourishes most in warm, moist conditions, and in filth. If in a dry place it will lie dormant for days, but given moisture and heat it revives immediately. It is not particularly tenacious of life and ordinary disinfectants will destroy it, such as carbolic acid, and even lime and lemon juice.

The bacillus is found in the faeces, in the contents of swollen glands, and in the blood. In beef tea it grows in chains. On potatoes it does not grow at ordinary temperature, and only feebly at 38 deg. C. It is most abundantly at the temperature of the body.

Its Duration.

It is claimed by some that the plague is self-limiting and in support of this the short duration of certain epidemics is cited—that of Calcutta, in 1817, which lasted eighteen weeks, resulting in 5700 deaths; that of Alexandria, in 1835, lasting seventeen weeks with 10,000 deaths; and of Buenos Ayres, in 1871, lasting six weeks with 26,000 deaths. Others point to Bombay as an example, where the plague has now raged with severity for more than six years.

The theory is that the plague is usually carried by mice, rats, beetles, fleas and dogs, and it is stated at times in the existence of an epidemic some of the animals acquire the disease. In certain parts of the disease is known as "rat plague," indicating a tentative infection among these animals.

When infected rats are said to behave strangely with wonderful constancy. During an epidemic, persons in any particular house are stricken, they leave their haunts and seek the interior of the house. They grow careless of the presence of man, and about dazed, with peculiar spasms of their hind legs and are often found on the bedroom floor or on the stairs. So strongly marked has this rat affection been that during the plague in Macao, in 1895, the Chinese and Portuguese left their houses when the rats invaded them.

There is no known racial immunity from the disease. It is fatal alike to Mongolians, Africans and Europeans. Climate and season do not seem to affect it. It is raged in marsh lands, among the mountains, in densely populated cities, in rural districts, on the sands of deserts among the snow and ice of Greenland. Epidemics are followed by prolonged droughts, and have prevailed during rainy seasons.

The Western Hemisphere has up to this time remained noticeably free of this pestilence, but with ever present in the Orient the price of immunity is eternal vigilance, thorough inspection of persons and disinfection of things from infested districts. B. H. H.

SOMETHING.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it,
Let their comfort hide from you
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan
"Ah! the cheerless weather."

If the world's a "vale of tears,"
Smile till rainbows span it,
Breathe the love that life endears—
Clear from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark sorrow's stream,
Blends with hope's bright river!

—[Unidentified]

MADE TWO ENEMIES.

"Which is the mother and which is the daughter?" asked Mr. Baboy, with his most engaging smile, as he introduced to them.

"The old fool!" simultaneously exclaimed two as soon as he had gone.—[Chicago Tribune.]

Germany's War Machine

HARNESSED FOR BATTLE THIRTY YEARS OF PEACE

From a Special Correspondent

BERLIN, Jan. 17.—The great paradox of today is Germany.

Seemingly loving peace, striving for the works of peace, it is the nation whose strongest cause for fearing it as the danger to peace.

Imbued nationally with the love of literature and art, the two preeminent professions; a nation of city builders and a nation of city dwellers, Germany cannot be equalled anywhere on the continent in abstract learning to a degree higher than any other nation. Germany yet loses no opportunity to obtrude the ominous ring of the councils of the world.

This warlike attitude by no means endangers the "military class." The general opinion is as a land that is groaning under the burden, national feeling and patriotism in favor of it. Germany does not feel oppressed by the burden of its military.

For thirty years Germany has been at war with the earnestness and thoroughness that prides itself beyond everything.

It has developed a war machine that is feared by Germans and Britons and Americans and the authorities whose opinion is worth the most efficient in existence.

The history of its war-worn past is not a living reality. It is a living reality.

Wherever a German may turn, in the streets of today and yesterday, monuments and living military heroes, flags and eagles, are part of the routine of private life.

And yet in thirty years—until the Chancellors—the German sailor and soldier did the shadow of active service.

Germany, harnessed for war, bristling with arms and the recollection of that iron and blood that it poured into France, victory that was as terrible in its swift and overwhelming completeness.

While Germany, the most heavily armed nation resting in utter, unbroken peace, has a score of wars, little and big, it has been engaged from the Pacific to the Atlantic all the Asiatic frontiers, in wars of operations.

America has fought bloody war year after year with the Indians, and scarcely having conquered, she found the Spaniard waiting and ready. France has had her fierce wars in Indo-China. Italy had her war in Abyssinia. Greece and Turkey, with her unsettled borders and her combative races, has had so many troops at least a semblance of action, with her European empire staid and few colonies administered almost wholly by force.

Therefore, it is not necessary to consider a belligerent nation to understand why Germany, having handled fighting machines without an opportunity to use them, should still have pitiable gunboats in Venetian waters. These were acts to be traced, not to a patriotic, but to simple human nature.

No one who has lived in Germany can consider this country as an arrogant, could be fighters. The simple, cordial people gives the lie in its every aspect to the notion.

National Pride a Religion.

Neither can one live many months in Germany realizing that the pride in the land's history is a fervid empire religion since the days of the uplifted swords of the Princes and the federation.

The whole country is becoming a museum of monuments. Kaiser Wilhelm stands in a wooded hill. The mighty Sieges of the Victory, in Berlin, gives the traveler a sense of what he may see from one boundary to another.

Saxony, Wurtemberg, Prussia, Hanover and the other kingdoms, principalities and free cities, each one, are one now captious devotion to hero worship.

Halls of fame, memorial edifices of a kind every German vista beautiful and majestic monuments are counted no longer by hundreds. Scarcely an officer or a soldier in all the German wars, from the wars to the final French war, lacks a monument.

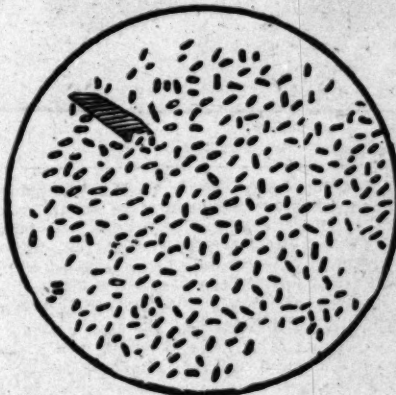
Leipzig is working to make a great hill of it with a forest and crown it with a monument to commemorate the Battle of Leipzig to be declared a nationally holy place of German cities have contributed money.

The town of Goerlitz, on the Neisse, away off in the southeastern corner of the empire, and having a population of only 10,000, has completed a magnificent hall of fame, at a cost of a million of dollars, all contributed by the town.

This truly noble edifice is entitled to



Pus from bubo. Bacillus pestis multiplied 300 diameters.



Bacillus pestis from pure culture, multiplied 1000 diameters.

MAGNIFIED PLAGUE BACILLI.

in India, as late as 1836, from which fact it is sometimes known as the Pali plague. These, however, seem to be in the minority.

The most authentic account of the plague is that of the epidemic of 543, when the disease first recognized in Lower Egypt, extended throughout Europe, and, according to chronicles of the time, to the "ends of the habitable world." It prevailed in active form for a half century, "depopulating towns, turning the country into a desert, and making the habitations of men to become the haunts of wild beasts." Whether this was the first time the plague had been seen in Europe is open to question, but the fact remains that for more than a thousand years it raged in Europe, sometimes with more, sometimes less severity, and numbering its victims by the million.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries bubonic plague seems to have prevailed as an endemic disease in Europe. Scarcely a year passed in these two centuries in which the disease did not reach an alarming stage at some place on the continent.

Terrible Mortality in Europe.

In England the last visitation was in 1665 and is known in history as the Great Plague. It raged in London for thirty-three weeks, and resulted in 68,800 deaths. In the first quarter of the eighteenth century the plague disappeared from Europe without known cause, receding gradually toward the East, whence it came. Marseilles appears to have been the last of the European cities to be visited; in 1720, when in thirty-six weeks 39,000 deaths occurred. During the latter part of the century Europe was threatened many times, but the disease seldom reached farther than Turkey, and the immediately adjacent territory. In that time there were not less than eighteen distinct and severe epidemics in Constantinople, that of 1778 showing a death list of 170,000 in eighteen weeks. Only twice in the nineteenth century did the disease appear in any strength in Europe, but it has at all times remained endemic and epidemic in Asia Minor, Syria and Egypt.

While it has thus been known to the medical fraternity for some thousands of years as a devastating scourge, it remained for an end-of-the-nineteenth-century surgeon to isolate the specific bubonic plague bacillus. Independently, but simultaneously, the discovery of the germ was made by Kitasato, a noted Japanese physician and surgeon, and by Yersin, a Frenchman. Both were sent by their respective govern-

to the term "black death," which was applied to the pandemic of the fourteenth century, when the mortality was placed at not less than twenty-five millions, or about one-fourth the inhabitants of the known world at that time. During the period of the epidemic's greatest violence Cairo is said to have lost from ten to fifteen thousand daily. China alone lost about thirteen millions. India was depopulated. An account of the devastation in Florence, through which city it seems to have entered Europe from the East, is given by Boccaccio: "In the year, then, of the fruitful nativity of our Lord, 1348, there happened at Florence, the fairest city in all Italy, a most terrible plague; which, whether owing to the influence of the planets, or that it was sent from God as a just punishment for our sins, had broken out some years before in the Levant. Between March and July following it is supposed, and made pretty certain, that upward of a hundred thousand souls perished in the city only; whereas, before that calamity, it was not supposed to have contained so many inhabitants. What magnificent dwellings, what noble palaces were then depopulated to the last person! What families extinct! What riches and vast possessions left, and no known heir to inherit! What numbers of both sexes in the prime and vigor of youth, whom in the morning, neither Galen, Hippocrates, nor Aesculapius himself but would have declared in perfect health after dining heartily with their friends here, have supped with their departed friends in the other world!"

The More Fatal Forms.

A more highly fatal form of the disease is known as "pneumonic plague," and this is accompanied by hemorrhages from the lungs. This was a noticeable feature of the pandemic of the sixteenth century. In pneumonic plague the sputum is profuse, watery at first, the blood not appearing as a rule until after twenty-four hours. Pneumonic patches appear in either lung or at any portion.

The third form is known as "septicemic plague," and the severity of the onset is such that the patient resembles one attacked by active poison. Prostration from the first is extreme. Hemorrhages from nose, bowel or kidney are more frequent in this variety, and coma following delirium usually ends in death on the second or third day.

As in all other diseases each individual case of plague is a study in itself. No two are exactly alike,

Germany's War Machine.

HARNESSED FOR BATTLE THROUGH
THIRTY YEARS OF PEACE.

From a Special Correspondent.

BERLIN, Jan. 17.—The great paradox in the world today is Germany.

Seemingly loving peace, striving for ideal results in the works of peace, it is the nation that gives the others strong cause for fearing it as the one possible danger to peace.

Deeply infused nationally with the love and understanding of literature and art, the two preeminently peaceful professions; a nation of city builders and city beautifiers such as cannot be equalled anywhere on the earth; exalting abstract learning to a degree higher than all other nations, Germany yet loses no opportunity, apparently, to obtrude the ominous ring of the sword on the councils of the world.

This warlike attitude by no means emanates only from the "military class." The general idea of Germany as a land that is groaning under militarism is largely incorrect. However fierce partisan cries may be against the burden, national feeling about militarism is patriotically in favor of it.

Germany does not feel oppressed by militarism. It is imbued with it.

For thirty years Germany has been studying the art of war with the earnestness and thoroughness of a nation that prides itself beyond everything else on its thoroughness.

It has developed a war machine that is believed by Germans and Britons and Americans and Russians—all the authorities whose opinion is worth having—to be the most efficient in existence.

The history of its war-worn past is not a dim recollection in Germany. It is a living reality.

Wherever a German may turn in the land, he sees fortresses of today and yesterday, monuments to dead and living military heroes, flags and eagles.

In every town are soldiers. Every home adjusts itself as part of the routine of private life to devoting some of its money and blood to the service of the state.

Thirty Years of Peace.

And yet in thirty years—until the Chinese troubles began—the German sailor and soldier did not see even the shadow of active service.

Germany, harnessed for war, bristling with arms, has had to live on the recollection of that immense flood of iron and blood that it poured into France in 1870—the victory that was as terrible in its swiftness as in its overwhelming completeness.

While Germany, the most heavily armed nation, has been resting in utter, unbroken peace, England has fought a score of wars, little and big. Russia's armies have been engaged from the Pacific to the Black Sea, along all the Asiatic frontiers, in wars and warlike operations.

America has fought bloody war year after year with the Indians, and scarcely having conquered them at last, she found the Spaniard waiting and then the Filipino. France has had her fierce wars in Cochinchina and in Africa. Italy had her war in Abyssinia, and a state-shaking war it was. Greece and Turkey have fought. Even Austria, with her unsettled eastern frontiers and her combative races, has had some chance to give troops at least a semblance of action. But Germany, with her European empire staid and calm, with her few colonies administered almost wholly by civil officers, has lain in inaction.

Therefore, it is not necessary to consider Germany as a belligerent nation to understand why her sea captains, having handled fighting machines all their lives without an opportunity to use them, should pound a little Haytian gunboat to smithereens and sink a couple of still more pitiable gunboats in Venezuelan waters.

These were acts to be traced, not to a national characteristic, but to simple human nature.

No one who has lived in Germany can make the error of considering this country as an arrogant nation of would-be fighters. The simple, cordial social life of the people gives the lie in its every aspect to such a conception.

National Pride a Religion.

Neither can one live many months in Germany without realizing that the pride in the land's greatness has become a fervid empire religion since the splendid day in Versailles when the uplifted swords of German Kings and Princes saluted the federation.

The whole country is becoming a modern Greece of heroic monuments. Kaiser Wilhelm statues rise from every wooded hill. The mighty Sieges Allee, the Lane of Victory, in Berlin, gives the traveler only a foretaste of what he may see from one boundary of the empire to another.

Saxony, Wurtemberg, Prussia, Hanover, Bavaria, and all the other kingdoms, principalities and duchies, once bitter against each other, are one now in at least the rapturous devotion to hero worship.

Halls of fame, memorial edifices of all kinds, make almost every German vista beautiful and impressive. Bismarck monuments are counted no longer by scores, but by hundreds. Scarcely an officer or regiment of distinction in all the German wars, from the wars of the Romans to the final French war, lacks a monument somewhere.

Leipzig is working to make a great hill 200 feet high, plant it with a forest and crown it with a mighty building to commemorate the Battle of Leipzig, in 1813. It is to be declared a nationally holy place, and hundreds of German cities have contributed money toward it.

The town of Goerlitz, on the Neisse, in Prussian Silesia, away off in the southeastern corner of the empire, and having a population of only 60,000, has just completed a magnificent hall of fame, at a cost of a quarter of a million of dollars, all contributed by the citizens.

This truly noble edifice is entitled to rank with the

finest architectural achievements of a land that has the finest public buildings in the world.

It lies on a height at the right shore of the Neisse River, from the shore of which broad flights of stone steps lead to it. The entrance is through a great portal with four stone columns. On the sides of the portal are two great groups of figures, "Peace" and "War." The building is crowned with a golden dome bearing on its summit the imperial crown.

Beautiful reliefs and bronzes ornament this face of the building. The Hall of Fame itself is sixty-three feet high inside. A beautiful marble stairway leads to the niche, in which stands a double statue showing the first two Emperors of United Germany—Wilhelm I and Frederick III.

In the month in which this building was dedicated, a huge statue of Bismarck was unveiled in Goslar, Mannheim unveiled a fine statue of Von Moltke, Munster dedicated a statue of the Prince Bishop Christoph Bernhard von Galen, who conquered Munster in the seventeenth century; Schleswig unveiled a statue of Gen. Karl von Schmidt, the reorganizer of German cavalry, and in Lauenburg a monument was unveiled to Lutzow and Jahn, the heroes of the war of liberation.

It is not possible to open a German illustrated paper, daily, weekly or monthly, without finding the picture of some projected or completed monument of this nature. Nor is it possible to open any of these papers without finding pictures of military subjects. The soldier—officer or private—is the prominent figure.

A Land of Fortresses.

Besides all this, the country still is full of fortresses. Some of them date back to past centuries. Others are so modern as the date when stone forts still were useful.

Big cities have been bound as with an iron band by the fortifications that surround them, preventing any growth. It is only recently that the government has begun the work of demolishing some of the mighty walls and bastions, and razing the deep gates and trenches that hold many of the famous German cities in a medieval frame.

Now Magdeburg, Metz, Strassburg and other fortified cities are to get their chance to expand and spread out into the rich plains around them.

Among the walls that are to go are some historical ones whose history thrills German hearts deeply, as may be learned from the inscription on the stones. Such as these are the walls of Mainz or Mayence, the old city of the Archbishops of Mayence. In the gate of the citadel are corner stones from the ancient Roman walls. The date over this gate is 1660. Another beautiful and impressive gate is the Rhine Gate which is being torn down now. Kastel, too, is to be freed from its belt of forts. With this, there will go the famous gate with its noble columns and its grand sculptured lion, which was built by the Deutsche Bund in 1832.

In and out of the cities, old and new, march the soldiers. Never is there a day without military operations of some kind in Germany. Companies of regiments are out, here in practice marches, there in firing drill. The practice marches are serious. There are casualties. The German officer is not content with mere practice. He feels impelled to harden his men to the conditions of real war as nearly as may be.

Therefore we hear of killings when an artillery battery dashes out to make time to a point that is to be held against an imaginary enemy. We see tremendous charges by cavalry—such fierce charges as the famous one of a few years ago when two bodies of cavalry rode into each other so desperately that the ensuing collision caused heavy loss of life.

Many ingenious and costly contrivances are used to perfect the shooting and fighting qualities of the men. The German army has immensely heavy swinging mannikins now, mounted on rockers. These are charged by infantry with clubbed musket, bayonet and sword and each soldier must down the mannikin engaged by him. As the stability of the things is dishearteningly great, the men learn to thrust and strike with strength and skill that should overpower mere human enemies with ease.

Desperate Artillery Drill.

The artillery has had to fire at wooden figures of mounted men which are drawn rapidly across the field of fire from one masking copse, or other cover, to another. The battery must gallop into position, wheel and deliver its fire during the extremely short interval while the figures are in sight. There is savage rivalry between batteries, and they rush like madmen to get into position and get their shots in.

To test the new infantry rifle 98, as well as the firing abilities of the soldiers, dead horses are suspended on wire cables and whisked swiftly across the plain. The chief object is to perfect the power of a body of infantry to ward off the attack from charging cavalry by shooting it down before it can possible reach the men, even though the mounted force should burst out of ambush and have only a short distance to charge.

This new infantry arm is somewhat larger in caliber than most of the new arms used in European armies, and the Germans believe that they will stop an enemy better than the smaller bullets that may pierce a man without checking his rush.

The German navy has had the 98-model rifles for some time. When the army is supplied completely, the Germans will have the great advantage of requiring only one uniform type of ammunition for small arms for both sea and land service.

The German navy, while not so potent in the daily life of the German people, still shares in the results of the great national spirit. A few years ago the men who chose sea duty to fulfill their obligations to the state were mostly dwellers on the north coast. Now the fleet contains 3000 men who dwelled inland, most of whom never saw the ocean till their time came to enter the military service. A remarkable fact is that out of this number of 3000, the largest proportion, 1700, are from Alsace-Lorraine, the land that was taken from France after the Franco-Prussian war.

Like Real War.

As solemnly in earnest as the land maneuvers are the sea maneuvers of the Germans. This race, whose eth-

nological and historical character is the reverse of reckless, drives its ships with calm contemplation as fiercely in practice evolutions as if the work were being done under fire. In other words, ships appear to be risked with a set, measured, deliberate purpose.

The recent German naval calamities cannot well be explained in any other way, for the German sea officer in navy or merchant marine is as fine and careful a sailor as there is afloat.

But in drill he is a different creature. He drives a torpedo boat in a mock fight as if he were driving it into a mine. He steams through maneuvers with his big battleships as he would in battle where the issue meant the extinction or preservation of the empire.

The naval record shows it.

On September 4, 1901, the German cruiser Wacht was on the port flank of the port column in the fleet maneuver. The speed of the ships was nine knots. The Wacht had to pass between the great Sachsen and Weissenburg. The two big ships were only 900 feet apart, and none of the ships tried to decrease speed. Orders were orders, and they were carried out with the iron nerve that made Sedan and Metz fall. Fine seamanship enabled the Wacht to pass well on her way between the rushing monsters, but at the last moment, just as she cleared, the steering gear failed. The ram of the Sachsen struck her and she went down, bows first, in 150 feet of water.

On May 24, 1902, the battleship Kaiser Wilhelm II, cruising in squadron, rammed the cruiser Amazone and tore open her starboard side to the rail. The Amazone managed to keep afloat till she reached Kiel.

Less than a month afterward, on June 11, 1902, the Kurfuhrst Friedrich Wilhelm was declared out of action during the maneuvers. Obedient to orders from the umpire, she stopped and waited for the big Weissenburg to tow her out of line of battle. The Weissenburg came with a rush, just as she would have had to do had the battle been a real one, and the Kurfuhrst, therefore, in imminent danger of destruction or capture. When the two vessels were separated by only twenty yards of open water, the Weissenburg's steering gear failed and her ram entered the Kurfuhrst, heeling that ship three degrees to port and bending the ram of the Weissenburg.

The magnificent discipline of the ships saved the Kurfuhrst. Even in the moment of collision the watertight doors on board were closed, and both ships were able to return to port for repairs.

The remarkable series of torpedo-boat catastrophes is another instance of the intense seriousness with which the German man-at-arms makes mimic war.

If Germany could provide a safety vent for this military spirit—such openings for minor explosions as Great Britain gives its young fighting men every year—it would be a good thing for the peace of the world.

PAUL GERICK.

IS THE PEANUT KING.

TITLE A VIRGINIAN EARNED FOR HIMSELF BY
SHREWD BUSINESS WAYS.

[New York Commercial:] The humble little peanut has made this man rich and given him a title—the Peanut King. The man was named Pembroke D. Gwaltney. He went away from a corner of Virginia, that gave him birth, to bore spikes from Federal guns captured by Stonewall Jackson. That occupation, however laudable, ended with Lee's surrender at Richmond. Back to the little corner of Virginia, then, came the Confederate armorer to rejoice in a wise and prudent wife. The bundles of "shin plasters" he had received as army pay and sent home she had invested in land. There it was—a fine Virginia farm, to begin with.

Smithfield, Va., of 1500 souls, is on Pagan Creek (but very Christian nevertheless,) a branch of the James River, thirty miles from Norfolk. By the genius of the Peanut King it is the opulent center of a thriving and lucrative industry—the greatest peanut field in the world. The business of growing them was started by Gwaltney soon after the war. He prevailed on all the farmers round about to plant them. Then he built a packing factory and bought their product. A thousand bags a day, cleaned and sorted, is the output of the factory. The income from the business is \$1,000,000 a year. Rivals he has had, but they have not lasted, they didn't know the arts of the peanut business so well. His son, Pembroke, Jr., followed in his father's footsteps, and owns a general store at Smithfield. A story illustrates the old gentlemen's business acumen. Young Pembroke bought several large lots of peanuts one season with the intention of holding them for the usual rise to realize a profit. The rise came slowly that year, the young man was almost discouraged, and his father hearing that he was anxious to sell for fear that he would lose not only profit but principal on the peanuts, bought the stock at the market price and thus relieved the younger man of a great anxiety. Several months afterward Mr. Gwaltney said:

"Pembroke, you made a pretty neat profit on those peanuts you sold to me, I believe?"

"Yes, I sold without loss," said the prudent young man, not knowing what turn the colloquy might take and unwilling to commit himself to a large profit.

"As a matter of curiosity, tell me how you came out?" said the elder man. The young man reluctantly acknowledged, apparently fearing that he might be called on to divide, that he had realized a profit of \$3000. To his great astonishment his father said:

"Pembroke, you are a successful merchant, but I made \$5000 more on that same lot of peanuts."

Smithfield is noted for its export-packed hams as well as for its peanuts, and the controlling genius of the world in the latter product. When Admiral Evans returned from Kiel he said of Emperor William's wonderful general knowledge:

"He knows even the flavor of the Smithfield ham."

For many years before her death the hams that supplied Queen Victoria's table at Windsor Castle were packed at Smithfield. The little town is very proud of its hams, of its peanuts, and of its leading citizen, the Peanut King, whose children and grandchildren, a populous family, are adding to the welfare and wealth of the State.

WV LOMA LINDA HOTEL HILL BEAUTIFUL

Life Span is MORMONISM.
(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.)
BALTIMORE, Feb. 1.—Preaching at the Cathedral on "Christ, the only en-

representatives of the allies will give him a final answer at the earliest possible moment. Meantime exchanges are still in progress between the allied coast from which shellfish, supplied to the markets. The in these cases is due along bad local sewerage. There

A Celestial Angle of Vision.

BY MRS. CHARLES STEWART DAGGETT.
Author of "Mariposilla," "X-Ray Stories," "Chinese Sketches," etc.

ALL had been over for a fortnight, yet until today Esther had not faced the cold facts of her widowhood. During the first sharp hours of grief she had ignored the significance of monthly installments, doled by a rich man to his dying son. Now, for the first time, she understood the penalties of a false position. All her apparent luxury was a mere jest; after cashing a check for her husband's funeral expenses there would be nothing left in the bank. A part of a small life insurance policy would answer for the bills of necessary mourning; but until the company honored her claim she was virtually without income. The expenses of a sumptuous establishment must stop at once. Esther no longer counted on the unwilling bounty of her father-in-law. She told herself proudly that were he to urge a paltry price for her unselfish, widely devoted and arrested bloom, she could not accept the boon begrudged. There was no child to claim the dead son's share. Philip's wife would never beg for it. The thin-souled man who loved money above his honor should not inscribe her name in his column of bad debts and sundry charities.

Esther's married life had been very happy. The little play at luxurious housekeeping had been pretty. Whenever unpleasant dependence pricked domestic felicity she had promptly persuaded herself that things would soon be different. But the inevitable had occurred, and now she was virtually without support. She gazed half bitterly about her perfectly-appointed dining-room. Who would be sitting in her place at breakfast by the end of the year? The answer to the question stung her with pain. Strangers would occupy her home; it must be sold. She gripped the verdict with willing eyes. There was but one solution to the bleak economic problem. For two weeks she had been willfully consuming her small capital. The very egg she tried to swallow choked her. She could no longer thrive on dwindling principal. Present existence was now a sham; her elegance a shame. The row of Minton plates and the exquisite contents of a carved cabinet seemed to second a rational conclusion. From all sides of the richly-paneled room silver and crystal mocked at vain assumption. Esther leaned her head upon her hand and hot tears fell into a Doulton cup of untasted coffee. These solitary meals were a constant trial. As yet she found no pleasure in dainty morsels prepared by her phenomenal Chinese cook. Nurses and maids had been sent away and now only Gam, the faithful, dominated her desolate household. Cheerfully performing the full work of a former retinue, his anxiety for the welfare of his mistress increased daily. When she obstinately refused to revive her downcast spirits with tempting little repasts, thoughtfully prepared and invitingly served, his kindly, inquisitive soul grew sad. Esther saw tacit disappointment after each unlucky meal and did her best to allay chagrin with honest praise of devoted efforts. But this morning the heathen was not to be mollified by artful flattery. His mind was made up; he would make an appeal. A grilled squab and golden muffins lay on the table, unnoticed; his mistress ate nothing—she would soon "be heap sick"—starved by her own foolishness. A deep grunt marked celestial boiling point; then he burst out:

"You not eat, you die—all same you husband."

Dogged conviction possessed him. His amber features took on prospective wrath, but a slender forefinger gently punctuated the harsh decree.

Gam's translation from "heathen abominations" had been rapid; his United States "angle of vision" enlarged with every novel opportunity. The new country was delightful to his elementary ambition, and he strove wildly over causes and effects of republican civilization. That he could not entirely dislodge the picturesque idolatries of generations in no way interfered with his avowed conversion to Christianity. He wished to be abreast of his time, and blandly assimilated the ancient precepts of Confucius with modern city-council ordinances and mission-school chart pictures. If this harvest of ethical seeds produced a crop of tares, poor Gam was hardly to blame. He was totally unconscious of mixed theology as he eagerly quaffed the most popular message on tap. Still, convictions formed through personal observation were perhaps stronger than all others, and he resumed boldly.

"Back China, liddow not have heap good time—these United States more better. You eat—you be all same plitty looker. Not eat—get heap ugly! Most die. You not like go dead? Too young! Old people go dead—no can help. Old people no good; can not get money; can not get fun; just heap lumitism; all same blind. Young people most happy—can get money; can get pleasure. You young, plitty looker. Some day get nudder nice, lich husband—have good life, eat heap dinner."

That no offense was intended, Esther well knew. She understood the amusing characteristic of the Chinese servant; yet a flush suffused her cheeks, and she spoke coldly:

"I shall not die, Gam; don't be alarmed."

"You not eat, you die, same you husband." He placed a plate of toast before her with doglike devotion.

"You cook too much for one person," she said, thinking of her impoverished bank account. "Toast and coffee are sufficient for breakfast."

"You take nice soft-boiled egg, more better—make you heap strong. You cly all time; not eat breakfast, you not look all same plitty—no can catch nice, lich husband."

This was too much. Esther rose, indignant, from the table.

"Don't speak in that way, I will not permit it. I will eat just what I think best and as much as I wish. I know you mean to be kind to me," she added, condoning his innocent impertinence in a rush of recollections.

The thought of Gam's tireless devotion to her husband, his keen desire to furnish the invalid's tray with dainty, nourishing tid-bits, made her gentle; she spoke calmly: "I shall want an early luncheon, and perhaps I ought to tell you that I am going to sell this house. A man and his wife are coming to look at this afternoon. You may show them into the library when they arrive, and be sure that your kitchen is in perfect order—and don't cook onions."

"Why you sell this house?" the undaunted inquisitor persisted.

"I cannot afford to keep it," was the half humble reply. "You sure have plenty money! Just big joke you say that!"

The simplicity of his faith demanded respect, and she explained:

"No, Gam, I have not enough money to live in this expensive place. I am sorry to give up my home, but I must, and I want you to keep everything looking beautiful, so that I may get my full price."

"Heap nice house, plenty room, heap style," he enumerated. "I like much this place. I work here four year; heap high-tone people. I like not to go way."

A sudden inspiration seized him and he dashed from the room to the hall. His mistress with her eyes to where he stood, perplexed, yet beaming, before a framed carbon of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." She had noticed that he had admired the picture, but today as he gazed his amber brow was full of fresh questioning interest. Esther watched him point to the famous group with respectful, heathen enthusiasm. His forehead slowly traced the length of the sacred table, seated with disciples, grave and enigmatic to his elementary conception. Strange notions were brewing in the heathen's brain, and he delayed an instant to collect data, then his countenance brightened, while the forefinger lighted triumphantly on the holy central figure.

"I know; I learn that story all same mission school," he declared proudly. "You see that good Master?" (His mission teacher frequently used the term to simplify her difficult task. "That good Master all same poor—all same like you. You say you bloke all time? That Master have no bed! no home! worse than poor liddow." He stood with palms spread and fingers extended, for eliciting argument. "That good Master He feel velly solly—no one be good to Him—all heap ploud, when He not wear fine coat—all same poor man. One day that Master begin keep blording-house—set long table—all pay money—Master be heap glad!")

Esther shrank back, shocked and hysterical. The innocence of the blasphemy was appalling; she found no words to correct such heresy. His original interpretation checked all power to explain. Doubtless she would succeed no better than the mission-school teacher, and she silently waited for Gam to continue.

"When that good Master keep blording-house He get good health—good bed—wine! All time be happy, heap lich." He faced his mistress in childlike triumph. "You keep blording-house all same that good Master. You get lich people come pay money every week. I cook for you, make lice, cream, lalson pudding, salad, all nice, every day. Len you not sell this house—be lich, all same hotel man."

The suggestion struck Esther with tragic force. Was she not, after all, but another Southern California derelict? Through her hysterical fancy there passed a procession of heavily-veiled widows. Already these women were separate forces in a tourist community. Most of them were wealthy, but nearly all bought, sold and speculated with wantonly, unchecked spirit. Those who had small capital in the beginning of an independent career were now making a comfortable living. For poor Esther the mercenary side of solitary existence loomed forth. Despite her outraged feelings, Gam's long-headed advice appealed to urgent necessity. Why should she not do as well as others of her kind and station? Strenuous desire to fight for independence brought courage to her heart and a rush of color to her cheeks. For the first time since her widowhood she wanted to breathe hard and long in the fresh air. Through an open door she saw the outer world with new interest. California sunshine played on the polished floor of the hall. She crossed the shimmering line and stood on a wide veranda. Esther had not been here for weeks and at first her strength faltered at sight of a familiar reclining chair, piled with cushions. The little table covered with magazines, the last ones her husband had touched, tried her new-found will. This sunny place, softly shaded by rose vines, screened here and there lest a chill should be felt by the invalid, had now become a temple for grief. Esther dared not picture the usurper of her husband's little earthly kingdom. But she had determined to arouse to the facts of her life. With womanly impulse she turned her blurring eyes to the calm, far-reaching range. Bathed in morning freshness the "Mother Mountains" bade her hope. Floating clouds cast amethyst shadows into distant cañons, and as the widow watched the prismatic play of shifting, gladdening sunlight, she was comforted. She did not hear the clatter of horses' hoofs on the driveway. It was too late to regain the house, and she stood still while a man stepped from a carriage and then assisted a lady, who stood before her with outstretched arms. Like herself, the visitor was robed in deep mourning. A tiny white cap in front of the heavily-veiled bonnet proclaimed the truth. Mary, chum of Esther's girlhood, was also a widow. In early grief she had come to this far-away coast, with longing for her friend.

"I did not know—I did not know," cried Esther.

"Nor I," sobbed Mary.

They bound their arms about each other and went into the house, forgetful of the man who followed uncomfortably in the rear. Dr. John Trent felt like an uninvited undertaker. He suddenly wished that he had stayed at the hotel with his sister's merry little children. What a conceited fool he had been; of course, he was not wanted. A bored smile cut between his firm lips as he half regained the open door. The carriage was the best place for him; but just then Esther spoke, and with ignoble longing he turned back. The outstretched hand and trembling apology were all that he asked, for with secret, cutting joy his eyes established the fact of Esther's new freedom. Because he had waited long, with no evil thought for the rival who had beaten him in the race called love, he eagerly told himself that at last his own turn to win had come. Time should make all things clear and honorable. Meanwhile two sorrowing women must be kept from rending their precious souls.

Trent was a true surgeon. He amputated limbs without emotion. The clinic at hand was a different matter. He never flinched, once his patient had taken the anesthetic, but today his nerves were unsustained. He was up against the most trying case of a successful practice. Would they never stop? He was actually taking cold

from their tears. Dr. John pressed the carriage beneath his nose, while he buried a still-born bouquet of freshly-gathered roses. He was sure the bowl had been arranged by Esther, for they stood at writing desk in front of her husband's enshrouded figure. The likeness was a perfect one, and Trent, on the handsome features with humble sorrow. But he was gone now; and, unconscious of Gam's prophecy, he swore devoutly to protect, in due time, widow in deep affliction. Fierce, fresh hope rose from fires of early love, playing sweet tricks with proprieties. Still, when a first ecstasy had passed, a somber fact of Esther's protective weeds began to press him. The vision grew grim as he fancied the long periods of crape, plain black, and violet. It took her three whole years to get out of it. Others of her sex, she became struck on a veil, then? Might not the term of deep grief elongate the sweep of becoming sable draperies? After all, pretty she was in black; how well its simplicity came her. Confinement and grief had lessened bloom, but it would soon return. If only she could stop weeping! It demoralized a most difficult to see her cry. She ought to have a tonic, and Dr. John sighed in spirit for a professional opportunity. He bowed with loyal sorrow, unmindful of the passion of her early flame, lifted a tear-stained face. The vision of treacherous grief was a rebuke; but masculine art the transgressor hid his rising emotion, soundly scolded his sobbing sister.

"You have certainly broken your promise, Mary, agreed to control yourself. You must have kept our brave little man at the hotel. What will be of the plan for his recovery if his mother makes ill with continual crying?" Dr. John's voice grew generous and a sweet professional smile was yet on the case. He loved these two women too well for venal treatment. "For heaven's sake, both of you, be fairly thundered."

Esther, first to speak, shone lovely through her tears. Trent covertly watched her wipe them away; then he came nearer.

"You are right; we are acting foolishly. Let us move on for us both," she said simply. "With Mary there is much left for Mary—for me—"

Such fresh emotion was not reassuring, and Dr. John broke forth in maternal rhapsody.

"Yes, dear Esther, my children are lovely. You see them. I wanted to bring them with us today, nothing short of a coach will hold my family: three nurses, for you see there are really three to be looked after. Esther and Dorothy are always, but little John is an angel. He almost my heart, now that he is unable to run about. His position is perfect; just like his dear father's, the operation on the poor little foot he talks of, but playing in a garden, and we have brought California to gratify his wish. The operation was successful," she went on with composure. "John thinks a year in the open air will make my entirely well."

Esther listened eagerly. "How happy you must be!"

"Indeed, I am," cried Mary. Her eyes shone mother love. "But the suspense during the operation was terrible! I never could have stood the without Brother John. You know it happened Dresden, just after my great sorrow—you can see German surgeons seem so rough. Although the fine I hated to trust them; but, of course, John formed the actual operation." Esther felt the girl's voice. "John doesn't allow me to stop praises, but I think he is entirely too modest," she continued. "He would never tell you, so I will have been invited by Wu Ting Fang to operate at Royal Chinese Hospital—as yet they know nothing there about cutting off legs and arms. When we well settled here he leaves us for the Orient to be a whole year."

"Meantime a nest for my birds seems hard to Dr. John interrupted. Eulogies annoyed him. "I want to leave them in a hotel, and as a rule, boarding-houses do not like babies and their veranda. Could you direct us to some pleasant place?" he was looking for the first time full into Esther's eyes.

A picture of little John lying on the cushions of a reclining chair, two small girls playing just beyond the pretty garden, seemed both natural and human, for a moment the old sweetheart of John Trent's frame no answer. Pride in the professional achievement of a dear friend, and the wish to offer him, he now needed, flushed her cheeks. Yet how could she announce herself almost a pauper, how make her conscious friends understand the falsity of all the parent luxury? As Esther strove for words, the suitor pleaded eagerly before her—this time for sister, not for himself. Something had told him truth. In Esther's burning face he had read all too clearly the widow found it easy to acknowledge her poverty; to proudly humble herself before this man he mutual benefit. Then Esther told the simple truth, dignity was masterful. This man should see the rose above complaint—that she could escape the woe of her sex. Yet she scarcely knew what she said. She tried only to make plain the facts of her situation. When she had finished, Mary also understood. "Will you really take us in?" she cried.

In the hall Esther heard the velvet tread of Gam, flutter of a feather duster proclaimed the heathen's immediate interest in her new boarders. She knew he had caught enough of the conversation to despise, yet it was well that her guests still delayed. A recent compact might have become odious had been treated to her cook's brazen reflections about chopping bowl. While a knife descended on plates and seedless raisins Gam's gleeful chuckle jubilant time to the cadence of labor, then his spirit prophesied afresh:

"I know she keep blording-house all time. I catch nudder lich husband." The man in the taken his fancy; he approved of Dr. John. "She not cook much. I know better. This day I make pudding—fine blorders come to dinner, sure. That say he go back China, cutting off legs—good job cut off legs back China—just heads. That does back these United States, Los Angeles, California stay way one whole year." He grunted knowingly, a cup of sugar into the chopping bowl. "de-li-cious salad! All heap good—that that not go back China cutting off legs—I see!" His angle had widened perceptibly since morning.

And for Esther, as yet dull to inevitable seeking only a means for honest bread and butter, was—but intimations are outside of good form; ling would say, "Another story."

Costly Stage Spec

TWO YEARS SPENT IN PREPARATION FOR A PLAY.

By a Special Contributor.

TWO years consumed in preparation, hours required for its presentation, artisans to lay its foundation—\$200,000 in sparkle and glitter, and \$300,000 expected first performances.

Such, in brief, is the history of an American recently transplanted to America.

Months before its New York premiere, bringing it across the sea, artists were in the dingy old offices of a London play-fog-hung studios of the British metropolitan workshops of Paris. The manager, the historic home of pantomime and the spent weeks in studying color plates, and throwing this one out and ordering the different lines.

When the plans were pronounced good, women found employment on the 1300 of over \$10,000, and as much as the number helped to build and paint ten scenery and to manufacture the propering the months in which expert hands, players and dancers were not idle. En move slowly and with strict attention. English dancer is not so quick to grasp her American sister, but once having she is not to be shaken or confused.

When all this has been accomplished, Night, with its throng of holiday revelers, the past, the American manager appears, surveying the production with a critical eye on its possibilities in his own country. Him are his librettist, his master mechanic and his costumer. Gradually the scatters, the master mechanic and the swallowed in that mysterious realm "behind the scenes" until they have passed up in stage mechanism and have studied the construction. The costumer is lost in tures and colors known as the wardrobe manager and his librettist shut themselves hotel to study the book and the lyrics.

Rebuilt for American Production.

Then, when the American rights are back to New York, and silence on this for months. But under the cover of all graces steadily. The book is first an American thespians, for jokes which don spectators were originally borrowed plays and cannot be retained. The dial be cut, for English humor is too slow and impatient Americans. The lyrics have heard in America. So, by the time librettists finish their work, only the skeleton remains, on which to hang the gorgeous the glittering scenery which comes over. It is in their scenic effects and their the English stage directors eclipse all spend not only lavishly but well, and, expenditure of \$30,000, they have an eye and of such excellence of material and that it will live to dazzle two continents.

In the meantime, the new scenes for American book are being built, and 200 costumes needed for typically American are being made in New York. This work is disposed of when the first English ship under bond, November 1. The second comes a month later, and both are divided.

Resting the Costumes.

The costumes are taken to a big loft theater where 200 men and women, the sized garment factory, are waiting to begin the work of alteration. The scene between the theater, where the production and the studio, where the managers have productions built. The properties go to establishment, where they undergo a prebe described only as Americanization. are regarded as certain fun-makers by ducers of spectacles.

The work in the costuming department is simple, because it moves on steady interruption from the arrival of the important dress rehearsal. The property man and mechanic have more difficult tasks, for which the production is to be made in of attractions until a few days before the means two shifts of workmen, who stantly, night or day, to install the new as it will not interfere with the staging already in possession of the house.

The costumes have been sent over in perfect condition, so the work in the dressing-rooms consists principally in fitting to the new company. The garments are hampers, lined with heavy muslin, accompanied by a schedule which duplicates the stage and ballet master. The costume directors confer, and chorus and ballet go so as to require as little alteration as costumes. The girls are then given alterations are made, and a week or so, rehearsals a final fitting is given. For too, for that matter, in small ante-to the costuming department can be a procession of shapely young women as dressers or wardrobe women. As fast as they are fitted they are packed into the for the transportation to the theater, opened again until the dress rehearsal.

Installing the Scenery a Big Task.

The installation of English scenery in New York playhouse is of itself a big

Costly Stage Spectacle.

TWO YEARS SPENT IN PREPARING FOR A PLAY.

By a Special Contributor.

TWO years consumed in preparation—three short hours required for its presentation. Two thousand artisans to lay its foundation—\$300,000 expended before the first performance.

Such, in brief, is the history of an English spectacle recently transplanted to America.

Months before its New York managers figured on bringing it across the sea, artists were working it out in the dingy old offices of a London playhouse, in the fog-hung studios of the British metropolis, and in the stuffy workshops of Paris. The managing director of the historic home of pantomime and the ballet master spent weeks in studying color plates, sorting, grouping, throwing this one out and ordering that one drawn on different lines.

When the plans were pronounced good, 1400 men and women found employment on the 1200 costumes, costing over \$10,000, and as much as the scenery. Half that number helped to build and paint ten distinct sets of scenery and to manufacture the properties. And during the months in which expert hands wrought, the players and dancers were not idle. English rehearsals move slowly and with strict attention to detail. The English dancer is not so quick to grasp instructions as her American sister, but once having mastered them, she is not to be shaken or confused.

When all this has been accomplished, and Boxing Night, with its throng of holiday revelers is a thing of the past, the American manager appears on the scene, surveying the production with a critical eye and figuring on its possibilities in his own country. Accompanying him are his librettist, his master mechanic, his electrician and his costumer. Gradually the little party scatters, the master mechanic and the electrician to be swallowed in that mysterious realm "behind the scenes," not to emerge until they have passed upon the novelties in stage mechanism and have studied the details of their construction. The costumer is lost in the maze of textures and colors known as the wardrobe-room, and the manager and his librettist shut themselves up in their hotel to study the book and the lyrics.

Rebuilt for American Production.

Then, when the American rights are secured, it is back to New York, and silence on this particular topic for months. But under the cover of silence, work progresses steadily. The book is first rewritten to please American theatergoers, for jokes which tickled the London spectators were originally borrowed from American plays and cannot be retained. The dialogue, too, must be cut, for English humor is too slow a coming to suit impatient Americans. The lyrics have already been heard in America. So, by the time librettist and lyric writers finish their work, only the skeleton of the book remains, on which to hang the gorgeous costumes and the glittering scenery which comes over from England.

It is in their scenic effects and their costumes that the English stage directors eclipse all rivals. They spend not only lavishly but well, and, in return for an expenditure of \$20,000, they have an equipment so solid and of such excellence of material and workmanship that it will live to dazzle two continents.

In the meantime, the new scenes demanded by the American book are being built, and drawings for the 200 costumes needed for typically American specialties are being made in New York. This work is pretty well disposed of when the first English shipment arrives, under bond, November 1. The second installment arrives a month later, and both are divided into three lots.

Refitting the Costumes.

The costumes are taken to a big loft in a Broadway theater where 200 men and women, the force of a good-sized garment factory, are waiting to receive them and begin the work of alteration. The scenery is divided between the theater, where the production is to be made, and the studio, where the managers have their American productions built. The properties go to still another establishment, where they undergo a process which can be described only as Americanization. "Trick props" are regarded as certain fun-makers by American producers of spectacle.

The work in the costuming department is comparatively simple, because it moves on steadily without interruption from the arrival of the importations until the dress rehearsal. The property man and the master mechanic have more difficult tasks, for the theater in which the production is to be made is occupied by other attractions until a few days before the opening. This means two shifts of workmen, who snatch every opportunity, night or day, to install the new scenery so far as it will not interfere with the staging of the attraction already in possession of the house.

The costumes have been sent over from England in perfect condition, so the work in the American costuming-rooms consists principally in fitting the wardrobe to the new company. The garments are shipped in huge hampers, lined with heavy muslin, and are accompanied by a schedule which duplicates the one used by the stage and ballet master. The costumer and the stage directors confer, and chorus and ballet girls are grouped so as to require as little alteration as possible in the costumes. The girls are then given a first fitting, the alterations are made, and a week or so before the dress rehearsal a final fitting is given. For days, and nights, too, for that matter, in small ante-rooms attached to the costuming department can be seen a continual procession of shapely young women and anxious-eyed dressers or wardrobe women. As fast as the costumes are fitted they are packed back into the hampers, ready for the transportation to the theater, and are not opened again until the dress rehearsal.

Installing the Scenery a Big Task.

The installation of English scenery in the ordinary New York playhouse is of itself a big task. America

as yet has no theater built to accommodate the English spectacle, and the cost of making room for scenery alone is an item to stagger people who view the play from the front. For last season's reigning spectacle rock was blasted from under the theater, and a second or sub-cellar was built. This year, the entire scenic investiture is worked from the sides and the fly galleries, which necessitates the use of twenty-four sets of new lines or ropes in dropping the scenery from the lofts. An iron bridge was also erected on the right-hand side of the fly floor, in mid-air, for working the electrical effects, and the electric plant of the theater was reinforced. Forty-eight stage men worked in night and day shifts for six weeks, laying off only matinee and evening performances. During the day rehearsals were held on the stage, but as only stage carpenters can, they dodged round the players, the music of their hammers keeping time to the strains of the overworked pianos.

All of this fitting of scenery is done under the direction of the master mechanic. A cool head and executive ability are as essential to the success of this automatic behind the scenes as is mechanical ability. He must have no more men under him than are absolutely necessary to the staging of the piece, as space is at a premium, and so he must train each man to act promptly and deftly. A moment's hesitation on the part of a man high up in the fly gallery will spoil a situation as surely as the failure of an actor to take up his cue. Once the scenery is installed it is rehearsed until each man works with the regularity and promptness of a piston-rod in a well-oiled engine.

Lilies and Big Shoes of Iron.

The stage men guard not only the success of the piece but the lives of the actors. In a spectacle, the scenery, according to the vernacular of the profession, is practical. That is, the huge lily-pods, or leaves, used in the fern scene are of sheet iron twelve times their natural size, and made to hold one of the players. The Mother Goose shoe holds twenty-four children. Both are stoutly built, but carelessness in their setting would result in dangerous falls for the players.

The property man, after checking off every article consigned to his department, and comparing these with the schedule furnished by the property man at the London theater, makes himself thoroughly familiar with the "props" in the order of the scenes in which they are to be employed. He is responsible for everything carried onto the stage from a rose for the premier in the ballet to the elephant on whose back Fatima makes her entrance.

His system consists of accurately grouping the "props" and training his men in such fashion that each employé knows which article he is to carry on and off the stage. In the newest spectacle the property men handle 3000 articles of various sizes at each performance, and they would consider it a personal disgrace to have a chorus girl ask, "Where is my banner?" They are drilled as carefully as the men who handle the scenery, and so deftly do they manipulate the thousand and one breakable trinkets that an accident is almost unknown.

In a production of this sort, loss and breakage are serious, because many of the "props" cannot be replaced on this side of the water, and the artisans are at their wit's end when called upon to "fake" imitations of the originals. American stage mechanics are masters of trick "props," such as animals, automobiles and flying machines, but trinkets like arms, fans, banners, crowns and pottery peculiar to certain countries, are more accurately reproduced by foreign manufacturers.

Rehearsals in Many Halls.

During the process of perfecting the mechanism of the production, the actors have been selected and rehearsed. In choosing principals for a spectacle, the honors must be divided between men who will make merry and women who will dress the stage. At least two well-advertised beauties are deemed essential, while the number of comedians is limited only by the roles. The masculine members of the chorus are selected solely for their vocal abilities, but the young women are divided into two classes—the workers and the show girls. The latter may have little or no ability as singers, but they must dress the front row and feast the eye by physical charms when arranged in groups. The workers are the singers and dancers, of whom less pulchritude is demanded. The show girls try the soul of the practical stage manager, and he swears by the little girl with sharp features who has to be padded to fill a costume, but who never fails to lead her line whither it should go.

Rehearsals of the 300 actors go on simultaneously in as many halls as the management can command. The ballet master has one large stage, the director of ensemble specialties another, the director who makes a specialty of rag-time numbers a third, and the principals have a smaller hall all to themselves. Each director has his assistants, varying in number from three to five, and several pianists. The work is practically unceasing—for the director, for while groups and rows are drilled separately, the director never rests. His assistants are useful principally in keeping order and in drilling what might be termed the awkward squad.

Rehearsals begin at 10 o'clock in the morning, and, with an hour's recess at noon, last until 5:30 o'clock. Whenever a hall can be secured for the evening, they are resumed at 7 o'clock, the director making his announcement in the afternoon, something after this fashion:

"The 'butterflies' meet me at 7 o'clock at Lyric Hall; the 'moths' at 7:45. All of you report at 8:15."

It is nearly midnight when the word of dismissal comes.

Rehearsals Most Businesslike.

The amount of energy expended in one of these preliminary rehearsals is marvelous to behold. The director in his shirt sleeves, or, if the weather is cold, in a sweater, takes the center of the stage and holds it with unflinching limbs and an iron-clad voice all through the day and evening. One hears much of the exhausted, heavy-eyed young women who are undergoing the drilling process, but any one who penetrates the darkened theater during a rehearsal will stumble over young women in short skirts, knickerbockers, shirt waists,

dressings jackets and every form of negligee imaginable, practicing as if life depended upon it. These young women have been dismissed temporarily by the director for rest, but so long as they are within reach of the music, they are in motion. Instead of sighs and complaints, one hears exclamations which betray their indomitable determination to win out. There is no hint now of glittering footlights and flashing spangles, no impetus of applause, but they work with unflinching zeal.

A rehearsal is a most businesslike proceeding. There is no system of fines. Few regulations exist. Every actor knows that lack of attention, tardiness, or frequent absence means a curt dismissal. There is no court of inquiry, and no apologies are accepted. If a girl wants to hold her place she shows this in actions, which mean more to the manager than recommendations or press notices.

The children are rehearsed with the rest of the ballet. For them a matron is provided, who watches over them when they are waiting for rehearsals, and accompanies them from their own hall to the large theater for the ensemble rehearsals.

An Investment of \$200,000.

Ensemble rehearsals are not held until each section of the chorus has been thoroughly drilled by its director. For instance, the chorus of a certain rag-time specialty was rehearsed separately for six weeks before the principals joined in the work. When at last each section is ready for a full rehearsal, they fit together like clockwork, and each group or chorus is so perfectly trained that it is not confused by those who come before or after.

The dress rehearsal is the occasion which tries the soul of every participant, from managers to humblest stage hand. The preceding rehearsals may have been almost perfect, but small defects will crop out at the dress rehearsal until every man, woman and child is fairly on edge with nervousness. This rehearsal frequently lasts until the early morning hours, when the company is dismissed to sleep during the day, reporting in time to dress for the opening performance at night.

As for the managers, the stage directors, and the ballet master, there is neither rest nor sleep for them until the verdict of the public is heard. An investment of \$200,000 is practically at the mercy of the few hundred who gather to see the curtain roll up the first time of the imported spectacle.

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NEW FLYING MACHINE.

BELIEF THAT INVENTOR OF THE TELEPHONE WILL GIVE MEN WINGS.

[Cincinnati Enquirer:] Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, who has, it is believed, solved the problem of aerial navigation, is busy at his home perfecting the machine which is to revolutionize the knowledge of the world on that fascinating subject. One of the main objections to the success of flying machines of the ordinary kind was pointed out some time ago by Rear-Admiral Melville, Chief of the Bureau of Steam Engineering of the Navy. He held that until a solid machine capable of resisting upper air currents could be invented the science of aerial navigation would be in its swaddling clothes.

Prof. Langley's flying machine, which was tested near Otteranto, on the Potomac, some years ago, is not believed to have overcome this difficulty. Any storm of violence would smash the wide and sweeping aeroplanes which balanced his machine. The opinion of experts here is decidedly that something of world-wide importance is to be expected from the Bell machine, which the professor at present calls an experimental kite. The scientific men in Washington are much interested in the stories which have been printed about the Bell machine, but that is as far as they have gone. Prof. Bell has taken no one into his confidence, except his secretary, John Henry Zable, who was with the professor at Cape Breton and assisted in launching the experimental kite.

The professor's studio is just now one of the most interesting places in Washington. There he has an unlimited supply of kite paper, balls of twine, twine racks, and parts of models on the shelves and the tables. Prof. Bell and his secretary were photographed there yesterday, but the professor would not permit himself to be interviewed.

It is said there are two problems in the kite-flying stage of this wonderful invention. One is to construct a solid kite which will rise from the earth automatically, and the other is to give direction in the air to a kite which can rise only by an air current attached to a string, just as it has been flown from time immemorial by all boys. It is predicted here that Prof. Bell will be able to announce the solution of both problems.

The practical test of Prof. Bell's machine will consist of his proof to the world that a solid machine in the form of his present paper machine, with a man as a passenger, will sustain itself and be dirigible by a little engine, which will drive it through any stress of storm, just as a torpedo-boat destroyer gets through the roughest water.

It is believed here that Prof. Bell has called the machine a kite for the simple reason that for the present his machine is held to earth by a string, and that he has really only to try the invention by some daring aeronaut, who will take charge on a solid kite after the string is cut. Prof. Bell's statement is taken with reservations by some people, as it is quite usual that scientific people do not tell what they know until they are able to prove what they say.

HIS PENALTY.

"Would you call stealing a kiss larceny?" queried the inexperienced young man.

"I suppose so," replied the married man, who was hustling from dawn to dusk to support his family.

"What is the penalty?"

"Why, I stole a kiss one time, and was sentenced to hard labor for life."—[Philadelphia Record.]

The Mishaps of Sallie.

THE "DEUS EX MACHINA" AND
WHAT CAME OF HIM.

By a Special Contributor.

SALLIE is one of those lucky people to whom something is continually happening—and generally something peculiar. When I add that she considers herself very unfortunate in this respect, you will agree that it is not only her desire to be exactly like other girls that makes her different from them.

The first time I met Miss Sallie Matherston was at a little dinner at the Weldons last month. She came with a suitor, rustling in just ahead of me, late as usual, with that indefinable air of having had something exciting happen to her, that most of the Weldons' guests knew so well; and that I, too, know now.

Of course, I had heard of her often enough, and her adventures, and had, indeed, just missed meeting her innumerable times.

When she came, Mrs. Weldon hurried toward her, calling out in that high, clear voice of hers, "My dear, what has happened now?"

Sallie, with a quick glance about her, took in the general air of expectancy, hesitated a moment, and said, with a somewhat belated surprise, "Oh, am I late?"

Everybody smiled. Miss Matherston grew pink. Then Mrs. Weldon, with impatient good-nature, cut in cheerfully, "Of course you are; but never mind—tell us what it was this time?"

We crowded around Sallie—of course, I called her Miss Matherston then—and Mrs. Weldon laid a persuasive hand on her arm.

Sallie gazed at us a moment, with suppressed disconcertedness lingering behind her honest eyes. "Why, you see," she said, as we all leaned forward to catch what we were sure was to be something extraordinary in the way of an explanation, coming, as it did, from her. "You see," she stammered, with growing embarrassment at our expectant smiles, then finished desperately, yet with only a slight tinge of indignant discomposure at our amused certainty of something ridiculous. "Why, you see, I missed the way!"

She finished calmly, and for a second there was a silence. Then they broke—they shouted, Sallie, as Weldon hilariously explained to me, had lived within a block of them for nearly ten years. "Come over and meet her," he said, and added, cheerfully, "You can't beat Sallie!"

In the midst of the confusion, Mrs. Weldon, who had only waited to let us hear Sallie's story, paired us off. She maneuvered me toward Sallie, whispering, with what, to my indignation, seemed an inhospitable lack of pity for Miss Matherston's blushes, "Perhaps you can get it out of her!"

At dinner Sallie was silent and abstracted—a circumstance I hardly resented, for her conversation could hardly be more charming than her downcast profile, with its little pathetic curves about the drooping mouth and eyes. And, besides, I had an adventure of my own to contemplate. So I waited patiently enough.

In the midst of the slight confusion incident to the removal of the fish, and the simultaneous opening of an animated discussion of the Blakesley woman's debut at the Orpheum, Sallie, shifting her dessert spoons nervously, turned to me.

"I couldn't tell them, you know," she said without lifting her eyes from the table, but with a little smile around the corners of her lips.

"No? Why not?" I asked, uncompromisingly and rudely.

"Could I?" Sallie murmured, lifting her eyes. "Why, I—well, perhaps not," doubtfully. Then, with Sallie's eyes appealing to me, "It would have been absurd," I finished, decidedly.

Sallie was grateful. "You see how it is," she said, still rather dejectedly. "Oh, yes, indeed."

"It was too ridiculous. I would have been a fool to tell." But the prospect of not telling seemed to please her, for she smiled as she went on, firmly, "I shall tell no one; certainly not a perfect stranger!"

"Of course not." I was abashed, till I caught Weldon smiling from me to Sallie, and turned just in time to catch the answering gleam in Sallie's eyes. There's something queer about Sallie's eyes—something—well, rather encouraging; not exactly encouraging, either; because, when you look again, you see that she's laughing at you. Yet one doesn't seem to mind.

"Well," I said, with fatuous wisdom, "these things happen to everybody, you know."

"Oh, do they?" Sallie wondered.

"Certainly," I maintained stoutly. "Why, I remember making a fool of myself once!"

Sallie's brown eyes opened their widest. "Oh," she said, with soft appreciation, "I wish I had a memory like that!" For a moment she struggled with a laugh, but it was too much for her, and we smiled together.

"You mean by telling about it?" she bubbled.

"No at all," I replied in diplomatic amazement; "not at all—by not telling about it."

Plainly, Sallie was pleased.

"Of course, if it hadn't been so perfectly absurd—"

We were getting to the dessert by this time, and she abandoned the subject a moment. Suddenly, however, turning to me, she said, under cover of the flirtation, being waged on her other side, "Do you think it shows?"

"What?" I said feebly; but, before she quite caught it, added firmly, "Assuredly not; not in the least."

"Not even here?" And Sallie touched the hair just over her left temple, with a slim brown finger, and waited anxiously for my decision.

Her hair was crinkled out in a way that was even more captivating than the smooth waves I knew so

well later. I thought it distinctly to be admired, and said as much.

By this time I was beginning to suffer the pangs of a decidedly strong curiosity. But I could think of no way to satisfy it.

Just here I have a confession to make.

I have always held that, when people are bound to discover a thing, sooner or later, anyway, it is just as well to get the credit of confiding in them in the beginning; so, humiliating as the avowal is, I must acknowledge that I am something of an ass. My only excuse is, that it is inherited from my father, a worthy but feeble-minded old person, whose most characteristic act was the investment of his entire fortune in land bordering, and I am convinced, really a part of the Mojave Desert, all on the specious assurance of a religiously-inclined real-estate agent—who has since become a millionaire and abandoned his church for his automobile—that, as soon as water could be developed, the entire locality would blossom like the Rose of the Valley and the Lily of Sharon, or words to that effect.

Still, a fellow has the consolation that when he knows he is an ass, it is sometimes possible to keep other people from a like knowledge. And, besides, when you confess a thing like that, there is always the chance that people will think it an amusing bluff—unless they are sharp, and see that you are telling the truth.

Of course, if I hadn't been such an ass, I would have thought of innumerable clever ways to get the story out of Sallie. As it was, I languidly sipped my small black in the gloomy conviction that I would think of hundreds of ways by morning—one has always that consolation. I did think of them, too. I'd put them in here, but nobody would believe I thought of them on the spot—and anybody can supply second-day wit.

However, just then a bit of conversation on my other side reached us.

"What did you say to them?" Chauncey Vhost was inquiring of the girl next to me.

Sallie, who had been speaking to the man on her other side, thought it was I who had spoken, and turned to me questioningly, "I beg pardon?"

"What?" I repeated insinuatingly, with an inspiration that nothing less than the combination of Weldon's wines and Sallie's perversity would have kindled in me; "what did you say to them?"

Sallie wrinkled her forehead a moment, gazing into her cup. "Them?" she repeated, curiously. Suddenly her face cleared, and she began to smile. "Why, nothing. How could I? It wouldn't have happened if they had been at home."

"To be sure not," I said hastily; "I forgot."

Sallie looked at me closely for an instant. "You're so sympathetic," she murmured. "I'm sure you'd agree with me that I couldn't tell them"—she glanced around the table—"the whole story."

"Not a doubt about it; you might tell me and try." I spoke in an off-hand manner as I could.

"We—ell," Sallie began hesitatingly; and then, as Mrs. Weldon gave the signal to rise, and a general break-up followed, she glanced at the others and began to laugh. "Well, I will," and she swept out of the door, smiling.

After the Weldons' sensible custom, we only stopped in the dining-room for a cigar or cigarette. We stood grouped about the sideboard, and everyone seemed amused; but I didn't quite catch the drift of their jokes, for I was wondering if she would be in the balcony or the garden. They are both sequestered spots. I don't know how I knew that she would be in one of them, instead of the house, or on the veranda, but I did.

Sometimes I think I am not such an ass, after all. I have a theory that my mother was a woman of sense—the only weak point in it is that she was fool enough to marry my father; and that is more than outweighed by the fact that she had the good sense to slip away to another world, after enduring him for a long two years or less. I suppose her sorrow at leaving her only child was mitigated by the reflection that if he took after his father he would find plenty of other fools to take care of him, and if he didn't, he could take care of himself. I'm afraid she didn't count on a mixture.

But about Sallie. Did I say she was in the garden? There's a great old bench down there among the eucalypti, so hedged in by enormous heliotrope and laurestinus bushes that nobody who isn't perfectly familiar with the Weldon garden, can find it.

Under the auspices of the maternal side, I strolled that way; and there was Sallie, not a bit surprised, but actually drawing aside her dress to make room for me.

"Oh, do light your cigarette—I can always talk better in the presence of a cigarette," she began as I sat down. She waited to see me safely started, and then went on quickly.

"You see, I was coming with Luke Arnold—you know Luke, don't you? No? How funny! He's that big, handsome man who sat just opposite us at table."

"Well, all the rest of the family were going out, too, this evening, so mother told Anne and the cook that they could have an evening off. By the time I was dressed, they had all gone; so I was alone in the house. I was passing the time at the piano till Luke should come for me, and got up to get another song, when my dress caught on one of the brass things on the front of the music stand and, before I could unfasten it, the whole miserable seam had ripped. It was too much trouble to go upstairs for a needle, and pins would show through the net, so I ran out to the cook's little house in the back yard, and began sewing it up on her machine."

"It was nearly dark, but I didn't want to take time to light the lamp—there was no electricity in the cook's room—and besides, the machine is just in front of a window; so I decided to hurry through before it got any darker."

"I had to bend over the machine to see the stitches, as it grew darker and darker, but at last I had finished, and started to jump up. The wrench at my head nearly jerked it off."

"For a moment I was horribly frightened; then I put my hand where it had pulled, and, after fumbling about

a little, I managed to make out that my hair was caught in one of the screws at the top of the machine. "I would have laughed if that pull hadn't been such a fearful headache. But after I had tried to entangle it for what seemed hours, I realized it was no joke."

"You see, bending over so far, I had caught several places, and as I sewed it had grown so tight that I couldn't lift my head to see where it was. And even if I could have done that, it was so dark it wouldn't have helped, anyway."

"To add to my woes there wasn't a soul within the house. After a long time, I heard a far-away ring at the front doorbell, and realized that Luke must be home for me, out in front; he rang several times just as everything was still—I suppose he was trying to get the bell rang for a long time, and finally gave up entirely. Of course, I was trying to make him out this time, but he was too far away. I called out again, but my voice was smothered by my hair, and a soul answered."

"It was horrible; but ridiculous, too. I think a little, and I'm sure I laughed a great deal. I myself that someone would be home by ten, at latest, and that, anyway, I was so used to having happen to me that this was a mere mere—but it didn't seem to be much of a consolation. It all well enough to say, but it hardly consoled me as pitch dark and I was alone in a strange place. Sallie paused, shivering a little."

"Just as I was growing desperate, a distant slammed. Thinking there might be someone in the house behind ours, I called again. No answer. After a tremendous scrambling, a step toward the house."

"Where are you?" a voice called. I recognized a man's voice, and called out how to get to the Presently, after some fumbling about, the unknown lighting innumerable matches, found the door opened it."

"What has happened?" and the man started another match. From something in his voice, my manner of speaking, I realized the stranger a gentleman. For a moment I was glad. Then it came to me that he might be some one I knew, although voice was unfamiliar. But fancy being seen by a you knew even slightly, or might come to know your hair all wound up in a machine!"

"Not long enough!" I said, idiotically, but rightly ignored me, and continued:

"Just as the match began to flare up, I decided didn't want to be seen, so, with a sort of mad dash, I bent over the poor bewildered man, in an agonizing to put it out, talking as much like our old German as I could. I felt like a fool the moment I had a but it was too late to go back then, so I explained strong Teutonic accent, that, in my struggles myself, I had knocked over a bottle of kerosene, match might make it explode. The man, who was out the match at my first word, said nothing. He was wondering why there was no odor of the sense, but he didn't have much time to wonder, explained the case in such a heart-rending wail, I stumbled over toward me, and, with a good deal of terity, I must admit—for a man—had me disengage almost before I knew he had begun. I suppose reason he was so quick was because he didn't unfasten the hair, but just took out the screw, ripped the stray strands loose. Oh, it was fearful. "I say, was it as bad as that? I'm awfully sorry. What an ass!" were my genuinely sympathetic, somewhat inadequate comments.

"I was so worn out that I don't remember what I even thanked him, as I hurried out of the place was awfully nice, especially to such an exiled Fran, and kept asking if there wasn't something I could do, till I was nearly crazy. You see, I was already late for the Weldons' and would be rushing desperately. Finally, after trying all my maneuvers to get me into the light where he could see me, he left, reluctantly."

"I tore into the house, tidied my hair and hurried over alone. I met Luke coming back, and he explained after dinner. I could not tell him then; I was too tired for any more exertion and he never believes my stories, anyway. But would have said there was no necessity to be so terrible with my tale about the lamp and all. Of course, I shouldn't say it—but he never does anything but or illogical himself, and it makes him dreadfully sympathetic."

Sallie's voice quivered, and her hand, hanging over her dark dress, trembled so that the huge diamond on her finger flashed and gleamed in the moonlight on the wall.

"And besides," she went on quickly, "he's so—just then a foot crunched on the gravel, and I stepped between the heliotrope into the moonlight. I give you my word, it was exactly like a match. I began to get a glimpse of the sort of excitement which, as a friend of Sallie's, I was already a reluctant but interested party."

"Oh," Sallie gasped, more startled than astonished, "Luke!"

For a moment there was silence, broken only by the fall of the cigar that Arnold, with an inconspicuous melodramatic gesture, cast heavily into the bushes. Then Sallie said pleasantly: "I was just telling you how I happened to be so late."

"Ah," said Arnold coldly: "One wonders why didn't tell me first, or—his solemn dignity was impressive, but a little ridiculous, too—'or, indeed, especially after putting the rest of us off with so false an explanation, why you should tell him now."

As he glanced toward me, I saw that the man was in a terrible rage; he seemed one of those stolid ones who will stand any amount of baiting with perfect nature, and then, at some trivial remark or glance, get into a tremendous fury. Perhaps inside had said some little thing that set him off. As he finished his absurd speech, I could almost see Sallie stiffen with indignation in her place, and ping my cigarette over the back of the bench, I

and laid, as unconcerned as I could, my dear fellow, I was distinctly of Matherston's little adventure, and—

"Concerned?" Arnold repeated, he ward the shadow into which Sallie

"Certainly!"—I felt that suavity was weapon I could employ—"certainly; time to be of assistance to her in a position." A repressed giggle came. "Perhaps you will explain what means?" he said, acidly, for he too

"Well—if you would rather have it ton," with genial reluctance.

We waited for Sallie to speak, but nothing, though I felt her eyes upon me, sure you don't mind hearing it twice a little at sea.

"That story is exactly what I want piled."

"Very well," she spoke easily as voice came a little strangely from give you the whole story, then." A tell it just as she had told it to me, low, pretty voice, on her terror in manner and expression that visibly

She was very dramatic, but as she for breath, Arnold threw back his

"But where does he come in?" he unimpressed.

"Why," I answered for Sallie, "I back fence!" Sallie leaned forward, no interruption.

"As you surmise," I observed airily, friendly stare, "I heard Miss Matherston slight obstacle of a whitewashed fence come."

"In your dress suit?" said Arnold, thing it didn't leave any marks," he

"My dear fellow, it did. But I have to possess a clothes brush."

"I think it shows on your shoes," at them, doubtfully; which, needless an effort of the imagination. I hate out with messy shoes."

"Go on," Arnold put in coldly.

"Well, then, after being guided to Matherston's calls, I was able, after tempts, to extricate her. Unfortunate darkness prevented my recognizing for"—just then Sallie coughed, and what she had said about her fiancé

dramatic as represented by the incense and the German accent, so finish efforts to find the electric light were matches were all gone."

"Lamp, I believe!" observed Arnold. "Ah, well, whatever it was," I pe

"Of course, I didn't see it, so I can't be what kind of light it was; and then, what kind of my mentality irritated him to have your memory for tidies."

"But to make a long story short, being released, departed with hurried was obliged to make my way over back of theirs, where I am staying, brushing up, rush over here; arriving triumphantly, 'as you saw, just bel Matherston."

No one spoke for awhile; then Arnold, "Miss Matherston seems to give of her fondness for the romantic,"

exclamation of resentment, started mold gave her no opportunity. "As he went on, glancing from the three

he's hair to the one in my coat, "of Did I mention that Sallie had been low roses when she came?"

Almost before he had finished, she in excitement. "This, for example,"

alonely. And she thrust into my bright moonlight, revealed itself to as the great diamond solitaire she ha

"Give it to him!" she commanded, as I stared at her in amazement.

"Yes, give it to me." And Arnold with that same theatric gesture of

So suddenly had our little comedy it was with some bewilderment I tur

starting to give her the ring, observed probably prefer to take it from her.

finds, urged by Arnold's hand stre

neath mine, and the compelling glan

angry eyes, as well as by a certain

sire to get the thing over, I dropped

old's palm.

He took it, and, with a dignified "G

toward the opening in the heliotrope

moment was gone, the bushes spring

We stood in silence for a little.

At last Sallie, turning to me, sa

always like that; I think—Luke!" al

There was no reply.

Sallie dropped her voice to a sort

per, that, cool as I had been up to

to the blood to my cheeks and a chokin

"Luke!" she called again.

Of a sudden there was a quick step

side. The bushes parted, and Arno

light.

"Well?" he said, coldly.

Sallie hesitated a second. "Luke,

gry with me. It wasn't only this, y

thinking of it a long time, and ha

ask you to release me; but, then—

perhaps I would grow fonder of you

used to each other, and learn to

about the things we differed about.

Intolerant and frivolous ever to ma

the most sensible thing is to let it

engagement was a mistake from the

least, let's not quarrel now that we

and Sallie held out her hand.

At first Arnold made no motion,

Johnny: I couldn't wipe my feet without taking off my shoes, could I? (Baxter Transcript)

W **LOMA LINDA HOTEL HILL BEAUTIFUL**
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Stories of the Firing Line. :: Stories of Animals.



Mrs. Fremont's Benevolent Ruse.

WILLIAM C. LYON of Xenia, Ohio, former captain of the Twenty-third Volunteer Infantry, in a personal letter to a friend in this city relates as follows an incident recalled by the recent death, in this city, of Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont:

In the early spring of 1862, I, then a sergeant with fifteen men, was sent as a guard with 150 prisoners of war, to Wheeling, where we, after a long and tedious trip, turned them over to the proper authorities. Then, reporting to Gen. Fremont, we conceived the idea of getting a short furlough that would enable us to visit our homes and friends in Ohio. Making our wishes known in person to the general, we were informed by him that he had but recently received an order from the War Department, prohibiting the granting of furloughs or leave of absence, so that it was impossible for him to accede to our request. His estimable wife, who was dearly loved by all the members of the army that knew her, was sitting in an adjoining room, and hearing the request and its outcome, came into the general's office, full of smiles and womanly tenderness. Shaking hands with each of us, she asked of our command and of our homes, and how long we had been at the front, inspiring each with love and confidence by her ease and lovely interest in the affairs of the country and its army as well as in our little squad of unknown and obscure soldiers. After a few moments of encouragement and womanly effort at making us feel at ease, she turned to her distinguished husband with the remark: "These men have earned the right to a visit with their friends at home, and it seems to me you can provide a way for permitting them that well-earned pleasure." The general reflected for a moment, and replied that he could not see any way for granting our request, when she quickly responded: "Send them home for thirty days, on special duty, as recruiting agents." This was considered for a moment only, when the answer came, "I can do that." Thus, as a result of her intercession, the way was made clear for our trip home. This was but a small thing, as the world goes, but to us tired and worn boys who had been marching in all kinds of weather and over all kinds of roads and by-paths for nearly a year, often going months without word from home, because of the want of mail facilities, it was an event never to be forgotten. It endeared her and her very able and patriotic husband to each of us, and when the news came to me of her death, it touched my heart and sent me back in life's changing vicissitudes to the occurrence of that unselfish, Christian womanly act.

A Bluff Old General.

LIEUT. T. J. ELLISON tells two anecdotes of Gen. Lloyd Wheaton which show that bluff old soldier in a characteristic light.

Ellison had been sent by Gen. Lawton from Tayug to San Fabian to get commissary stock from Gen. Wheaton, who commanded a separate brigade there and had sea communication with Manila. He describes his meeting Gen. Wheaton, the general in his clean, neat khaki contrasting sharply with Ellison's blue shirt and mud-covered riding breeches and leggings. The general, after receiving his report, looked him over and inquired: "What is your rank, sir?"

The black mud and slime of Filipino roads had obliterated every mark of uniform. That same evening a staff officer hunted Ellison up with a message that Gen. Wheaton wanted to see him, and when he reached headquarters the general proceeded to "try him out." Thus Lieut. Ellison tells the story:

"I knocked and, hearing a voice say, 'Come in,' I entered to find myself in the general's room. Saluting, I inquired, 'You sent for me, sir?'"

"Yes," was the reply, "I wanted to ask you how many rations you would need."

"My orders from the general, sir, were to bring as many as I could carry, and I think 15,000 would be all my wagons can stand," was my answer.

"The general looked at me a moment and said: 'I will tell you something. The Third Cavalry will be ordered in here tomorrow, and not having to supply them may change your plans.'"

"I replied: 'No, sir, I think not; my orders were explicit.'"

"Oh, yes, of course, but I thought you might have some discretion in the matter."

"Not with Gen. Lawton, sir."

"With his sharp glance came the characteristic 'Huh?'"

"Huh? Yes, very good. Will you have a cigar, sir?"

"A week or so later, just after a night fight on the road, I met Gen. Wheaton with his escort, and after a few questions he demanded in his sharp way:

"What is that smoke, sir, back on your road?"

"It was neck or nothing, sir. I answered: 'That is a village I set fire to this morning.'"

"Why did you do that, sir?"

"Well, general, I camped there last night, and this morning the niggers shot me up for a couple of hours; so I caught what people I could who lived there and told them that I was going to burn their town as a warning that Americans were to go along this road as they pleased. I knew they must have known the insurgents were there, even if they were not in the attack themselves."

"He looked at me for a moment, and said: 'Huh, huh, you had no right to do that, you know—you had no right to do that.' Then after a pause, 'But I think I should have done it if I had been in your place. Good morning, sir.'—[From Ellison's "Recollections of the Philippines."]

Night at a Military Post.

AS DUSK comes on happy children romp on the lawns "down the line," along the drive floats silvery and deep-toned laughter accompanied by the clatter of

horses' hoofs and the ring of spurred heels on stone walks. But Trooper Smith tries not to hear such sounds. It is a world not open to him. The Chinese wall of rank is an impossible barrier between him and the "West Point aristocracy." He is treated by his officers as though contact were contamination, and his American soul fills with bitterness at the tyranny of army "discipline." He therefore bets the drinks with his "bunkies" on the outcome of the Sunday baseball match between rival troop teams, or gossips about a recent row in "Mike's place"—one of the typical, parasitic dens in the near-by town that reaps a monthly harvest of soldiers' squanderings of their \$13 pay. He listens to the click of billiard balls in the barracks poolroom; he tells the corporal he wishes to h—l he were tramping around downtown—

"Attention!"

Trooper Smith springs to his feet and stands rigid at attention with the other enlisted men on the guardhouse porch. An officer is passing. Sentry No. 1 presents his piece and, as the salute is acknowledged by the officer, resumes his march.

At half-past 9 as "Tattoo" (lights out) is blown, Trooper Smith is marching from the guardhouse with a "relief party," and he is sauntering to and fro along a solitary beat himself when "Call to Quarters" and a few minutes later "Taps" are sounded—11 o'clock, and all men not then to be found in quarters or on pass or duty are absent without leave and subject to military punishment.

"Five months and thirteen days more," mutters Trooper Smith as he changes his carbine to the other shoulder and looks toward the arc of light where the belated moon is rising,—"and a breakfast!"—[World's Work.]

Pat's Happy Answer.

AN IRISH soldier was crossing a barrack square with a pail in which he was going to get some water.

A sergeant, passing at the time, noticed that Pat had a very disreputable-looking pair of trousers on, and, wishing to make a report, stopped the man and asked:

"Where are you going?"

"To get some water."

"What! In those trousers?"

"No, sergeant; in the pail!"—[Canadian Military Gazette.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

Dog With a Long Memory.

TOMMY RYAN, whose mother runs a sailors' boarding-house in Front street, not far from Scammell, made his peace yesterday with Jim. The crowd in Muller's saloon, at Monroe and Jackson streets, all had a Christmas drink on the strength of it.

Jim, as far as outward appearances go, is only an ordinary black-and-tan terrier, with nothing particularly striking in his countenance except a pair of sleepy eyelids over a pair of very wide-awake eyes. You can find him blinking almost any time of day in front of Muller's saloon.

Jim's strong point is a long memory. There is a certain policeman in the Madison-street precinct who kicked Jim off a barrel one day last June, and that policeman had to have his post changed two days later because Jim's taste suddenly ran to blue trousers with stripes.

Then a tramp who was ordered away from Muller's lunch counter thought he'd take his revenge out of Jim's hide as he passed to the street. Jim didn't stop at the hobo's trousers; he went straight to the fellow's throat, and put in a new high-water mark.

"Guess he was a little extra mad that time," said O'Halloran, the bartender, "because the bum got inside. He's such a knowin' mutt he usually spots 'em a block away an lays for their shins."

Then Tommy Ryan got into trouble with Jim. He ought to have known better, because every other youngster in the neighborhood had learned that it was best to be a friend of the dog.

Tommy, however, took a playful kick at Jim one day, and after that the dog waited for him. One of Tommy's daily duties is to go to a bakery in Jackson street, a block from the saloon, to get bread for his mother's boarders. The first day he kicked Jim, the dog chased him home and he had to make a detour by way of Corleaux street to reach the bakery safely.

The next day the dog saw him go into the bakery and waited outside. Tommy got out the back way and escaped. The next day Tommy got by his enemy unseen by riding on a truck, but when he tried that again the dog spotted him and followed the truck clear over to East Broadway. Tommy had to walk an extra half mile to get back.

Tommy then changed his shirt. It was a brilliant red and white affair, but the dog recognized him at first glance just the same, although nobody else in the block did. That happened to be wash day, and on Tuesday Tommy had his shirt on again. He also went to Mrs. Dorlon, who sells papers and toys near his home, and bought a mask with a long nose.

With this he boldly walked past Muller's saloon, but on the other side of the street. Jim didn't pay much attention to him, and the other day Tommy got reckless and walked on the saloon side of the street. When he came by Jim sniffed, got up leisurely and took one good smell at Tommy's legs. Then he went back and sat down.

"De kid t'inks dat false mug's foolin' Jim," said O'Halloran, the bartender, to the crowd that had gathered there every day to see whether Tommy got by safely. "But just wait till tomorrow; the little mutt is just a t'inkin' it out now how he's goin' to punish him."

Jim wagged his appreciation.

Tommy came by as boldly as ever the next afternoon. Jim was waiting for him. The crowd was, too.

Tommy had just passed the saloon when a black and tan streak shot through the air and brought up at the seat of Tommy's knee breeches. The seat came out of the dog's teeth. Then he dashed after the fleeing Tommy. The right leg, or the most of it, came next. The dog made a grab for what was left of the trousers just as Tommy reached the bakery door and got him with a nip out of Tommy's leg.

They sent for Tommy's mother and his extra pair of breeches. Yesterday Tommy thought it was time to make peace and took Jim a big leg of turkey. Jim accepted it in the holiday spirit of peace and good will.—[New York Sun.]

The Buck Took a Row.

DEER in extremity will sometimes do strange things. Not long ago Anton Lesale, with a companion, was in a birch canoe on a pool in one of the upper reaches of the Wisconsin River. They had been looking for cedar poles and were floating idly.

They heard the noise of dogs in the woods and supposed that some Indians from the Flambeau reservation were chasing deer. The Chippewa uses deer dogs in spite of the State law, since he lives on a United States reservation, and skips back to it when in danger of arrest.

Five minutes after the men heard the barks a big buck appeared on the bank of the stream. It passed for a moment and showed that it was in the last stage of exhaustion. Then it fell, rather than jumped, in, though it saw the men plainly.

It struck out for the opposite shore, though able only to keep its nostrils above water, and as the boat was in its way came directly toward it.

A birch canoe is a ticklish thing. Anton was excitedly afraid that the deer would strike and overturn it, since it showed no disposition to go aside, so instead of dipping his paddle and sending the craft out of harm's way he seized a slender pole lying in the bottom and struck at the buck.

The deer, evidently fearing that it would drown—knowing that it would drown—before it could cross grasped the pole instantly with its teeth and hung on. Anton jerked the pole a couple of times, and though he pulled the animal's nose under did not break its hold.

The canoe was rocking dangerously, and his companion, grabbing a paddle, began to work the craft toward the bank. The deer held on to its end and Anton held to his, and so the trio made their way strangely and slowly.

The deer did not struggle once it was permitted to retain its grip, and was towed along. When shallow water was reached it dropped the pole and started for shore.

It was so weak that it fell on the edge of the water, but managed to scramble to its feet and the next instant disappeared into the woods at a walk. The men had no weapon and would not have killed it, anyhow.

A minute or two later three of the gaunt wolf-like dogs of the Indians appeared. They had been running hard, but were game for twenty miles more. They saw the white men, wheeled and darted back into the underbrush.—[New York Tribune.]

Dog's Devotion to a Dog.

A STORY of the devotion of a small, black retriever for his big St. Bernard companion came curiously to light the other night in the experience of Flagman Smith of the New York Central road, at the Spuyten Duyvil crossing, where he is stationed. Both dogs jumped out of the baggage-car door of the Montreal express, as the long train rushed by the crossing at 6:00 o'clock, the St. Bernard taking the leap first and promptly followed by the other. Smith saw them fall upon the tracks and roll over and over. He attempted to reach them, but a Croton local south bound struck the animals, tossing them several feet, and when Smith finally got to them the St. Bernard was dead.

As he bent over the body of the St. Bernard, however, the retriever dragged itself painfully up and made as if to attack him, snapping so viciously that Smith was obliged to beat it off in order to remove the body of the larger dog from the tracks. He dragged the St. Bernard to a neighboring stable and then notified the police. When he returned the retriever was again on guard, and, in spite of its own injuries, fought as best it might to protect the body of its companion. For a second time the retriever was beaten off, and then captured and taken with the body of the St. Bernard to the Kings Bridge Police Station, where once more, after its own hurts were dressed, the retriever assumed the role of defender, and was still keeping vigil over the big dog's body when the officers left it for the night.

Both animals were pronounced to be valuable, and were licensed in New York, their numbers being 2275 of 1902 for the St. Bernard, and 2275 of 1902 for the retriever.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

She Called the Babies.

CAT had had several times been deprived of her kittens had a litter of them in my aunt's barn. Cries could be heard from some quarter, but the kittens could not be found.

Between their mother and the family cat was a feed of long standing; and for this reason my uncle and the maid used to drive the mother away. My aunt never did so.

Pussy learned, at length, to make for the door when she heard footsteps, and also to look behind her. If she saw my aunt's face she turned back.

One day auntie said to her, "Old cat, where do you keep your kittens? I haven't seen them yet." Immediately she went to the woodpile and called, and out came all the babies for inspection.—[Our Dumb Animals.]

Good Short Stories

BRIEF ANECDOTES GATHERED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES

Compiled for The Times

Schwab was Forgetful.

THE publication of the salary list of the United States Steel Company reveals the fact that the Mr. Schwab amounts to \$100,000 a year. It has long been the opinion of the public that Mr. Schwab was \$1,000,000 per annum. Nevertheless, it is Schwab has actually received \$1,000,000 full story has never been published. One of the most interesting tales connected with the history of the United States Steel Company.

About a year before the formation of the United States Steel Company, when Mr. Schwab was president of the Carnegie Steel Company, a German steel firm, Schwab \$500,000 per annum if he would accept the position. Mr. Schwab went to Mr. Carnegie and was very fond of Mr. Schwab, personally him very highly as an official. After a long time Mr. Carnegie offered to pay Mr. Schwab \$1,000,000 per annum to retain the position in Carnegie's contract for five years. Mr. Schwab accepted the offer, but magnanimous tract.

When Mr. Morgan purchased Carnegie's steel company, he formed the United States Steel Company. He tried to find an item for \$1,000,000 per annum on the Carnegie company books. He neglected to him and expostulated. Mr. Schwab's circumstances.

"But," said Mr. Morgan, "we can't do that. It would be a howl—and justifiably. We would be consolidating. It won't do."

Mr. Schwab was called to conference with Mr. Morgan, and was offered full facts of the case, and was offered \$1,000,000 per annum. Mr. Morgan outlined the terms of the company. He dwelt upon the undertaking, the prospects for the future of the line of steel manufacturing, and upon the magnificent destiny of the company, that became the president of such a company was long and earnest. Mr. Schwab mentioned the promise of Mr. Carnegie to raise the figures offered. Finally he said:

"Mr. Morgan, I accept your offer at \$1,000,000 per annum. Later, in conversation with Mr. Carnegie, he said that the latter gentleman was so fond of Mr. Carnegie affectionately congratulated him that he had displayed—and incidentally that he, Mr. Carnegie, would send him for the \$1,000,000 per annum for the period originally agreed upon between them."

In the end, Mr. Schwab agreed to \$1,000,000. A few days later he received a check for \$3,000,000. He was puzzled. He year's salary before, and he expected for \$4,000,000. However, he thanked the letter and determined to wait until before he asked what had caused the 1,000,000. They met a month later.

"What did I do wrong to be fined the 1,000,000?"

Mr. Schwab.

"You ungrateful boy!" exclaimed Mr. Morgan. "You remember that you borrowed \$200,000 a month ago?"

Mr. Schwab had forgotten it entirely.

The Thief and the Bell.

CLARENCE H. MACKAY, the president of the Cable Company, has a ready but objects heartily to speech-making. He attended on one occasion a supper given by some American young men were giving and at this supper the rule was laid down that no one should speak unless he was asked to do so.

But when it came to Mr. Mackay's turn to be excused. He had, he said, no story to tell. He would excuse me," murmured the young man.

"Oh, yes, we'll excuse you," said the young man. "You must in lieu of a story, drink the drink that we will now mix."

A terrible drink was then prepared—gin, absinthe, sugar and hot water, together in a brandy glass that held a quart. The young man could not swallow it," he said, "a story, after all," and he was excused.

"Once there was a thief who hid in the service, filled his pockets with and wrapped about his waist the gold of the clergy. But while he was at work all the doors, so that when he came there was no way of exit."

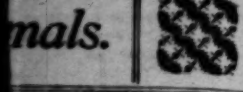
"Finally, he ascended to the bell to dangled down from there, and the thief leaping on it, proceeded to slide to the floor, setting up a tremendous racket. He looked up at it in disgust—sir, much as I now look at you," said the chairman—and exclaimed:

"If it wasn't for your long tongue I should never have gotten into this position."

The Idiot's Reply.

AT THE recent dinner of the American Society, Evelyn Baldwin, the leader of the party, told a story of his boyhood, Mo.

"Every Thursday evening," Mr. Baldwin said, "the children of the town of Springfield gathered in the school room of the church, and had a party."



imals.
by an ever the next afternoon.
The crowd was, too.
The saloon when a black and
the air and brought up at the
eaten. The seat came out in
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the most of it, came next,
what was left of the trousers
the bakery door and got it—
the leg.
another and his extra pair of
any thought it was time to
big leg of turkey. Jim ac-
of peace and good will.—

sometimes do strange things.
sage, with a companion, was
in one of the upper reaches
they had been looking for ce-
lily.
logs in the woods and sup-
from the Flambeau reserva-
the Chippewa uses deer dogs
since he lives on a United
back to it when in danger

then heard the barks a big
of the stream. It passed
that it was in the last stage
t, rather than jumped, in-
ely.

ite shore, though able only
er, and as the boat was in
d it.

thing. Aston was excit-
ould strike and overturn it,
on to go aside, so instead
ing the craft out of harm's
lying in the bottom and

that it would drown—or
—before it could cross
with its teeth and hung on
e of times, and though he
did not break its hold,
angerously, and his com-
man to work the craft to-
d on to its end and Anton
made their way strangely.

since it was permitted to
ed along. When shallow
the pole and started for

on the edge of the water,
its feet and the next in-
eds at a walk. The men
have killed it, anyhow.

of the gaunt wolf-like
They had been running
y miles more. They saw
orted back into the under-

a small, black retriever
companion came curiously
experience of Flagman
al road, at the Spuyten
stationed. Both dogs
er door of the Montreal
t by the crossing at 6:50
ng the leap first and
r. Smith saw them fall
and over. He attempted
al south bound struck
al feet, and when Smith
ard was dead.

the St. Bernard, however,
fully up and made as if
iously that Smith was
to remove the body of
a. He dragged the St.
e and then notified the
retriever was again on
injuries, fought as best
its companion. For a
aten off, and then cap-
of the St. Bernard to
where once more, after
retriever assumed the
keeping vigil over the
left it for the night.

ed to be valuable, and
nd numbers being 2276
d 2275 of 1902 for the

been deprived of her
my aunt's barn. Cries
but the kittens could

family cat was a feud
reason my uncle and
ther away. My aunt

ks for the door when
look behind her. If
ld back.

ld cat, where do you
een them yet." Im-
ple and called, and
on.—[Our Dumb An-

Good Short Stories.

BRIEF ANECDOTES GATHERED FROM
VARIOUS SOURCES.

Compiled for The Times.

Schwab was Forgetful.

THE publication of the salary list of United States Steel reveals the fact that the salary of President Schwab amounts to \$100,000 per annum. It has long been the opinion of the public that the salary of Mr. Schwab was \$1,000,000 per annum. The salary list disproves this. Nevertheless, it is a fact that Mr. Schwab has actually received \$1,000,000 per annum. The full story has never been published. It is possibly one of the most interesting tales connected with the formation of United States Steel.

About a year before the formation of United States Steel, when Mr. Schwab was president of the Carnegie Steel Company, a German steel firm offered to Mr. Schwab \$500,000 per annum if he would take the presidency. Mr. Schwab went to Mr. Carnegie. The latter was very fond of Mr. Schwab, personally, and also valued him very highly as an official. After a good deal of talk, Mr. Carnegie offered to pay Mr. Schwab \$1,000,000 per annum to retain the position in Carnegie Steel, and to sign a contract for five years. Mr. Schwab accepted the offer of the salary, but magnanimously refused the contract.

When Mr. Morgan purchased Carnegie Steel and formed the United States Steel Company he was electrified to find an item for \$1,000,000 per annum's salary on the Carnegie company books. He called Mr. Carnegie to him and expostulated. Mr. Carnegie told him the circumstances.

"But," said Mr. Morgan, "we can't do that. There would be a howl—and justifiably. We intend to economize by consolidation. It won't do."

Mr. Schwab was called to conference, was told the full facts of the case, and was offered the presidency of the United States Steel Company at a salary of \$100,000 per annum. Mr. Morgan outlined to him the intentions of the company. He dwelt upon the greatness of the undertaking, the prospects for world domination in the line of steel manufacturing, and dwelt in particular upon the magnificent destiny of the man, whoever he was, that became the president of such a company. The discussion was long and earnest. Mr. Schwab made no mention of the promise of Mr. Carnegie, and made no attempt to raise the figures offered by Mr. Morgan. Finally he said:

"Mr. Morgan, I accept your offer at the salary named."

Later, in conversation with Mr. Carnegie, he discovered that the latter gentleman was proud of him. Mr. Carnegie affectionately congratulated him upon the spirit he had displayed—and incidentally informed him that he, Mr. Carnegie, would send him a check in full for the \$1,000,000 per annum for the period of five years originally agreed upon between them!

In the end, Mr. Schwab agreed to accept this money. A few days later he received a check from Mr. Carnegie for \$1,000,000. He was puzzled. He had received one year's salary before, and he expected the check to be for \$1,000,000. However, he thanked Mr. Carnegie by letter and determined to wait until they came together before he asked what had caused the shortage of \$200,000. They met a month later.

"What did I do wrong to be fined that \$200,000?" asked Mr. Schwab.

"You ungrateful boy!" exclaimed Mr. Carnegie. "Don't you remember that you borrowed \$200,000 from me four months ago?"

Mr. Schwab had forgotten it entirely! C. M. K.

The Thief and the Bell.

CLARENCE H. MACKAY, the president of the new Pacific Cable Company, has a ready flow of language, but objects heartily to speech-making.

He attended on one occasion a supper in Paris that some American young men were giving after the theater, and at this supper the rule was laid down that everybody must tell a story.

But when it came to Mr. Mackay's turn, he asked to be excused. He had, he said, no story to tell. "I hope you will excuse me," murmured the young man.

"Oh, yes, we'll excuse you," said the chairman, "but on one condition. You must in lieu of telling a story, drink the drink that we will now mix for you."

A terrible drink was then prepared—champagne, beer, gin, absinthe, sugar and hot water, all shaken up together in a brandy glass that held over a pint. Of course, the young man could not swallow this. "I'll tell you," he said, "a story, after all," and he began:

"Once there was a thief who hid in a church after the service, filled his pockets with the silver goblets, and wrapped about his waist the golden vestments of the clergy. But while he was at work, the sexton locked all the doors, so that when he came to go, he found there was no way of exit.

"Finally, he ascended to the bell tower. A long rope dangled down from there, and the thoughtless fellow, leaping on it, proceeded to slide to the ground. But immediately the bell, setting up a tremendous clangor, brought hundreds hurrying to the church; whereupon the thief looked up at it in disgust—looked at the bell, sir, much as I now look at you," said Mr. Mackay to the chairman—and exclaimed:

"If it wasn't for your long tongue and empty head, I should never have gotten into this awkward position." E. K.

The Idiot's Reply.

AT THE recent dinner of the Arctic Club in New York, Evelyn Baldwin, the leader of the Ziegler expedition, told a story of his boyhood days in Springfield, Mo.

"Every Thursday evening," Mr. Baldwin said, "all the children of the town of Springfield gathered in the Sunday-school room of the church, and heard there a very

dry sort of religious lecture—the product of John Sparge, a local preacher.

"We youngsters used to fall asleep during the lecture. Sparge's voice was so monotonous and low, and in nothing that he said could we feel interested.

"One night we nearly all fell asleep. Actually I believe that only one of the forty children in the building was awake, and that one was an idiot child, Willie Patton, who always sat on the front bench.

"Mr. Sparge looked at us and awakened us sharply. Then he rebuked us.

"How strange," he said, "that you should all sleep while this poor idiot up here on the front bench keeps awake and attentive."

"Willie Patton, you could see, didn't like his infirmity to be alluded to in that open way. He spoke up and said in a squeaking and indignant voice:

"Well, Mr. Sparge, I guess I'd have been asleep, too, if I hadn't been an idiot." E. K.

Surrendered to a Girl.

WHEN J. J. Hill was in New York a little time ago he was interviewed by a young lady, who wanted to know things. Mr. Hill was sitting in his inside office when his secretary came in to tell him that a lady wanted to see him. Mr. Hill immediately thought of the numerous ladies with missions of various kinds that had come to see him at various times, and he pleaded that he was very busy.

"It's a young lady, Mr. Hill," said the secretary, smiling, "and she is very pretty, too."

The secretary knew Mr. Hill.

"Show her in, but tell her I'm very busy," said the railroad king.

She came in. She was a dainty little girl with fair hair and the clearest blue eyes in the world. She took the seat Mr. Hill offered her, at the other side of his big table. She took off her gloves and laid them down on the table.

"I wanted to see you," said she, "about yourself. I'm a writer for (she named a prominent magazine,) and I want a personal sketch of you."

Mr. Hill gasped. He does not love personal sketches. He is, as he says, much more at home at a farmers' picnic in the Palouse than in a magazine. However, the girl was very pretty, and she looked very anxious while he debated with himself, so he yielded to the girl—not to the magazine.

"You ask questions, and I'll answer them," he said.

"I want to know where you got this great idea of yours about economizing room in railroad trains. They tell me you make more on a trainload than any one else. What made you think of that idea of always having the cars full?"

To say that James J. Hill was surprised to have a railroad question of that kind fired at him by a vision in blue serge is putting it mildly. He expected to talk about his private life.

"Well, I don't know—guess I just saw that they were wasting space—that's all. It's natural enough, isn't it?" he said.

"Oh, but some little thing must have suggested it. Didn't you see a wagon going down the street half full, and figure out how much more the owner would make if it was full—or something like that?" said the girl. "It would make a nice little story."

Mr. Hill looked at the girl. He smiled. Then he threw out his hands in mute surrender.

"You go ahead and write the story yourself," he said. "You can do it much better than I can."

That explains the most recent sketch of Mr. Hill. C. M. K.

She Thought He Was God.

PASADENA has a little three-year-old, who promises to accomplish something in the line of thought if her power of logical reasoning grows with her growth—at present her conclusions are somewhat startling.

Her parents are devout Catholics, and the little one has been carefully taught that the church is the house of God, that He is really present, can hear and see all she does, and will be displeased with noise or irreverence.

The teaching has borne ample fruit, and, in church, the little one is a model of decorum. But who can penetrate the mind of a child? The surprise came last week when the little girl, returning from a drive with some friends, rushed into her mother's room, exclaiming delightedly:

"Oh, mamma, God came out of his house and gave me a book."

And there was the book—a child's prayer-book, daintily bound and illustrated—what more could be asked for by the most sceptical in proof of an apparition?

A few questions brought out the fact that Father F—, having been the principal figure in the church services which the child had attended, she had concluded that he was the owner of all the beautiful things—the God of whom she was to stand in such awe.

The parents are now wondering if their little daughter's night and morning prayers have been addressed to a mind picture of Father F—, and speculating as to what form she is giving the "Pure Spirit that cannot be seen by bodily eyes." V. L. B.

Pat's Perilous Job.

"ME PROFISSION," said old Pat, the last of Moreland's paper pickers, as he stooped to light his pipe at the postoffice this morning, "requires a man t' have an eye loike a chicken hawk an' t' be as fleet av fut as a wather snake. As me frind, th' artist, in th' church byant, said t' me th' other day, 'Pat, avick, it takes a dom good man t' be a paper picker in a high wind.'"

"An' that's pwhat I say, b' crips. Y' musht have th' speed av a banshee an' eyes as schnappy as th' divvil's. Phwen Moreland appointed me he felt av me thighs an' ligs an' then he axed me if I could shtrand on the dock down byant an' distinguish a red coat across th' river in Windsor. Av course I cud, an' did, an' thin I got th' job as paper picker f'r th' boourd av wurruks.

"But it's the divvil's own job, so it is, an' I'm run down t' shkin an' bones tryin' t' hould it down f'r th'

winter. On Foort shtrreet th' other day Moreland ken, along an' he spied a piece av paper on th' throlley wire. 'Go afther it,' said he. Th' paper was bechune th' two poles an' I said t' Moreland, 'Divvil th' know I know how t' get it.'"

"Then Moreland said, 'Go up th' pole like a shquirl an' then get howit av th' wire loike a thrapese performer, an' go hand over hand t' th' paper, an' when you ralch it take it in your teeth, loike a dog, an' shake it loose.'"

"Then I ups an' tells Moreland that th' wire was full av illictricity an' that I wud sooner have me life than th' job, although it's a dang good job. An' as th' artist said, 'Pat, don't monkey wid illictricity, f'r it biteth like a sarpain an' stingeth like an adder.' So I tells Moreland pwhat th' artist said, an' Moreland said that th' artist was a dang fool, f'r illictricity wud have no effect pwhatever on a Kerry man.

"Phwispur, I'm asfered that I'm goin' t' lose me job, f'r it has come t' be known that th' job was jist a campaign job, an' all they wanted av me was to vote. But it is a foine job while it lasts an' it has pit me in good condition for a proize foighter. Feel av me ligs an' thighs an' yez'll find them as hard as th' divvil's horns. Now I'm goin' over t' see me frind, th' artist, an' get him t' find me another job."—[Detroit News.

Back to His Old Self.

DURING the first year of the Western Catholic Summer School, at Madison, Wis., a group of congenial spirits used to gather on the veranda of the Park Hotel after the last lecture of the day, and spend a pleasant two hours in story telling. The late Bishop Watterson was one of the group; and he recited the following story:

There was a German in our town who, by a lucky investment, became suddenly enormously rich, and desired to get into high society. He had noticed that a number of the bonton affected the cult of theosophy, and he thought that he might be able to break through the social upper crust if he were to become a theosophist. Unfortunately, however, he was entirely ignorant of even the proper name of the faith he desired to profess; so he applied for information to his family physician.

"Tector," he said, "what is dot new relichun I hears off about India? My wife has got it fery bad, und I don'd understand it."

"Tell me the name," said the doctor. "Is it Moham-medanism, Buddhism, Shintoism, Tauism, Confucianism, or what?"

"No, it is no isms; but der name is like a tramp's migrashun of der soul, and it?"

"Oh, you doubtless mean transmigration of the soul?"

"Yah, dot's it. Youst tell me about dot."

"Certainly. Transmigration of the soul is a very pretty poetic doctrine of the metempsychosis, which our friends of the Theosophical Society have borrowed from the Far East—"

"Here, here, tector, tell me vot dot means, so I can understand what you was talkin about."

"All right, I will tell you in plain language. Take yourself, for instance. You live to the allotted age of three-score years and ten, and then you pass away. Your soul goes into the body of a bird, a canary, we'll say, and from your gilded cage you fill a lady's boudoir with melody, living a life of luxury and fed from the dainty fingers of beauty—"

"Oh, dot is beautiful, beautiful. I like dot."

"And then you die again and your soul goes into a lovely flower garden, and you fill the air with fragrance, and delight the eye with your exquisite color and delicacy of petals—"

"Ah, dot is fine! I like dot relichun."

"As I was saying when you interrupted me, you live the life of a flower, until one day a donkey gets into the garden, and, attracted by your loveliness, he eats you, and your soul passes into the donkey—"

"Yah, yah."

"When some former acquaintance comes along, strokes your long ears, and says: 'Why, Stauss, is it you! How little you have changed!'"—[Catholic Telegraph.

The Joke Was on Papa.

IT WAS a serious moment in the family. Helen Jennings was in tears and tried to speak, but her father stopped her with a sad gesture. Mrs. Jennings wiped her glasses and prepared to read a letter that she had just found in Helen's pocket. To think that their Helen, who had but recently celebrated her seventeenth birthday; their Helen, who was so sweet and good and straightforward, should have a letter like this!

Mrs. Jennings read, in a trembling voice:

"Angel of my existence—"

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Jennings. "What sensible man would dream of addressing a young girl in that idiotic manner? But go on, my dear."

"Existence spelt with an 'a,' too," said Mrs. Jennings.

"Really, the idiot can't even spell!" exclaimed the justly indignant father. "But let us hear the next."

"It is impossible for me to describe the joy with which your presence has filled me."

"What does he try to describe it for, then, the igno-ramus? But don't let me interrupt you," groaned Mr. Jennings.

"I think of you constantly, and I bitterly condemn your father, the obstinate, unfeeling, purse-proud old party, who will, no doubt, withhold his consent to our union."

"Old party! Obstinate, unfeeling, purse-proud! And I have been the kindest of fathers. When I see this young man, I will—the man that could pen those words—but go on, my dear."

"Theodore, there is some mistake; I did not see this overleaf till now," murmured Mrs. Jennings, softly.

"Eh? Let me see. Hem!"

"Yours, with all the love of my heart, Theodore.—May 10, 1865."

"Why, bless my soul, it's one of my own letters!"

"Yes, papa," said Helm, drying her tears and taking advantage of the pause that at least gave her an opportunity to speak. "I found it in one of the trunks just now, and I was going to explain, only you would not let me say a word."—[Tit-Bits.

LOMA LINDA HOTEL

LIFE THEN IS MORMONISM.

representatives of the allies will give him a final answer at the earliest possible moment. Meantime exchanges are still in progress between the allied

Money Out of Air.

HOW THE ATMOSPHERE IS CONVERTED INTO WEALTH.

From London Answers.

THAT the air we breathe has any commercial value is a speculation that probably does not occur to many people. Yet all the three main constituents of the atmosphere, when separated and condensed, have a market value. Oxygen gas, which is the life-sustaining part of the mixture, is at present worth nearly a shilling a cubic foot. It is used in the oxygen-blow-pipe flame, for restoring asphyxiated patients, and for a variety of commercial purposes.

The second constituent of the air, nitrogen, is in itself rather a dead kind of gas, but is most valuable as a base for the production of nitric acid. From nitric acid can be manufactured all those compounds which form the most valuable plant fertilizers, as well as the various high explosives. Carbonic-acid gas, which is also present in the air, has many commercial uses. All aerated waters are charged with carbonic acid. It is used, too, for charging those shells made for fire extinguishing, and for many other purposes. In a liquid form, its value is between threepence and four pence a pound.

Prof. Raoul Pictet of Geneva has recently patented a process for dividing up air into its prime constituents by physical instead of chemical means. This will mean that oxygen will become so cheap that it will be laid on to every house like gas, and used for improving the atmosphere of crowded rooms, or mixed with water gas—for lighting and heating purposes.

There is no need, however, to take air to pieces in order to make use of it. Simply by compressing ordinary atmospheric air it can be made to do most things that steam will do, and many others besides. So long ago as 1853 a pneumatic dispatch tube was laid between the central station of the International Telegraph Company and the Stock Exchange. This was worked by one engine of six-horse power.

Today the postoffice has in London eighty-one different tubes, with an aggregate length of thirty-four miles, between forty-six different stations. Four engines, each of 150-horse power, are needed to work these tubes. Almost every one of the great cities of the world has tens of thousands of pounds invested in air-driven underground carriers, and great speeds are obtained. At Philadelphia the average time occupied by a carrier in traversing one tube a mile is eighty-five seconds. The largest of these pneumatic tubes is about eight inches in diameter. The cartridges used in them convey 600 letters at a time.

For tunnel boring, compressed air is far superior to any other form of power, even electricity. The plant can be driven by engines outside the tunnel, and the compressed air is conveyed by tubes to the drills at the rock face. The work is done quickly and economically, and the air, released, after having done its work, performs the useful office of improving the atmosphere for the workers in the tunnel.

Railways would find it difficult to get on without the use of compressed air. Boring plates of steel in the locomotive works is almost everywhere accomplished by the use of compressed air machines. The Great Eastern works at Stratford have a complete outfit of pneumatic borers. Up-to-date signaling entirely depends on the use of air. The London and Southwestern have partially adopted the pneumatic signaling system. The points and signals are moved by compressed air, conveyed underground in pipes, and soon wires will be no more seen. The saving of time, labor, space and capital is enormous. The Southwestern is beginning to install the system at Basingstoke, and will gradually extend it over the rest of its line.

For cleaning, dusting, and sweeping purposes compressed air far exceeds any broom or duster ever made. For carpets and cushions it is particularly useful. A pipe flattened at the end to the shape of a spade is used, and air, rushing with great force through the narrow slit, carries off every particle of dust. One man can do the work of three armed with brooms, while there is an equally immense saving in wear and tear, for air, of course, does not destroy a fabric as bristles do. Clothes and uniforms are also brushed in the same fashion.

Another industry in which air is ousting bristles is that of painting. Very soon the paint brush will disappear before the paint-spraying machine. For covering large surfaces the economy effected by the paint spray is almost miraculous. By way of a test of what was possible, a man using a compressed air painter recently covered 46,000 square feet of surface with an even coat of paint in six hours and a half! A smaller fountain air brush has been made for the use of artists. The patent for this latter machine fetched over £3000.

At the Agricultural Hall, Islington, there was recently shown a pneumatic milking machine. The apparatus works by means of pulsators, and effects a saving of more than 50 per cent. of time and labor, besides insuring that the milk shall be fresh and uncontaminated. The cows soon get used to it, and prefer the machine to the hand method.

For the ringing of heavy bells and of chimes, no power has been found to surpass compressed air. At the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, in Paris, which was finished in the year 1878, is an orchestral chime, said to be the largest in the world. There are forty-four bells in the set, and, until a compressed air plant was installed, it was found impossible to ring them successfully. One man plays them now as easily as if they were an organ. A keyboard is beneath his hand, and when he presses a key, an electric trigger opens a valve in the steeple, which admits compressed air to a piston connected with a clapper which strikes the bell.

To engineers and builders the pneumatic hammer is a boon beyond words. To give some idea of the economy effected by its use, it may be mentioned that rivets which cost 4½d. apiece to drive by the old hand method are now driven for a mere fraction over a penny apiece.

No toll was more terribly tiresome under old-fashioned conditions than the clipping of a horse or the shearing of sheep. The hands of even the most skilled operators soon ached with the constant motion of the hand clippers. The pneumatic clippers have done away with all that. All the big shearing sheds in Australia, now use the pneumatic clippers, and save very nearly half their wages bills by so doing.

Paris has an extensive system of tramcars driven by compressed air. A car can travel fifteen miles with a single charge of air compressed up to 2300 pounds to the square inch; and, it is said, we may soon see pneumatic light railways in this country. Indeed, the uses of compressed air are almost endless. Lighthouses make use of it for blowing foghorns; smelters for creating a draught in furnaces. It is employed for driving projectiles from guns, and for making fountains play. Finally, it may be mentioned that up-to-date barbers now offer their customers their choice between a machine brush or compressed air.

A TITLED ENFANT TERRIBLE.

LORD HUGH CECIL, HIS REMARKABLE PERSONALITY AND STRANGE ELOQUENCE.

[Answers:] Lord Hugh Cecil is undoubtedly "Enfant terrible" of the House of Commons. He is one of the most curious and interesting figures in the life of England today. He represents something of the kind of feeling which was represented by Gladstone when he was between twenty and thirty-five years of age.

Sometimes it is difficult to believe that this young man was born in the dying days of the nineteenth century—that century which ended in the destruction of so much of the religious faith and even of the secular millennium which were the dreams of the Free Thought philosophers of the eighteenth century. Somehow or other, Lord Hugh Cecil seems to have strayed into the nineteenth century and into the House of Commons from a medieval monastery. He is the representative of the Church of England par excellence.

The ordinary Englishman really does not much care about religion in its dogmatic aspect one way or the other. He goes to church or to chapel; but he regards the difference between the different sects of Protestantism with lazy and sometimes with contemptuous indifference. Not so Lord Hugh Cecil, for he looks down upon Nonconformists as erring brethren who are guilty of heresy and schism, with the result that he has fought more tenaciously than almost any other member of the House of Commons in the Education Bill debates, which are at this moment throwing England into something like a religious war.

The physical man Cecil is like the spiritual and mental man. Tall, painfully thin, with a shambling walk, with a face that is not so much yellow as pallid and green pale, the poor boy looks like one of the starved young poets you might expect to find in a cabaret in Montmartre. And all his movements are those of a neuro-path. His long, thin, pallid fingers shake so audibly that you can hear them across the floor of the House of Commons when he has a question to ask or is about to make a speech.

A young monk worn out by fastings and prayers, a poet in search of a dinner, such is the impression you would get if you saw this son of one of England's oldest and most aristocratic houses without knowing who he was. And yet this young man, professing a very unpopular creed—this frail, emaciated awkward body, without a particle of grace, twisting his body as he speaks as though they were as boneless as those of some contortionist of a village fair—this young man has a power of speech such as no other man in the House of Commons can reach.

He is the one man in that assembly where self-restraint in speech is the almost universal rule, he is the one man who dares to let himself go, and who ventures to those heights of religious sentiment or passionate emotion which most men would not even think of approaching.

I have heard several perorations from him which, if uttered in a pulpit, might have driven some worshipping from his money bags into a monastery, or, perhaps, like Charles V. from his throne, or sent a woman from her lover to the convent. And such is the power of fine oratory that the English House of Commons, the least ideal of assemblies, the least clerical, the least emotional—the House of Commons, disagreeing from all the young man's opinions and ideals, has listened in spellbound silence to these perorations, and when they were finished has waked from an entranced silence as men might from a strange dream.

But all the same, Lord Hugh Cecil is one of the causes that are visibly breaking down the present ministry.

There is at this moment in England a pretty strong current feeling against ritualism. And this feeling is aggravated by the fact that the ministers are pushing through the House of Commons a measure which is calculated to throw more power than ever into the hands of the parsons.

VANDALISM AT NIAGARA.

Lamentations come from Niagara Falls over the intrusion of power-houses and industrial innovations upon the scenery. The American side has not been helped esthetically by the various means devised to make the river run in harness, but the reservation of the State of New York seems to have been reasonably well guarded. Victoria Park, on the Canadian side, has not fared so well. Vociferous complaints are made about the alarming concessions of the Canadian commissioners to tunnel-builders and power companies on that side of the river. Several power-houses are being built in Victoria Park itself, and, worst of all, another is building in the gorge at the foot of the Horseshoe Fall. The Canadian commission has shown itself so indulgent to industrial companies that confidence in it is violently shaken. The New York commissioners have made a protest against its concessions, and the feeling is that, bad as is what has been done, there is only too much reason to fear that worse remains behind. Another ominous enterprise is going on at Niagara. An American company is using electricity to extract nitrogen products from air. —[Harper's Weekly.]

A PARROT COLLEGE.

A CHICAGO LINGUIST HAS A SCHOOL WHERE THE BIRDS ARE TAUGHT.

[New York Commercial:] Among the queer ways of earning steady incomes in this country—and there are lots of them—a Chicago man has hit upon what is the most novel one up to date. He is an "accomplished linguist," as the expression goes, and he has turned his knowledge to a most excellent account, so far without competition.

He has established in a back street, in a rather obscure neighborhood, a language school for parrots, and has scores of "students" now in attendance at it, the enterprise bidding fair to become permanent and to yield him a fortune. His specialty is that of teaching parrots to speak sentences, etcetera, in various languages, according to the particular foreign market to which they are to be sold. The whole of the parrot professor's house, except two rooms, is given up to the birds, the rooms in which are their cages being divided up by sound-proof partitions into several smaller compartments, each containing a cage, that the birds may not hear each other.

"I believe I am the only language tutor to parrots," said the proprietor to a New York caller the other night. "I've lived in several foreign cities, and I know seven foreign languages. At one time I was a waiter and at another an interpreter, but lost my work, and for a long time I subsisted in a garret, doing translations and giving French and German lessons at fourpence an hour. One day I thought of this. I was talking to a big parrot dealer, and chanced to ask if he sold many parrots abroad. He replied: 'Hardly ever, because of the different languages spoken abroad, English-speaking parrots naturally not being in much demand in foreign towns.' This gave me an idea, and I suggested that I should experiment with one of his parrots. I took home a quite uneducated bird, and after a few weeks had taught it to repeat several short French sentences. After that I started teaching his parrots to speak French, German and Italian regularly. I work now entirely for the dealers, not for private people. I've got quite a good connection of my own among the large parrot dealers."

"The best bird for teaching foreign languages is the African gray parrot, from the west coast of Africa and Prince's Island. My methods? Well, diet and warmth are important. I keep my parrots in an artificially-warmed temperature of about 80 deg., acclimating them to cooler temperatures before selling and give them some proportion of their native food—palm nuts, bananas, etc. I instruct my parrot pupils in the mornings and evenings, first pronouncing one word for days together, later two or three words. I make sentences of words that join easily together. A bird will learn a short sentence in less than a fortnight."

"An important secret is that of so teaching a bird that it will seem to speak intelligently and as if it understood what was happening at the moment. Then by pulling out my watch and then saying, 'What's the time?' the parrot soon learns to say, 'What's the time?' whenever it sees a watch produced. To teach a bird to greet a visitor with 'How do you do?' on the proper occasions, I repeat these words as I enter the room where the parrot is. To make him say, 'Must you go? Good-by,' I rise from a chair, pick up my hat and stick, and go out of the room repeating the words."

"A parrot will quite frequently catch up the exact tones of its tutor's voice as well as the words. Working on this idea, I have now, after extraordinary trouble, an intelligent parrot that has been taught to give imitations of actors—only a few, of course, but he can give an exact imitation of the voices of Ellaline Terriss, George Grossmith, Jr., and Yvette Guilbert, the French singer. His best selection, however, is the four words in voice and tune of Phyllis Rankin's 'When We Are Married' song from 'The Belle of New York.' How was he taught? Well, of course, I couldn't engage these artists to teach him, but there is a clever lady amateur actress who is wonderful at imitations of actors' and singers' vocal peculiarities, and she had the bird to live with her and coached him several months, until his vocal imitations were so exact you'd think they'd been acquired from the originals."

"One especial feature I've tried recently is an idea of my own—that of teaching what I call my advertising parrots. They are taught so that whenever they see any one enter a shop they say, 'Have you tried So and So's milk porridge?' or 'Hair Restorer?' or whatever the commodity is. The parrot's cage, bearing a label advertising the patent commodity, stands on the shop counter, and the bird puffs the article all day long, for he has been purposely taught nothing else."

FORMER MISS LEITER'S ELEPHANT.

It would be hard, says an Indian correspondent, to imagine a more gorgeous picture of barbaric splendor than Lady Curzon presents when mounted on her favorite elephant. The creature is one of the largest ever known, and as gentle as he is huge. Rich draperies of silk and gold sweep almost to the ground; the tusks are clasped with jeweled bands of gold, and jewels gleam also on the forehead between its eyes. The howdah is of chased silver, and over Her Excellency's head is a canopy of thick, white silk heavily embroidered with pearls. Mrs. Leiter, Lady Curzon's mother, is one of the Durbar guests, and greatly as she has hitherto rejoiced in her daughter's distinguished position, she confesses that she never really realized what it was to be wife of the Viceroy of India until she beheld "Molly on her elephant." —[Modern Society.]

A DOG THAT WEARS GLASSES.

A French optician, says La Republique Francaise, has recently been required to furnish a pair of goggles of a special make for the use of a dog who always accompanies his master on his motor rides. The dog has taken very kindly to the innovation, and carries his glasses with the utmost gravity, and as the most natural thing in the world. He even turns up his nose, it is said, at those of his fellow-motorists not provided with a like protection.

The Gutta-Percha.

SOURCE OF A VALUABLE FAST PASSING

From a report made by a Government in the Manila City

LEAVING Manila, May 23, I went to the world, I had opportunity for studying and collecting specimens in the gardens and adjacent government as visiting the rubber and gutta-percha and European importers. A fortunate chance also enabled me to visit several gutta-percha manufactories are located in Singapore, Rangoon, and other places.

On July 9, I went to Penang to study the gardens there and visit the agricultural progress. Here I met the leading the Straits Settlements. Return July 17, I left at once for Java, the 28th. Proceeding at once to the world-renowned botanical institute my stay there I made a trip to the of the island, to the government rubber plantations of Tjipitir. Return September 7, I reached Manila.

As soon as the object of my reception by all government officials was made cordial, and every effort was made. In this way I was enabled to obtain photographs, herbarium and rubber samples. It must be complete herbarium collection at less than a year; yet my collection is incomplete, may be rendered the forestry department here by proffered aid of the various botanical, whose directors will be pleased to have specimens, plants, etc. In collection gathered is enough to now involved.

General Remarks.

Both gutta-percha and rubber are tropical forest trees and vines cut in the bark of the plant in the which hardens or coagulates on the effect of heat and certain chemicals.

The three principal physical gutta-percha and rubber are:

(1.) Gutta-percha is tough, hard, rubber is soft and very elastic.

(2.) Under the influence of gutta-percha becomes soft and plastic, molded into any desired shape, when cold, rubber is unaffected by.

(3.) Under the influence of water slowly and decomposes, losing its proof qualities; gutta-percha, is not changed—how many.

The principal uses of rubber are pneumatic tires, waterproof apparatus, wires, surgical and dental etc. The almost sole use of gutta-percha is in the submarine and in the home of rubber trees and vine tropical land. The number of specimens is very great. Most of the known scientifically, and new kinds every year, as each country possesses itself.

From a commercial standpoint gutta-percha is not so valuable as the best rubber. The next India, the Malay Peninsula, and Mexico and Central America, Africa, with her unknown number and vines, promises to be one of the producing countries in the future.

Gutta-percha, so far as known to the Malay Peninsula, Borneo, small islands between them. No Celebes nor the Moluccas have any trees. The books on the subject are also outside of the favored zone.

Gutta-percha is also limited in very few species of trees, which is in mind.

Gutta-percha.

Gutta-percha is not, so to speak, a composition consisting of a single and two or more kinds of resins, but a species of trees, it is found that same in character, though not in the quantity and quality of the resin.

In judging the value of a sample principal points are considered: and kind of gutta-percha present; dirt; third, amount of water. The present either accidentally or as a kind of gutta-percha is that, having centage of gutta, and consequently and impurities.

Formerly all gutta-percha was of one kind of tree, and probably it did for it increased, other kinds of trees and found, and afterward the botanical, subdivided even these kinds are quite a number of botanically known, which supply the commercial all agree—collectors, dealers and principal source of supply lies almost kind of tree.

As this tree has supplied the market and continues to do so at the present that the future of gutta-percha is and increase.

The home of all gutta-percha trees

COLLEGE.

AS A SCHOOL WHERE THE TAUGHT.

Among the queer ways of this country—and there are many—has hit upon what is called an "accomplished" school, and he has turned his account, so far without

back street, in a rather oblique school for parrots, and in attendance at it, the become permanent and to specialty is that of teaching etcetera, in various particular foreign market to The whole of the parrot rooms, is given up to the their cages being divided into several smaller com- cage, that the birds may

language tutor to parrots," work caller the other night, cities, and I know seven time I was a waiter and lost my work, and for a parrot, doing translations in lessons at fourpence a this. I was talking to a d to ask if he sold many "Hardly ever, because of abroad, English-speaking much demand in foreign and I suggested that I his parrots. I took home after a few weeks had short French sentences, his parrots to speak regularly. I work now for private people. I've my own among the large

foreign languages is the west coast of Africa and Well, diet and warmth to deg., acclimating them and give them some palm nuts, bananas, etc. the mornings and even- for days together, later sentences of words that will learn a short sen-

of so teaching a bird gently and as if it un- at the moment. Then then saying, "What's as to say, 'What's the produced. To teach How d'you do?' on the words as I enter the make him say, 'Must a chair, pick up my the room repeating the

ly catch up the exact as the words. Work- after extraordinary trou- been taught to give of course, but he can- of Eline Ter- Yvette Guilbert, the however, is the four is Rankin's "When We Belle of New York." but there is a clever wonderful at imitations and she had coached him several were so exact you'd the originals.

and recently is an idea that I call my adver- that whenever they say, "Have you tried my Restorer?" or what- not's cage, bearing a noddy, stands on the article all day long, nothing else."

ELEPHANT.

the correspondent, to of barbaric splendor mounted on her fa- of the largest ever. Rich draperies of ground; the tusks of gold, and jewels its eyes. The how- Her Excellency's head heavily embroidered Curzon's mother, is atly as she has hith- distinguished position, ally realized what it India until she beheld Society.

GLASSES.

elique Francese, has pair of goggles of a who always accom- rides. The dog has on, and carries his as the most natural up his nose, it is not provided with a

The Gutta-Percha Tree.

SOURCE OF A VALUABLE PRODUCT
FAST PASSING AWAY.

From a report made by a Government Agent as published in the Manila Critic.

LEAVING Manila, May 28, I went directly to Singapore, Straits Settlements, arriving June 2. In that city, which is the chief gutta-percha market of the world, I had opportunity for studying, photographing and collecting specimens in the botanical and economic gardens and adjacent government plantations, as well as visiting the rubber and gutta-percha godowns of Chinese and European importers and exporters. A fortunate chance also enabled me to become acquainted with several gutta-percha manufacturers, whose factories are located in Singapore, Rhid, Perak and Borneo.

On July 9, I went to Penang to study in the botanical gardens there and visit the agricultural show then in progress. Here I met the leading tropical botanists of the Straits Settlements. Returning to Singapore on July 17, I left at once for Java, reaching Batavia on the 28th. Proceeding at once to Buitenzorg, an hour's ride by rail from Batavia, I began my work in the world-renowned botanical institute of that city. During my stay there I made a trip to the central western part of the island, to the government gutta-percha and rubber plantations of Tjililit. Returning to Singapore on September 7, I reached Manila September 23.

As soon as the object of my visit was known, my reception by all government officials, everywhere, was most cordial, and every effort was made by them to aid me. In this way I was enabled to make a collection of photographs, herbarium specimens, gutta-percha and rubber samples. It must be borne in mind that a complete herbarium collection alone cannot be made in less than a year; yet my collection, though necessarily incomplete, may be rendered complete in time by the forestry department here by simply accepting the proffered aid of the various botanical gardens I visited, whose directors will be pleased to exchange publications, specimens, plants, etc. In the mean while, the collection gathered is enough to settle the questions now involved.

General Remarks.

Both gutta-percha and rubber are the products of certain tropical forest trees and vines. Both issue from a cut in the bark of the plant in the form of milk or latex, which hardens or coagulates on standing, or through the effect of heat and certain chemicals.

The three principal physical distinctions between gutta-percha and rubber are:

- (1) Gutta-percha is tough, horn-like and non-elastic; rubber is soft and very elastic.
- (2) Under the influence of moderate heat gutta-percha becomes soft and plastic, like putty, and can be molded into any desired shape, retaining that shape when cold, rubber is unaffected by the same heat.
- (3) Under the influence of water, rubber changes slowly and decomposes, losing its elastic and waterproof qualities; gutta-percha, in water, remains practically unchanged—for how many years no one knows.

The principal uses of rubber are for hose and tubing, pneumatic tires, waterproof apparel, insulation of electric wires, surgical and dental apparatus, playthings, etc. The almost sole use of gutta-percha is the insulation of electric, submarine and land cables.

The home of rubber trees and vines is in every fertile tropical land. The number of species of both trees and vines is very great. Most of the important species are known scientifically, and new kinds are being discovered every year, as each country possesses trees peculiar to itself.

From a commercial standpoint South America produces the best rubber. The next best is probably from India, the Malay Peninsula, and adjacent islands, though Mexico and Central America come very close to them. Africa, with her unknown number of species of trees and vines, promises to be one of the greatest rubber-producing countries in the future.

Gutta-percha, so far as known, is absolutely limited to the Malay Peninsula, Borneo and Sumatra, and the small islands between them. Neither close-lying Java, Celebes nor the Moluccas have any native gutta-percha trees. The books on the subject say that the Philippines are also outside of the favored zone.

Gutta-percha is also limited in its production to a very few species of trees, which must always be borne in mind.

Gutta-percha.

Gutta-percha is not, so to speak, a chemical unit, but a composition consisting of a substance called gutta and two or more kinds of resinous bodies. In the different kinds of gutta-percha, coming from different species of trees, it is found that the gutta is always the same in character, though not in quantity, while both the quantity and quality of the resins vary greatly.

In judging the value of a sample of gutta-percha, three principal points are considered: First, the amounts and kind of gutta-percha present; second, amount of dirt; third, amount of water. The dirt and water are present either accidentally or as adulterants. The best kind of gutta-percha is that, having the highest percentage of gutta, and consequently the lowest of resin and impurities.

Formerly all gutta-percha was supposed to come from one kind of tree, and probably it did, but as the demand for it increased, other kinds of trees were hunted out and found, and afterward the botanists, for botanical reasons, subdivided even these kinds, until now there are quite a number of botanically different kinds of trees known, which supply the commercial gutta-percha; but all agree—collectors, dealers and botanists—that the principal source of supply lies almost exclusively in one kind of tree.

As this tree has supplied the best gutta in the past, and continues to do so at the present time, it is argued that the future of gutta-percha lies in its preservation and increase.

The home of all gutta-percha trees has been outlined

already. The boundaries, through natural agencies, seem to be very sharply defined. This does not mean that gutta-percha trees cannot grow outside this area, or may not now be growing there in a native condition; but simply that, so far, they have not been discovered by scientists or natives outside this area; or if discovered, not revealed.

The wild natives of the Malay Peninsula, Borneo and Sumatra are the gutta-percha collectors, of the present, as they were of the past. The method of all, so far as is known, is the same everywhere. The tree, when found in the forest, is cut down, the limbs chopped off, and then the bark of the entire trunk ringed from end to end. The gutta-percha milk exudes and hardens quickly. It is then pulled off with pieces of bark, dirt and leaves adhering, and thrown into a basket, and another tree sought out. When sufficient has been gathered to satisfy the present needs of the natives, they return to their camping place and throw the entire contents of the baskets into hot water. When the gutta-percha has become plastic enough it is worked into balls or oblong pieces with the bark, dirt, sticks, on the inside. After the hardening process the gutta-percha is transported to the nearest waterway, where it is stored until a Chinese trader passes downstream, when collectors eagerly exchange it for cheap clothes, cutlery, tobacco, and other civilizing objects of trade. The Chinese traders land it at some seaport town, where the Chinese merchants usually soften and adulterate the best grades with cheaper ones. It then goes to Singapore for another mixing, adulterating or cleaning at the hands of the Singapore Chinese, who work it into the various grades, recognized and bought by foreign exporters. The end of its journey is in Europe or America, at the cable factories.

This, in brief, is the method of collection and preparation of gutta-percha since its discovery. There is but little reliable data at hand, except that furnished by the few travelers and scientists, who have penetrated the almost unknown regions of Borneo, Sumatra and the Malay Peninsula. All agree that the natives care nothing about the time of season, condition of the trees, etc. In regard to the amount of gutta-percha secured by the natives in their careless way of working it is almost impossible to make a fair estimation. Their own statements are both inaccurate or willfully misleading. The experiments made by botanists and others show pretty conclusively that the amount of gutta-percha in a tree increases with its size and age. The amounts secured by reliable persons from one tree vary from only a few ounces to thirteen and one-half pounds. This is not to be wondered at, as the trees felled were of all sizes and ages. One of the latest and most carefully carried-out experiments by Curtis gave one and one-half pounds of pure gutta-percha, three of the trees being large and full grown. Most experimenters agree that the natives, with their careless methods, only get on an average of a pound from each tree. These experiments naturally suggest the queries: First, what amount of gutta-percha does a tree really contain; and, second, what amount of gutta-percha in the tree can be collected by ringing the tree in the native way? Uray experimented on a large gutta-percha tree found in the forest, with the view of throwing light on the matter. By felling and ringing the tree, native fashion, he secured about three-fifths of a pound of gutta-percha. He then analyzed the bark and leaves, computed their weight, and concluded that there had been at least twenty-five pounds in the entire tree. Thus, by the native method, only from one-thirty-fifth to one-fortieth of the entire yield can be secured. From an experiment conducted by V. Ramburg on another tree, cultivated, the above figures would appear to be too large, but even if we take a perfectly safe estimate of one-tenth as the amount secured, the fearful waste is very evident.

The Present Condition of Supply.

The present condition of the gutta-percha supply and trade is far from satisfactory. When discovered to commerce in 1843, the gutta-percha trees were found to be abundant on Singapore Island and the Malay Peninsula. Of course, the trees, nearest at hand, were the first to go; yet, soon the demand was such that by 1857, all the big trees on the island had disappeared, and the supply was coming from the coast and river regions of the peninsula. When the supply failed here the interior was invaded. Then Borneo and Sumatra shared the same fate, and at the present day all the gutta-percha comes from the almost unknown and unexplored regions of Central Borneo, Sumatra and the Malay Peninsula. It must also be borne in mind that tropical forests are very much unlike forests of temperate regions, in that no trees of any one kind grow in a given locality to the exclusion of all other kinds. Over a limited area of tropical forests one hundred different kinds of trees will be found growing side by side. Consequently, there are no gutta-percha forests anywhere, but simply isolated trees growing over large areas.

So thoroughly have the gutta-percha trees been cleared out of the Malay Peninsula that no flowers or fruit could be obtained by the botanical gardens at Singapore, although a reward for them was offered by the British authorities and the Sultan of Johore for years. Van Ramburg, in his explorations in Borneo and Sumatra, found one large tree in Borneo in one place and twenty-five in another, which, being the private property of a native chief, were guarded against molestation. Nowhere else did he see any. In Sumatra he found quite a number in the interior, where the rather hostile natives did not trade with the Chinese, and did not know the value of gutta-percha. As that was several years ago, he fears they have all disappeared by now. Cornelius, a recent Belgian explorer, corroborates Van Ramburg's statements in regard to the number of large trees seen in Borneo.

The annual output of gutta-percha has increased but very little within the last five years, when the high prices have induced more native gatherers to enter the forest. Yet even then the demand has been so out of proportion to the supply that the Chinese have had to resort more and more to adulteration. Consequently, of the cheaper grades there seems to be plenty on hand, but of the best variety there is not more than a ton, all told, with a demand for 600 or 700 tons. From long experience the Chinese are very clever in mixing, color-

ing, and adulterating the finer grades with the cheaper ones, although they apparently have nothing but smell, feel and color to go by. And just as the natives guard the secret of the different kinds of gutta-percha trees and their locality, so do the Chinese hide their methods of preparing gutta-percha for foreign markets. With the supply coming from different countries and trees, and changed and adulterated in different ways, it is no wonder the kinds and varieties of gutta-percha for sale in Singapore are very large.

There is no connection whatever between the different kinds and the species of the trees. This lack of connection has greatly retarded the scientific study of gutta-percha, for, when the products of two different kinds of trees are mixed, there is no known way of separating or identifying them. What the Chinese know on the subject they refuse to tell. Van Ramburg has announced that several years ago he was unable to find out their secrets, and many attempts at investigation among the Chinese were met with professed ignorance, doors slammed in his face, etc. He writes: "The samples I secured were only obtained through the courtesy of an English exporter, and to him, as well as to the Chinese firm, who furnished me the gutta-percha samples, I showed three samples of gutta-percha which I had secured in Java. Each sample was from a different species of tree, and each absolutely pure. Curious to relate, they all failed to recognize the source or kind of gutta-percha, and the prices put upon them were far from agreeing with each other. As the head Chinaman put it: 'Me no sabe this kind gutta. Guess no Chinaman make him.'"

WOODS FULL OF BEARS.

THE PLACE FOR PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TO GO
GUNNING NEXT TIME.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat:] Hon. J. J. Terrell, Commissioner of the General Land Office of Texas, has forwarded to President Roosevelt an urgent invitation to visit Texas next fall and join him in a genuine bear hunt in the Davis Mountains, in the extreme western part of the State. This personal invitation on the part of Mr. Terrell is to be supplemented by a visit to the President by Gov.-elect Latham and members of the Texas Congressional delegation, all of whom will set forth in the most alluring language the splendid hunting that exists in the region where it is proposed the President and his party shall visit. It is believed that the President will accept the invitation when the matter is laid before him. The hunting ground is within forty miles of Toyah, Tex., the nearest railroad point, and a more desirable place for an enjoyable outing is not to be found in the whole country. Mr. Terrell has just returned from a hunting trip in these mountains. Although he spent but a few days there he killed six bears. Four were black and the other two were of the "silver-tip" species. He says that had he arrived there two weeks earlier and before the cold weather set in in the mountains he could have killed a score or more bears.

"It is the most wonderful bear range there is in this country today; at least, I know of no other locality that equals it. An old guide at Toyah told me that there are fully 5000 bears in the Davis Mountains, and I am prepared to believe it," continued Mr. Terrell. "The mountains are easily accessible, and the trip is not at all fatiguing."

"One evening while standing at my camp I chanced to look across a deep gorge, and there I saw seven bears, all in a row, climbing up a mountain trail. They were big black fellows, and had evidently been down in the valley feeding. It was a sight that would arouse the enthusiasm of any sportsman. They were some distance off and I did not chance a shot at them, preferring to follow them up next day. This I did, and I had no difficulty in killing two bears."

"The mountain sides are covered with a small bush upon which a most delicious black berry grows in a profusion of clusters. I do not know the name of these berries, but they have a good taste, and the bears are passionately fond of feeding on them. They ripen the latter part of October, and from then on until the middle of November the bears come into the mountains by the hundreds and feed upon the ripe berries. The undergrowth and bushes where the berries grow are so tramped down by the bears that the feeding grounds have the appearance of a herd of cattle having stampeded there."

"If President Roosevelt will go to the Davis Mountains next fall I will guarantee that he will see and have an opportunity of killing more bears than there are to be found in the whole State of Mississippi. There is not a residence within forty miles of the hunting grounds, and no guard will have to be posted around his camp to keep a curious crowd from intruding. In addition to the bears there are plenty of deer and antelope, and, all in all, it is a veritable sportsman's paradise."

NEWSPAPER FOR BEGGARS.

Parisian beggars enjoy the advantage of having a class journal devoted exclusively to their interests. The journal in question appears daily, and is sold at 20 centimes per copy. Its contents, though appealing chiefly to the "profession," are not uninteresting for the uninitiated. In its advertisement columns may be found any day such wants as the following:

"Wanted a person totally blind who can play the flute."

"Wanted a person who has lost one of his arms, right hand preferred. Good references and caution necessary."

The journal also publishes a list of baptisms, marriages, funerals and birthdays of well-to-do folk and likely donors.—[London Leader.]

KNITS, BUT DOESN'T DARN.

It is, of course, quite untrue that Queen Alexandra habitually darns the royal socks, but it is the fact that Her Majesty has on occasion knitted her husband's hose, using for the purpose a rather coarse and warm make of Scotch fingering, without any fantastic pattern such as is affected by the Cockney tourist in the Highlands.—[Modern Society.]

LOMA LINDA HOTEL
HILL BEAUTIFUL

Life Then is Mormonism.

[BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.]

BALTIMORE, Feb. 1.—Preaching at the Cathedral on "Christ, the only en-

representatives of the allies will give him a final answer at the earliest possible moment. Meantime exchanges are still in progress between the allied

coast from which shellfish, etc., supplied to the markets. The in-

in these cases is due altogether to bad local sewerage. There have

Sanitation of Cuba.

NATIVE GOVERNMENT CARRYING ON SUCCESSFUL WORK.

From a Special Correspondent.

HAVANA (Cuba) Jan. 20.—The astonishing results which attended the work of the Americans in improving the sanitary condition of Cuba attracted the attention of the whole world, and equal interest has been directed to the attempt of the Cubans to perpetuate the system which brought about such a marked improvement in the health of the island's population. One of the stipulations of the Platt Amendment is the continuation of this service. There has been grave doubt about the power of the new government to carry it on. Being able to afford it has been one question and the ability to properly enforce it another reason which gave rise to this doubt.

It must be said that the result for the first half year of Cuban rule has been more gratifying than any one thought it would be. The returns for the fiscal year of 1902 have just been made and they show the death rate in the city of Havana to have been only 20.84, while for the year preceding it was 21.82. The American evacuation did not take place until the latter part of May, which divided the year into halves, the first American and the second half Cuban administration.

The second half of the year includes the very hot weather, and is the most dangerous and trying period for the health department, yet in the face of this, the

fifty miles are swept. About seventy tons of street cleanings are removed daily and over 200 tons of house refuse gathered up every night and taken to sea on barges. If there is a recurrence of fever in Cuba it will probably originate in remote portions of the island, where is said to be some indifference to the exactions of cleanliness. The officials acknowledge this, but say that the fault rests with the municipal authorities who have used the money allotted to them for sanitation for other purposes. If this neglect should go far enough to do any damage, the Cuban government will be held responsible for the neglect of the local officers.

Fighting Tuberculosis.

The sanitary department is at present directing the full force of its energies in a fight against tuberculosis. Yellow fever preys only upon foreigners. Natives never have it. The disease which works havoc with the Cubans is consumption. For many years previous to the American occupation the average number of deaths in Havana every year from this one malady amounted to over 1600. In 1893 the terrific record of 2794 deaths was made. The best showing under American rule was 851 deaths in 1900. The details of the vigorous campaign that was inaugurated by the Americans and is now being carried on by the Cubans are worth going into.

It seems the great consumption-breeding centers have been the cigar and cigarette factories. In Havana there are 35,000 men, boys and girls who work in these places. Until recently the conditions surrounding them were dreadful. The windows were built to give light, but admitted no air. The workers were crowded together in the smallest possible space. Hundreds of men and boys slept in the workrooms at night. They bit the tobacco with their teeth and made the small ends stick together with saliva. There were no spittoons and the tobacco that fell on the dirty floor was swept up and

immediate touch with those afflicted. The monthly report of the physician in charge of the special dispensary that was provided for consumption cases shows that 3861 patients in the various stages of the disease have been located and are now being treated. How many more thousands there are who are afflicted but have not come under the attention of the officials cannot be estimated with any degree of accuracy. Consumption is not so quick as yellow fever in destroying its victims, but it is much more relentless and stubborn. This is proven by the fact that with all the war that has been waged against it, there were forty-four deaths due to it in Havana in 1902 than there were in 1901. It will take years of hard work to substantially check the depredations of this great and powerful enemy of the human race. The fight that has only fairly begun, will be a hard one, but if it is prosecuted to the end and finally won, it will be as praiseworthy as any battle ever waged for the sake of suffering humanity.

The greatest argument in favor of American rule throughout the West Indies is the certain benefit that will accrue from enforced sanitary measures. These islands physically are among the fairest of God's main, but the people have lived so long in a state of filth and uncleanness that they are hardly capable of administering unto themselves. Cuba is making a brave effort to keep clean because her national life depends on her ability to do so after she has been shown the way. Even if she succeeds in keeping down her death rate her dirty neighbors are a constant menace to her. Several times last summer she had to isolate cases of fever which were shipped in upon her.

A Noble Warfare.

The disease fighting in which the Americans succeeded so famously is a dirty and a dangerous business, but it is a noble warfare for all that. The people who take part in it risk their lives and sometimes

February 1, 1903.]

Thames Overhead

A PROJECTED ROUTE BETWEEN CITY AND BARNES

From the London Mail

A DARING transit scheme, prepared by German, American, and English, will be submitted officially to the public in a few months. It is proposed to introduce a system of transit on the lines



VIEW OF PROPOSED THAMES OVERHEAD RAILWAY.

Overhead Railway, which has been successful in Prussia.

As far as the facts can at present be ascertained, the scheme would appear that since last June surveys and estimates, plans, and other preliminary work has been completed, together with a view to drafting a bill for sanction for an overhead railway to run from Southwark Bridge to Barnes.

Barnes is seven miles from Waterloo, is 8d., and the average time occupied is twenty-five minutes. Putney, by the way, from the Mansion House, is five and three-quarters miles, and the average time for the journey is thirty-two minutes. The proposed Thames Overhead Railway (this is the hope, although their route will be over length, by the superior speed at which it will travel, to do the journey, including stoppages, in thirty-three minutes. It is proposed to have of carriage, and to charge a uniform rate of 1d. per journey.

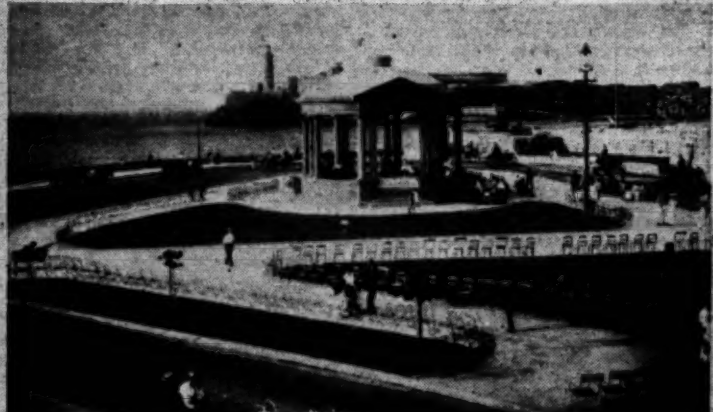
Five millions [\$25,000,000] capital will be required to carry out such a scheme, and it will be necessary to transform the appearance of "London" even after parliamentary sanction has been obtained.

The proposed bill, it is anticipated, will meet the liveliest opposition, as much on a technical as on a financial basis. A formidable rival to existing companies, a fourth strong opposition from the Conservators interested in the barge traffic. But the promoters of the scheme are prepared to do much to their idea and obtain parliamentary sanction.

The suggested stations are: The City, Blackfriars, Waterloo, Westminster, Vauxhall, Nine Elms, Chelsea, Battersea Bridge, Chelsea and Battersea West, and Battersea Square, Wandsworth, Putney. One plan is to suspend the railway cars on tracks, supported above the river by masts, placed at a distance of about two miles from one another. At existing bridges stations above would deposit and take from the footway.

At parts where the river would be too narrow to allow the uniform girders from reaching to the river, the uniform girders from reaching to the river would rest on stone foundations in a way to which the spans of existing steel bridges on granite foundations. From Putney to Chelsea to Battersea West, and from Battersea Square to Battersea West, it is proposed to build bridges across the river. The company take to allow a public right of way across from shore to shore, and, indeed, to carry they would guarantee to construct new bridges, one of their proposed stations. In the latter case, a considerably larger capital than mentioned would be required.

Every Londoner knows what a terrible nuisance the Thames steamboat service has been. The promoters of the overhead railway think that it will be no better in the future.



Americans transformed Havana's waterfront into a beautiful park.



Havana streets are clean.



Tearing down old city wall in Havana.



Disinfecting crew at work in a Havana tenement.

second half when examined month by month and compared to the first, makes the best showing. The death rate for six months of American rule was 21.82, while during the Cuban portion it was only 20.84. It was expected there would be an increase in mortality after the Cubans took charge on account of the unsettling effect that always attends a change in administration, not to speak of the increased danger resulting from the hot weather, so, having made a still better showing when the odds were admittedly against them, they are all the more to be congratulated on their success.

Cubans More Economical.

It is claimed the Department of Sanitation is being continued on exactly the same lines laid down by the Americans, except the expense has been reduced by cutting down salaries. The same number of men are doing the same work for less money. The cleaning of Havana was one of the greatest accomplishments in the history of sanitation. The story has been told over and over again about how every nook and cranny of the musty old capital, reeking with the accumulated filth of centuries, was overhauled and scoured and purified by every process known to scientific renovation. Thousands of barge loads of filth were hauled to sea and the death rate, always in the nineties, fell steadily until the last statement shows it to be only a fraction above twenty. There has not been a case of yellow fever or smallpox in Cuba for sixteen months.

If there is ever a recurrence of these dread destroyers of human life it will be due to a lack of vigilance in combating the causes from which they originate. The Cubans have started off well. They have been especially painstaking in Havana. About 150 miles of streets are cleaned in the capital every day and about

utilized. The workers faced each other across narrow benches and breathed directly in one another's faces. Those in the last stages of consumption were crowded indiscriminately with children who could not keep from becoming contaminated from such close and constant contact.

Radical Changes Enforced.

All this was most favorable for the spread of tuberculosis and it accounts for the thousands of cases which were found to exist in the factories. The most sweeping correctional measures have been put into effect. The windows have been ordered changed to give air as well as light; each worker is given the space estimated by scientific calculation necessary to insure a healthy condition of the atmosphere; a knife must be used instead of the teeth in cutting the tobacco; the moisture necessary to stick the end of the cigar must be obtained from a dampened sponge instead of using saliva; the workers are placed with their backs together instead of facing one another; between each worker and his bench a cloth pocket is stretched to catch and hold all tobacco that slips from his fingers and prevent it from falling to the floor; all tobacco that does fall to the floor cannot be sold but must be thrown away; the floor must be scrubbed daily and each work bench scoured every week; cuspidors are furnished and spitting on the floor is sufficient cause for instant dismissal; none are allowed to sleep in the working rooms; no sick persons are allowed to work, and children under fourteen years of age are not allowed in the factories.

Outside the factories every measure possible has been used to better the conditions. Literature giving all information about tuberculosis has been issued. For the benefit of those who cannot read, lectures have been given in schools, factories, churches and in every place where an audience could be secured. A system of inspection was inaugurated to locate all cases and get into

them. In Havana there is a little row of graves in which are buried some soldiers who never wore uniforms and who did not fight with guns—they are natives and doctors who fell in the yellow fever fight. Now of the heroes of San Juan hill were any more deserving of glory than these who fought without the inspiration of the charge. The world looks on and applauds the soldier, but his battles are of short duration. The fighting with disease is done in private and it goes on and on. There are scenes enacted over and over again that are terrible enough to try the stoutest hearts.

I remember one sad scene on a former visit to the West Indies when several patients died while I was making a visit to one of the hospitals. One was a priest who in his sane moments prayed loudly for the cup to be taken from him, and during the lapses of consciousness chattered in an aimless way about troubled waters running a swift course. The good man followed the force of habit and prayed as he went down into the valley of the shadow with the faithful of a true follower of the cross. Then there was a dying soldier who had a sweetheart named Judith. In his delirium he walked with her, talking all the while about the confidential fashion of a lover. And then they sat in a shady place. He called her "pretty blonde Judith" and stroked the pillow as if it were her hand. He became tired and his mind by some strange caprice turned backward and formed his lips into the childish pucker. "Now I lay me down to sleep," and then he turned his white face to the wall and died. How his heart ached for "pretty blonde Judith" as the memory of her of her great loss was started on its long journey.

The cause of congratulation is that the conditions are better and now no such messages have to be sent. Surely those who stuck to their posts so nobly through those trying times deserve the greatest praise. The work they did was to the glory of God and the honor of their country.

FREDERIC J. HANKIN.

some afflicted. The monthly re-charge of the special dispensary consumption cases shows that four stages of the disease have now been treated. How many are who are afflicted but who have not been treated? The attention of the officials cannot be given to the disease, as yellow fever in destroying more relentless and stubborn, and that with all the war that it, there were forty-four more in 1902 than there were in 1901. This great and powerful enemy fight that has only fairly been but if it is prosecuted to the will be as praiseworthy as any of suffering humanity. The in favor of American rule is the certain benefit that sanitary measures. These among the fairest of God's do live to long in a state of that they are hardly capable of lives. Cuba is making a brave use her national life depends after she has been shown the in keeping down her own laborers are a constant menace at summer she had to isolate shipped in upon her.

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Thames Overhead Railway

A PROJECTED ROUTE BETWEEN THE CITY AND BARNES.

From the London Mail.

A DARING transit scheme, prepared by enterprising German, American, and English engineers, is to be submitted officially to the public in the course of a few months. It is proposed to introduce into London a system of transit on the lines of the Elberfeld



VIEW OF PROPOSED THAMES OVERHEAD RAILWAY FROM WATERLOO BRIDGE.

Overhead Railway, which has been such a great success in Prussia.

As far as the facts can at present be divulged, it would appear that since last June surveys have been made and estimates, plans, and other particulars got together with a view to drafting a bill for parliamentary sanction for an overhead railway to run over the Thames from Southwark Bridge to Barnes.

Barnes is seven miles from Waterloo. The return fare is 8d., and the average time occupied on the journey is twenty-five minutes. Putney, by the District Railway from the Mansion House, is five and three-quarter miles. The return fare is 8d., and the average time occupied on the journey is thirty-two minutes. The promoters of the Thames Overhead Railway (this is the suggested title,) hope, although their route will be over eight miles in length, by the superior speed at which their trains will travel, to do the journey, including stoppages, in twenty-three minutes. It is proposed to have but one class of carriage, and to charge a uniform fare of 2d any distance.

Five millions [\$25,000,000] capital will be required to carry out such a scheme, and it will take five years to transform the appearance of "London's silent highway" even after parliamentary sanction has been obtained.

The proposed bill, it is anticipated, will meet with the liveliest opposition, as much on account of sentimental reasons as that such a railway would be a formidable rival to existing companies, and would call forth strong opposition from the Conservancy and those interested in the barge traffic. But those responsible for the scheme are prepared to do much to carry out their idea and obtain parliamentary sanction for it.

The suggested stations are: The City (Southwark Bridge), Blackfriars, Waterloo, Westminster, Lambeth, Vauxhall, Nine Elms, Chelsea, Battersea (at Albert Bridge), Chelsea and Battersea West, Chelsea Basin and Battersea Square, Wandsworth, Putney and Barnes. One plan is to suspend the railway cars on an overhead track, supported above the river by massive steel girders, placed at a distance of about two hundred feet from one another. At existing bridges lifts from the stations above would deposit and take up passengers from the footway.

At parts where the river would be too wide to prevent the uniform girders from reaching to the shore these would rest on stone foundations in a similar manner to which the spans of existing steel bridges now rest on granite foundations. From Pimlico to Nine Elms, from Chelsea to Battersea West, and from Chelsea Basin to Battersea Square, it is proposed to construct new bridges across the river. The company would undertake to allow a public right of way across these bridges from shore to shore, and, indeed, to carry their scheme they would guarantee to construct new bridges at every one of their proposed stations. In the latter event, however, a considerably larger capital than previously mentioned would be required.

Every Londoner knows what a terrible white elephant the Thames steamboat service has been in the past. The promoters of the overhead railway scheme contend that it will be no better in the future, and claim

that their system of transit will, traversing as it does most congested districts, be invaluable, both by reason of its speed and cheapness.

"A success in Prussia, why not in London?" said one of the gentlemen concerned, to the writer. "The Elberfeld and Barmen Railway runs over and follows the course of the River Wupper for over six miles. Then it passes through busy streets and country highways. It is a complete success, financially and otherwise. We should have a double track, the motive power, electricity, enabling our trains to run at a rate of forty miles an hour."

It is interesting in anticipation of a "Thames Overhead Railway," and what it may look like if sanctioned and completed, to recall a few particulars both of the Elberfeld and the Loschwitz railways. The girders of these railways, as far as where running over the river is concerned, are firmly imbedded in beds of concrete. These supports are not cumbersome, as may be supposed, being no thicker than an ordinary lamp-post. The stations are built of iron and glass in a most artistic style, and there are sheds, sidings, and shunting stations in the air. Every car is suspended

feeling the concierge begins. Friends call and, learning that one is out and not wishing to take the trouble to go up as far as the flat on what might be a useless errand, leave their card or a message at the lodge, and, of course, cards, notes, or messages are delivered more or less accurately, according to the amount of the fees given by the tenant. The concierge's position offers him ample opportunities of interfering considerably with the tenant, because of his intermediate position. This might be almost entirely done away with if letters were taken up separately by the postmen to each flat, or if Parisians had not adopted the pernicious habit of applying to the concierge instead of going straight up to a flat.

As there are nearly always small services rendered by the concierge to every locataire even when the locataire has not asked for them, because of friends or outsiders who leave notes and parcels, etc., at the lodge, the concierge has come to consider that the fees he receives from the tenants are his due. Hence, many difficulties. When one takes a flat in Paris it is usual to give a fee known as a denier à Dieu to the concierge, who has negotiated the first part of the business between the tenant and the landlord. The amount of the denier à Dieu is generally decided upon according to a fixed scale, which figures at a rate of 10 per cent. of the rent of the flat. Thus a flat of £2,000 would mean a £200 piece to the concierge. But this has been exceeded of late years, and no one taking a flat of £2,000 would think of giving less than £30 to the concierge. The rate of fees which are so-called étrennes, or Christmas boxes, is somewhat higher; a rent-payer of £2,000 would give about £50 to his concierge at New Year. Besides the étrennes, some people who have many small services to ask of their concierge during the year make a practice of giving a small fee or pourboire each time they pay the rent—that is, four times a year. It is not the business of the concierge to call cabs, to run errands, or to bring up luggage, so that all these small services have to be paid for separately.

Visitors' Letters.

It is also useful for visitors to Paris to know that the concierge owes no service even in the matter of taking up letters three times a day to any visitors in any of the flats in his building. The householders' names alone are supposed to be known to him, and he is well within his rights if he refuses to take up letters for others than his regular tenants. This is specially applicable to houses where there are pensions de famille, and English people, when writing to their friends abroad, should always be most careful to put chez M. or Mme. —, with the name of the householder with whom their friends are staying, as the concierge would be well within his or her rights in refusing them at the door, saying that he has no locataire of that name.

The System at Fault.

It will be, therefore, well seen that the position of the concierge is somewhat equivocal, and it depends entirely upon the individual character of the concierge whether he be liked or disliked by the tenants of the house. His functions are very clearly defined, but his position enables him to render many small services to the tenants, which, however, are not their right and must be paid for accordingly. A bad concierge is the greatest curse one can meet in one's life. He has it in his power to set all your friends against you by not delivering messages or cards or recording calls, and all tradespeople and servants by allowing his lodge to be a center for vituperative gossip. In Paris house servants do not sleep in the flats. The whole of the sixth floor is divided up into small rooms, which are the servants' quarters, one or two or three being allotted to each flat, according to its size. The French servant, therefore, makes the most of her opportunities, and when she is supposed to have retired to her room for the night she is more often than not downstairs gossiping in the lodge with the concierge. Here the business of all tenants is discussed, and their most intimate habits commented on, but here again it is the result of the false system. If letters and parcels were taken up direct to the flats, and visitors and callers did not rely upon the concierge as an intermediate, many of the evils which arise from the concierge would be done away with. Meanwhile, we have to live with them as best we can.

THE CHILD'S MISTAKE.

The teacher had been explaining to the class in etymology the meaning of the word "gamy" as an ending in compounds, and had taken as illustrations the three words "polygamy," "bigamy" and "monogamy." "Polygamy, children," she explained, "is the condition of having several wives; bigamy, the condition of having two wives, and monogamy that of having only one wife."

After discussing various other roots and words, she reverted to those she had first explained, and put questions to test the knowledge of her pupils. "Now, children," she said, "when a man has many wives, or a woman has many husbands, what do call it?"

"Polygamy," was the response.

"And what is it when there are two wives or two husbands?"

"Bigamy."

"Very good. But if the right state of affairs exists, and a man has only one wife, and a woman only one husband—what is it then?"

"Monotony."—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

MIGHT HAVE SPARED HIM THAT.

"Prisoner," said the judge, "the sentence of this court is that you be confined in the State penitentiary for five years, at hard labor, and I take occasion to express the hope that at the expiration of that time you will so far have reformed that you will no longer try to make a living without work."

"Your Honor," said the convicted wretch, flushing with indignation, "if you think it ain't no work to go out at 2 o'clock in the mornin' when it's down below zero, and skin up steep porches with the roof all covered with snow, you ort to try it once!"—[Chicago Tribune.]

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold, Alike fantastic, if too new or old; Be not the first by whom the new is tried Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

—[I-Pope.]

THE DESPISED CONCIERGE.

IN PARIS ALL THE FLATS ARE UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF THE CONCIERGE.

[London Leader:] Much has been said and written about the concierge system in Paris. It is, in fact, an inexhaustible fund for discussion and opprobrious debate among Parisians. As a class, concierges are heartily despised, although one and all Parisians are obliged to propitiate them because of the undisputed power they wield. But whatever may be said against the concierges—and nobody will more readily admit than myself, that odious types of them abound in Paris—it is the very system itself which is at fault. Moreover, the stranger does not seem to thoroughly realize exactly what the position of the concierge is. The newcomer and non-resident is apt to suppose that he is not only the guardian of the house, but is also the servant of the inmates. And therein precisely is their error.

The Landlord's Property.

The concierge guards the house in the interests of the landlord. He is exclusively the employé of the landlord and of no one else. He is appointed and paid by him and owes no allegiance but to him. His duty is to guard the door, to open and close it night and morning, to be assured that nobody enters unbeknown to him who may annoy the residents. He must keep the staircase clean and show possible tenants over the empty flats and represent the landlord in every way until he puts the new tenant in direct touch with the landlord, when the latter has finally decided upon more advanced negotiations. He must also see that the various dustbins from each flat are brought down and emptied into the general dustbin in the courtyard.

Postal Difficulties.

But he has nothing whatever to do with tenants once the hall door of their own flat is closed. Unfortunately non-official relations are established between the concierge and the tenants by means of the post. Unlike the English postoffice authorities, the heads of the French postoffice decided that, in order to save the postman the trouble of going to every flat separately himself, the letters of an entire building—there are often thirty or forty flats in one house—should be left at the lodge of the concierge. Now, that functionary's business is to take up the letters three times a day—at morning, noon and evening—to each flat, but as there are eight deliveries each day at the lodge, tenants are obliged to ask for their letters during the intervening hours. This always leads to many discussions and misunderstandings between the concierge and the locataire. If a letter is brought by hand and left at the lodge of the concierge and is not immediately taken up to the flat the tenant accuses the concierge of keeping the letters at the lodge. The concierge replies that he is not the tenant's servant, and hence the pernicious habit of

LOMA LINDA HOTEL
On the main line of the Southern Pacific R.R., sixty-two miles from Los Angeles. No for-

Life Then is Mormonism.
[BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.]
BALTIMORE, Feb. 1.—Preaching at the Cathedral on "Christ, the only en-

representatives of the allies will give him a final answer at the earliest possible moment. Meantime exchanges are still in progress between the allied

coast from which shellfish, etc. supplied to the markets. The inf in these cases is due altogether bad local sewerage. There hav

His First Grizzly.

BY THEODORE S. VAN DYKE.

Author of "Ride, Rod and Gun, in California," "The Bill Hunter," "Millionaires of a Day," etc.

HOW did I get to be a bear hunter? Why, the simplest way in the world. I killed my first bear by accident; thought I had a natural genius for bear-hunting and wanted some more of it; found out I was a fool, and then tried to learn something. That's the way every one succeeds that amounts to anything," replied old Bill Ellis to my question, one night as he took his half of the bed in the middle where there were no rocks.

"It was 'way back in '49, just after I got fired out of college for lovin' Greek so much that I didn't like to work for him. I kind of struck me that the love of gold might take its place in my sufferin' heart, so I struck for the mines up north. I had two partners about as big as I was, and one day, after one of 'em had looted a mine, and the other a pyrites ledge, while the only thing that kept me from locatin' a brass mine was that I didn't find any, we was a-sittin' in camp about evenin' gittin' supper when there was a rustlin' in the dry leaves under some live oaks behind us. We were camped right at the foot of a big cliff, where we had built a shanty, and got ready to spend the winter, but as it was warm yet we were cookin' outside, and 'em used to rustlin' in the leaves with squirrels and other things, paid no attention to it until all at once a big shadow fell over our grub, and a monstrous bear was a-rakin' in the slab of bacon we had left lyin' on a rock alongside the fire.

"A grizzly always looks big enough to suit you, but this was the first I had ever seen, and was so close he seemed more like an elephant. There wasn't a thing on earth to do, but set still, and no galoot ever sat stiller for his picture to send to his rich aunt. You've heard maybe about the wildest animals quallin' before the steady gaze of the human eye. That's a kind of stuff that used to be common in books an' papers. I tried it on this one, and might as well have squinted at a stump. He looked at me just like lots of animals do when you sit perfectly still, just as if you were a stump, and a dang poor stump at that. He must have smelt us, of course, but must have been dead green as men, and it's likely we were the first he had ever met. But, like all grizzlies, he had his gall bag along with him, and after rakin' our flapjack out of the fryin' pan an' waitin' for it to cool off before he took it, he snuffed his way into the shanty, clawed a bunch of handles off the rafters an' tucked 'em down as if he knew they cost a dollar apiece. Then he come back, and after knockin' the bakin' powder off the rock into the pan of batter on the ground below it, an' lickin' up the whole combination, he waddled off without payin' any attention to any of us.

"He struck right up the steep hill as if the bakin' powder was makin' him lighter, and it just suddenly struck me that all this stuff about the danger of bears was nonsense, so I grabbed up a double rifle I had brought from the East, and let him hear from it. At the crack there was a roar echolin' back and forward across the cañon, and down hill come a big mess of black a-rillin' an' tumblin' as if night had lost her foothold and was a-fallin' all in a heap. Along with it come a cold breeze, strong enough for a mountain storm, but it was nothin' but the draft of air my partners made gittin' down the cañon.

"I started to counteract it, but hadn't got far in the other direction before I saw that the bear was broke down behind so that he couldn't do much. So I wheeled about and climbed up on the shanty so that I could get a good shot at him without any damage to my goods. He looked so big an' black I was fool enough to shoot right away without waitin' for my hand to get a little steady after runnin' an' climbin'. Danged if I didn't miss him.

"Instead of makin' a memorandum of it he acted as if he had never heard a gun before, and rolled down into a little flat right near the house. There he got on his feet, an' seemed to be appraisin' damages while I was loadin'. It seemed like the best chance in the world to finish him, and I was so busy thinkin' of the laugh I would have on the boys fur skinnin' out an' leavin' their rifles leanin' agin the trees, that I got too little powder in the first barrel. When I fired it hit the bear with a spat that made him look around, but he didn't see smoke enough an' went on takin' account of stock. He was hit somewhere in the back, but was gittin' better pretty fast, and it was time to do somethin'.

"I knew most of the powder was in the other barrel, and thought it would send the ball clean through his reception room. The dangd thing kicked so it jumped an' hit him too high an' made such a stack of smoke he seen it at once.

"I guess it was the first time he'd ever seen smoke, but he sised up somethin' wrong about it mighty quick, and come down to see about it. He come oncomfartably fast, too, fur I was a layin' down behind the smoke. He hadn't seen me, and I didn't dare to get up to load the cursed old muzzle-loader, such as we had in them days. So I started to load it a-lyin' down, and keepin' one eye on him at the same time. It was rather a ticklish operation, and as I never had very much practice in that line I didn't make a first-class job of gittin' in the powder without movin' any. Before I had the patch on the first ball he began gittin' better, and in a few seconds there wasn't nothin' the matter with his back, leg, shoulder or anythin', judgin' by the way he ripped the edge off the roof where my head had just been. But he found this a little high an' just about the time I thought I was safe enough a big, black paw come a-reachin' near a yard farther out on the roof. He'd got his hind legs on the first log, and how long would it be before he'd have 'em on the second an' third? No time at all, if the roof would hold.

"But that was what he wasn't figurin' on. We'd made the roof of bark mainly because we couldn't get any lumber, and I chuckled all over as I saw it give way under his big claws an' heard his big carcass fall back

with a thump on the ground. You're mine, now, I thought, if your nerve only holds out long enough to keep you tryin' till I git loaded. By George, it did hold out, too, fur before I got the ball down up he come agin an' took enough bark along with him when he went back to leave a hole big enough fur me to tumble into.

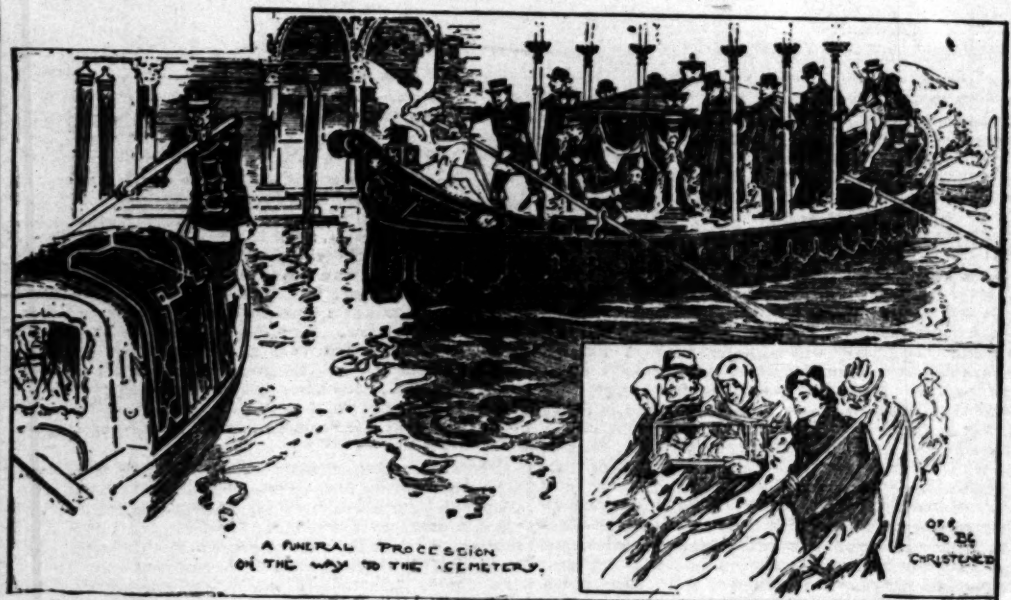
"Instead of tumblin' I just quietly slid down onto the bunk of one of my partners. I figured I could slide out of that front door an' skip down the cañon, leavin' the bear a-snuffin' after me around the back side of it. You may have noticed how easy it is in all business figurin' to leave out a triflin' pint that afterward turns out the pivot of the whole deal. The great central pint in this case was what I told you already, that lumber was rather scarce in those days. So my partner had made the bottom of his bunk of pine branches an' used more care in gittin' in than I did in jumpin' on to it. The beddin', too, was rather brittle, 'cause soap was \$10 a pound with mighty little soap in it, at that. So my feet went through with a smash that kind o' made me hesitate an' hold fast to the rifle, which had caught across the top of the hole.

"The bear, bein' green, had never had no practice in hesitating, and so he didn't hesitate. My hesitatin' was busted in the bud by a black cloud stoppin' up the doorway with a big 'whoooooooo' hiss in it, out of it like a clap o' thunder flashin' in the pan. The old cuss had heard me, and I saw I must look out fur his ears as well as his eyes. An' the deuce of it was his nose was now in the deal, for I don't think he smelt me when I was on the roof. The way I swung back onto that roof with the help of the rifle would have made a circus actor green-eyed. In half a second I had the powder flask out an' was gittin' a load into that rifle. But before I could git a bullet out of my pocket, about a square yard of roofin' was clawed into first-class tan bark about as fast as I could git my toes back from the edge of it. I had told my blasted partners they weren't makin' that roof high enough, an' their only answer was that they weren't buildin' fur shanghais. If the durned owlets had made it as I wanted it, though, the world would have lost my experience as a bear hunter, so I was magnanimous enough to forgive 'em a few weeks ago.

"If you ever felt a fortune crumblin' beneath your feet on a busted boom, you may git a little idee of how I felt. In half a second or so the only question was whether enough of that roof would be left for me to stand on after I got the rifle loaded? At the rate I was hoppin' around fur new ground it looked mighty doubtful about gittin' it loaded at all, for I didn't know what minute he would snatch out a big chunk right from under my feet. I was so rattled I got two loads of powder in one barrel, and by the time I got the cap on, the hole in the roof had got so big I was backed way up on one side with a mighty poor show to dodge around much more.

"One more section of that roof to go, and I'd 'a' had to jump off with a certainty that he would run round an' catch me before I could rake myself together. He seemed to know it, too, fur his big, red throat seemed redder than ever, as he snapped his long, white teeth over the cavern an' yanked down half of what was left of the roof in front of me. It was my last an' only chance, and I poked the rifle pretty near down his throat as I pulled the trigger. My! how she kicked with the double load of powder! Though I was leanin' forward, I went over backward empty-handed, and made a dent in the ground that must be there yet.

"Did you ever run ten miles fur nothin'? Probably not. I could always overhaul all I needed of it in nine an' a half before that. But I hardly stopped runnin' till mornin'. An' it is was near a week before I found the boys an' got back. There's somethin' good about every one, you know, an' the jackasses that had made a failure of the roof had made a success of the cellar. It was so deep that the bear couldn't climb out. He was so shook up in the appetite that he tumbled down the hatchway an' so badly hurt he couldn't climb out. He'd yanked all the floorin' into kindlin', and combed down all the sides of the cellar till he got a pile o' dirt high enough to climb out on, an' then existence went back on him.



The Beginning and the End: A Christening and Two Funerals in Venice.

In Venice, writes a correspondent, the dead must travel to their last resting place—as every one travels—by water. The cemetery is on the Island of San Michele, and one may often see these sad processions gliding silently out on to the lagoon. The decoration of the funeral barge varies considerably, from the plainest of

ALL DIED LAST YEAR.

THE DEATH ROLL OF AUTHORS WHO PASSED TO THE GREAT BEYOND.

[The Academy:] With the end of the year one cannot avoid looking round to count the vacant literary chairs. And, as usual, if we balance those who have gone against those who have arrived, the loss seems greater than the gain. The first week of the year carried off a man who promised to exercise—perhaps he may even yet exercise—a commanding influence on international life by his pen. For Jean de Bloch, whose notable work on modern warfare is said to have converted the Czar, was the real founder of the Court of Arbitration at The Hague.

But the biggest name in literature that the year has erased from the roll of the living is that of Zola. The furious controversies over his earlier works, his dramatic plunge into the Dreyfus case, the pitiful accident of his death all combined to impress his personality on his generation. France has also lost Xavier de Montépin, the popular fiction writer, and "Henri Gréville" (the pseudonym of Mme. Durand,) who was scarcely less popular, though eminently respectable. Aurélien Scholl, most prolific of journalists, is no longer to be met with on the Paris boulevards. M. de Maude la Clavière will be known to many English readers through the work on the "Women of the Renaissance," which has been translated. Eugene Muntz, the critic and historian of art, is also one of the literary losses of France.

America has seen the passing, in Bret Harte, of one of her most famous veterans of literature. Another veteran who has fallen is Frank Stockton. Both these had labored long and done the best work of which they were capable. But two of America's youngest and most promising novelists died during 1902. Paul Leicester Ford, the author of "Janice Meredith," was shot dead by his brother; Frank Norris was carried off before he had got beyond early manhood, and before he could finish the triad of novels, of which "The Octopus" was the brilliant first. One should not omit reference to the death of E. L. Godkin, the founder and editor of the New York Nation, and author of such luminous social works as "The Problems of Democracy."

Two poets of note have been lost to England during the year—three, indeed, if we count Lionel Johnson as a poet rather than a literary critic. Philip James Bailey had outlived the tremendous reputation he gained with "Festus," while Aubrey de Vere never appealed to a wide audience. The chief losses to fiction are by the death of George Henty and Mrs. Alexander, and last, but certainly not least, by the premature passing of George Douglas Brown, the author of "The House with the Green Shutters." In Mr. Brown and Mr. Norris, Great Britain and America had two young writers who were surely marked for greatness had they been spared. Of historians we have lost two masters of their craft, Samuel Rawson Gardiner and Lord Acton. Lord Acton was rather an influence than a writer. But he leaves behind him the splendid historical library which has passed through the hands of John Morley to Cambridge University.

The death roll of the year contains the names of many who were writers on occasion, but were notable in other ways. Sir Richard Temple, Sir Arthur Arnold, Canon Rawlinson, C. Keegan Paul, Samuel Butler (the author of "Erewhon"), Dr. Chase and J. T. Nettlehip, the painter who wrote a well-known book on Browning, have all passed away since we last told the tale of our losses. But the most notable name among those who have turned to letters rather for pastime than for profit is that of Lord Dufferin, whose fame as the author of "Letters From High Altitudes," has never been obscured either by his splendid reputation as a diplomatist, or the financial misfortunes that clouded his latest days.

He put his arm around her waist,
And the color left her cheek;
But upon the shoulder of his coat
It showed up for a week.

—[Answers.]

coast from which shellfish, supplied to the markets. The in these cases is due altogether local resources. There

Rosemary.

HOW SHE ACCOMPLISHED A WORK OF PRACTICAL REFORM.

By Azabella Kenealy.

CHAPTER I.

THE inventor looked up from his writing table with a frown. A sudden draught had swept into the room, and, as with spiteful hands, had caught up and whirled a dozen pages of his manuscript to the floor. Having looked up, he sat staring.

For in place of the gaunt, hard-featured servant woman who for years had waited on him, a bright-haired, brown-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl stood smiling in the doorway.

From one hand hung a pail of steaming water, in the other was a mass of cloths and dusters.

"I guess I'll clean them windows," she said. "Looks as though they hadn't had a shine this twelvemonth."

The inventor stooping abstractedly to pick up the scattered pages of his precious notes, his mind engrossed by the invention upon which he had been working for the past ten years, heard her as though from miles away. Absent-mindedly he waved a hand like one shooshing chickens.

But she did not, or she would not understand. She made for the middle of the room with a certain youthful, healthful irrepressibility, the steaming pail at the end of a rigid pink arm, her cloths and dusters in hand.

"I guess I'll clean them windows," she repeated with a cheerful vigor.

The inventor detached his mind from the idea and applied it to the actual. "Not while I'm here," he objected peremptorily. She halted a moment to stand beaming over at him.

"Bless you," she said, with real or pretended innocence. "You won't be the least in my way. You needn't even move your chair. And I shall have them windows cleaned almost before you could wink."

Certainly before he could bring his abstracted mind to the level of a speech like this, she had set down her pail, and dashing a chamolais leather briskly into it, was chasing it vigorously round and round the dingy panes.

The inventor remained speechless in his chair, prostrate between shock and amazement at an insistent energy which would not be denied.

"Martha, you know," she volunteered presently in broken gasps, "she's gone and got married."

Martha was the servant woman who had so long and so grimly rendered him domestic service.

The young woman faced about with a flash of white, strong teeth and laughing eyes. "Queer, isn't it, anybody'd want to marry the likes of her!"

The inventor made no answer. Irritability—the supreme irritability of the brain worker interrupted in his work was succeeding upon shock. As a law of the Medes and Persians for the whole ten years had been respected that command of his that not on pain of death should one intrude upon his working hours. When he required food or lights or fire he would ring. Unless he should ring, even though an interval of days should pass, nobody was to disturb him.

The law had been observed to the letter. Nobody had had the slightest interest in disturbing him. The less trouble he gave the better. If in the tension of brain effort he forgot to ring for dinner, the mistress and maid of the house wherein he lodged observed lightly one to another that the dinner would serve warmed up for supper. It was his orders, not anybody's fault, if he went without his meals.

He had been grateful to them for what he regarded as proper respect for the idea. The present outrage perpetrated upon it was a thing to gasp at. It seemed to him that only by rising and slaying the perpetrator could he properly meet the ends of the case. He had a momentary vision of a sturdy laughing maid of all work dying on the floor.

But she turned and stood before him. "There now!" she exclaimed, pointing exultantly to the translucent panes. "Why, you couldn't see a hand before you through them. Now you can sit and watch the people passing in the street. And get a bit of light. To my mind you look as if a bit of light'd do you good—you look that pale and pindlin'."

She caught up her pail and her cloths and whisked briskly away, closing the door sharply behind her. He heard her go humming down the stairs.

He sat staring at the door. For ten whole years he had come into no more relation with women than was to be obtained by passing them abstractedly in the street. Martha and her mistress scarcely counted. Either of them dressed in uniform would have made an excellent policeman.

For some minutes he was flustered. There was a pinkness in the atmosphere that beclouded the idea. Then he shook back his shaggy hair, reaching up once more into the gray light of inventive altitudes and went on with his work.

It seemed to him but minutes, although in point of fact some hours had passed, when a preliminary rap upon his door was followed by the reappearance of the maid, her cheerful rosy countenance above a tray.

"I guess you're about ready for your dinner," she said. "It's gone three this half hour."

It was too much to be borne. Without a word, in a blaze of uncontrollable anger, the inventor started from his chair and seizing her by the shoulders forcibly turned her about and trotted with her from the room. Closing the door violently he locked and bolted it.

"My, how he skeered me!" he heard her exclaim in the passage. Her footsteps sounded a precipitate retreat.

He worked on steadily for a couple of hours. Then exhausted nature gave out. His pen dropped from his hand. He rose, stretched himself, unlocked the door and rang the bell.

He was a well-built, strongly-made man of thirty-five, though his ten years' labors had bent his back and added twenty years to his looks. His hair was already graying round the temples. He might have been hand-

some had it not been for dragged irritable lines about the mouth and the haggard pallor of long and close confinement. Possessed of a small competence he had been able to abandon his work in a neighboring factory in order to develop an invention that had occurred to him as feasible. It was now nearing its completion.

The maid reentered with her tray. A cloud was over her rosy face. She set down her burden with decision. She laid the peaceable domestic knives as one might lay out weapons for a duel. The spoons rang war whoops. The water jug thumped a tocsin of defiance. The table spread, she whisked away. The inventor stooped to pick up a sheet of geometrically figured foolscap. He swore softly behind his teeth. He anathematized Martha and marriage. Martha moved heavily and slowly and without whisking of skirts.

Martha's substitute returned. She set a frugal meal of fish and vegetables before him. The inventor's means, as also his defiance of the laws of health and exercise, precluded a more robust diet.

Then placing her two hands on the table she addressed him. "Anybody but me wouldn't have hotted it up again for you," she said reluctantly. "I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself, treating a person so!"

She flounced from the room. The inventor stooped once more to pick up sheets of drawing paper.

His meal over, he sat back wearily in his chair. But the irrepressible maid appeared. The frown had given place to a smile. She had washed and dressed for the afternoon; her cheeks were soap-polished roses. She bore a cup of steaming coffee. "You look that peaked and done," she said mellowly, "I thought mebbe you'd like a cup."

There is nothing he would have liked better. He almost caught it from her hand. Coffee was his one carnal delight, and it was long since he had indulged it. In engaging the rooms he had stipulated expressly for a midday cup of coffee. For the first week this had been regularly brought, the second week it arrived intermittently, the third week not at all. There was always some excuse. Mrs. McMicking had "just run out o' coffee," a nice hot cup had just been made and overturned by accident, "the kettle had just boiled over and put out the kitchen fire." Gradually he had been weaned of his one indulgence. The women had won, after their custom, hands down.

He had contemplated moving. But—he glanced about him ruefully—what would it mean to arrange, to pack and to rearrange all his books and papers! He did not move. He called philosophy to his aid and decided that no man should be the mere slave of a habit.

Yet here now was his cup of coffee. A fig for philosophy! He flung it to the winds. He caught the cup from the girl's hands with a kindling face. Had he not long since forgotten how to kiss he might have kissed her. She seemed but a rosy-faced girl.

"Thank you, Martha, thank you," he said gratefully. "Which my name isn't Martha," she retorted, "being Rosemary."

CHAPTER II.

The inventor entering his sitting-room on Monday morning perceived an unwonted odor. He brought his mind out of abstraction, and discovered a tumbler of water with a bunch of violets in it standing on the mantelpiece.

He had forgotten there were violets in the world. He experienced a sudden odd sensation. He stood looking down at them. The perfumed cluster thrilled his senses. He stooped to smell them. Their freshness, their sweetness, their low-toned humility of color affected him strangely. It is said that Linnaeus coming all at once upon a gorse bush in a golden glory of bloom, fell on his knees and in a rapture of reverence thanked God for having made so beautiful a thing. In his high-strung mental state some such overpowering impulse moved the inventor. He was conscious of a throttling sensation. Then he felt tears upon his cheeks. He had but just time to mop them, amazed at himself, when Rosemary appeared with his breakfast.

She entered with her accustomed bustle, seeming to charge the air with warm magnetic forces, her eyes sparkled, her rosy cheeks were blooming, the mellow humming of her voice had accompanied her to the door. "I thought you must be sick of boiled eggs for breakfast all the year round, so I set to and curried 'em, an' I guess you'll find 'em jest good."

She whisked off a cover and an aroma different from that which had but a minute earlier disturbed him, but eminently agreeable, asserted itself. Rosemary was a most excellent cook.

Pendlebury, sitting to his meal, for the first time realized that it was a digestive revolt within him against 730 plain-boiled eggs a year, which had caused him of late to look askance at breakfast. He smiled above her admirable curry. One observing him might have wondered at a certain sheepish bashfulness that for the time replaced his usual abstracted stare. The appetite whetted and satisfied by his unwonted meal was succeeded by a pleasurable languor. The perfume of the violets was in the air.

Instead of pouncing upon his work as was his habit the moment his breakfast was over, he now sat back in his chair and permitted his thoughts to wander. They did not wander far. He flushed a little, finding them presently on Rosemary who had brought in her tray and was clearing the table.

The sun shone on her neat frilled cap, on her neat quick figure, on her chestnut hair, on her ruddy chubby arms which the sleeves of her fresh print gown rolled back above her elbows, displayed. From behind some sheets of manuscript he had caught up as screen to an alarming fit of self-consciousness which had seized him at sound of her footsteps, he stole intermittent glances at her. She seemed unconscious of him and intent upon her work. Her lashes lay in two dark semi-circles on her rosy cheeks as she contemplatively gathered up the forks and spoons and folded the tablecloth. Yet one experienced in women's ways would have known that she was perfectly and pleasantly aware of his embarrassed looks.

"Whose violets?" she said laconically, flashing her brown eyes.

"Who gave them to me?"

"Me," she said.

"What for?"

She swept a hand lightly in the air. "I jest like things fur people," she said casually.

There was an interval of weeks wherein the inventor relapsed once more into his abstracted state.

Then Mrs. MacMicking appeared in the doorway with a flushed agitated face. "Sakes alive, Mr. Pendlebury," she appealed, "come done to the kitchen or the very likely be murder done!"

Pendlebury, his mind entangled in inventive matters, waved a hand absently. "Send for the police," he said.

But at that moment a confusion of voices audible below became articulate. "Ef you're goin' to shoot, I reckon I can take it about as well as most folks. Rosemary was heard to say defiantly—but a very definite falter at the end of her bold speech showed she but little relish for the prospect.

Pendlebury was not long in arriving at the kitchen. By the fireplace the girl stood, alarmingly pale to one who knew her normal complexion. But though her hands grasping the back of a chair was trembling, she held up her head and made a brave show. In a doorway confronting her a man with a mean angry face stood covering her with the muzzle of a small revolver. There was a smile of malicious triumph on his lips.

In younger days Pendlebury had been an athlete. It was not long before the revolver had changed hands. The muzzle now covering the assailant. "If you hand or foot," Pendlebury said, breathing hard, "I swear I'll put a bullet through you. Mrs. MacMicking fetch the police."

The man laughed insolently. "Pooh!" he said, advancing with a swaggering air. "Ye kin spare your wind. Tain't loaded."

Rosemary, the strain over, had sat down suddenly in the nearest chair and was sobbing hysterically.

"She's my girl," the man said bullishly. "I sware you're her new flame, an' you're the reason she's down on me. Well," with a contemptuous stare, "I kin gratulate her."

Pendlebury, having examined the barrels, set a revolver on the table. He began to roll back his sleeves. "If you don't get out of this in less than a minute," he said, thickly, "I'll thrash you within an inch of your life."

His blood was up. His strong frame showed the evening. He tossed the long hair from his eyes.

The other man was city-bred, anemic and soft-nosed. "I wasn't goin' to stop," he retorted. "You might as well call it a day. He picked up his weapon and slouched out with an air which professed to be casual, but was manifestly timorous.

"What is it all about?" demanded Pendlebury, action having set in, he had a shame-faced sense having been betrayed into melodrama.

Mrs. MacMicking shrugged her spare shoulders. "Sweethearting," she said, contemptuously.

"Taint any sweetheartin' of mine," Rosemary began, angrily. "He's only my cousin, and I ain't never set on him. He's bin reckonin' to marry me ever since we went to skule together."

Pendlebury still with that sense of shamefacedness began to retreat. "Will he bother you again?" he asked.

"No," she said, "he's off to England in the morning. 'Twas all because I wouldn't go with him."

When Rosemary next carried in her tray she was fronted a fury. In the place of the abstracted mood absorbed worker to whom she was accustomed she found a half-crazed, tempestuous person pacing the room. He turned a face electric-white and crimson with rage and disappointment on her.

"The fends take you!" he cried, violently, "you a your sweetheartin'. I've lost it again. I'd just put it—the thing I've been slaving for—for years. An' now it's clean gone."

Her mien had been downcast, her eyes were still red. But at this unexpected attack, so soon as she could recover from her stark amazement, the red came once more to her cheeks. She threw up her head. "Twant any foul o' mine," she retorted, her eyes flashing. "You hadn't got any call to meddle with my affairs. I could get shot if I liked."

His excitement having exploded, he began to calm. "You didn't seem to like," he said, grimly.

"Only fools take things at their face value," he asserted, and dumping her last dish on the table he went out of the room.

"If I'd known before I went down that I'd lost the man I loved, I'd likely have killed him."

For three weeks he worked desperately, scarcely sleeping. Rosemary ministered to him in silence which professed to be offended, but was really profoundly anxious.

"You jest see if you're not ill," she threatened once. "I've got no patience with it. Anybody'd think you was starin' mad. If you'd as much as as a mouse you'd be a man and get shaved an' wear 'air cut instead of spendin' all your time drawin' lines and squares and things without any meanin' to 'em."

Bending above his work he did not seem to hear her. But the spasm of a grim smile twitched his lips. Heers above! What mood was his for shaving with his great idea seething, simmering in his brain, never on the point of ebullition, yet not boiling.

Then one afternoon she found him with eyes blazing in a white and distraught face. He sprang upon her as she opened the door. He caught her round the waist and twirling her about kissed her three times on her cheek. "I've got it! I've got it! I've got it!" he shouted aloud.

She tore herself out of his grip. "You jest let me be," Mr. Pendlebury, she returned, indignantly. "This any business of mine, and I'd thank you to let me alone. Especially," she added, with a tossing head, "when you haven't got shaved for a month."

"Pooh," he cried, airily, "what does it matter! I'd got to kiss somebody. It would have been the same if you'd been the MacMicking."

For the first time for a fortnight he went out in the evening. He returned languid and pale. When

mary took in his supper he was his head in his hands. He turned. "I guess I've eaten my last sup," but the invention's all right. thing with Findlay and Somers. ing to have me taken to the hos. He fell forward insensible.

CHAPTER II.

He awoke with a sense of having Or was it that he had just fallen had stolen in as she had often done night. He was sure that somebody opened his eyes, and on opening mother and the good-night kisses things of years ago.

He was in his room at Mrs. night he had perfected his inven. Somers had offered him \$100,000 repeated again and again to he had completed the work of his lay & Somers had offered him \$10. He waited for the blaze of joy & always anticipated when he had to success. He had never in his dared hope for such success as th him his machine would revolution of stocking weaving. Findlay he joy. Yet here was he a few hours and quite uninterested. He sigh posed it was so with life. He fo with life, having no longer the ap his work had been.

However, he supposed he must vague sense that he was sadly in a sense of sinking through the only to fall back feebly.

Then Rosemary seemed suddenly the floor. She placed an arm be fed him from a spoon. And the tonished him was that he took the though he had been all his life fe like a baby he fell quietly asleep.

When he awoke she was still t fire. He was surprised to find the bedroom.

She seemed to know he was back was turned. She advanced him with a spoon and once again seemed to go on all day, this waking and falling asleep.

In the evening it occurred to him meant.

"You've been ill," she told him will get well and strong again."

"Have you been ill, too?" he looking into a white drawn face named as Rosemary's.

She shook her head.

"What are you crying for?" he It smote him with a sudden peevish look to white and thin, and she fell asleep again.

Ten days later he was lying on ting-room. A window was open lets on the table.

Mrs. MacMicking suddenly appe you find yourself?" she demanded, fullness.

She remained talking with him sorely. Then she got up to go. "I of it at such a time," she said, "diebury, you must consider it in the girl has waited on you hand and weeks! The doctor says she jest it's precious little work I've been her. I've had to get in a colored have dropped. You ought to make present, and to consider me and a colored woman in the bill." Pen a whirl, promised to consider her al

"Why in heaven's name did you about me?" he protested, staring face, from which her eyes looked

"Oh, I like doing things for pe lightly, taking refuge as she had an inexplicable idiosyncrasy.

When she had gone the room s He shivered, and rising, shut down He became thoughtful. He realiz in the bank he would be able to l than he had lived at Mrs. MacMick set up a house of his own. He an inclination he felt to leave Mrs. h not be affection for that estimat tractive person. He pondered it o him. Of course, with \$100,000 in marry a smarter girl than Rosem the girl wouldn't be Rosemary.

When she brought in his tea t and warm again. He pondered s think you'll be thankful to be rid examining her attentively.

"Oh, I like—like doing—" sh down. "Are you going away, M pain in her voice and in her aver he wished to know.

"I'm going away if you'll come he said with a burst of courage courage to take her in his arms going to start housekeeping, and he said.

There was a roguish twinkle t mary returned his kiss. "I alv things for people," she insisted.

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FOR KEEPS.

Mamma: Don't be so selfish. I play with your marbles a little while Tommy: But he means to keep.

Mamma: Oh, I guess not.

Tommy: I guess yes, 'cause

[Philadelphia Press.]

W LOMA LIN

The Parsees.

HOW THEY DIFFER FROM OTHER INHABITANTS OF INDIA.

By a Special Contributor.

IN BOMBAY, the New York of India, many native races dwell side by side, without mixing either with one another or with their white rulers. The Hindoo, tightly swathed in the bandages of caste, and the Moslem, confined in the narrow circle of a fanatical creed, agree only in their isolation. But the Parsees, though cleaving to their ancient religion, are debarred neither by caste nor doctrinal prejudice from associating with their fellow-subjects. Seated in the gate of the eastern world, they form, as it were, a connecting link between the Orient and the West.

The Parsees are easily picked out from the cosmopolitan swarm of the city by their dress. In their case the turban, which seems at first sight to be the national headgear of India, is replaced by a high, black, brimless cylinder. This hat and their long, dark-colored surtouts make the men look taller than they really are. The Parsees are not so dark as the average Bombay native; their faces are keen and intelligent, their looks friendly and affable. Most of the merchants speak English.

Freedom of Parsee Women.

The Parsee women have the hair and eyes of Italians. They are fond of dressing in bright stuffs, and many of them wear large jeweled ear-rings. They are not relegated to a zenana. When a Parsee merchant entertains his Christian business rivals, the educated and accomplished ladies of the house are present. This is a pleasing exception to the almost universal rule—that between the white Aryan and the brown there yawns an impassable social gulf.

Descent of the Parsees.

As their name indicates, the Parsees are Persians. They are, in fact, descended from the refugees who fled before the Arab invasion of their fatherland. The ancestors of the present Rustumjees and Tejeebhoys settled in India under the protection of the great Mogul. When the first European traders arrived in Bombay, the Parsees, being free from religious prejudice, acted as mediators and agents between them and the exclusive caste-bound natives of the continent. On the breaking-up of the Mogul empire, their business instincts guided the shrewd Parsees to throw in their lot with the conquering British.

Their fortunes grew with the growth of Bombay. Although numbering only one-twentieth of the population, they are now the most prominent citizens as regards wealth, business energy, and charitableness. Today there are Parsees on the roll of the baronetage, and such Parsee names as Readymoney are as well known on the London exchange as in Bombay. The smaller fry are in business all over India. They lend money and keep general stores in up-country stations.

In many points the Parsees resemble the Jews. They follow mechanical trades, indeed, but by natural bent they are shopkeepers; and they despise agriculture. They are charitable to their fellows, and a Parsee beggar is rarely seen. The Parsees are a peculiar people who, though long resident in the midst of an alien civilization and alien religions, yet stubbornly maintain their own customs and forms of divine worship. On this side they stand apart, not only from the European, but also from the oriental.

The Parsee Faith.

Ask the average British resident what is the religion of the Parsees, and he will tell you that they are fire-worshippers. You agree with him when you see the kneeling figures on the Strand at sunset, all facing westward and repeating prayers. But the Parsees adhere to this. They say that Zoroaster bade them keep fire burning in their temples merely as the symbol of Ormuzd, the bright spirit of good, who wars with Ahriman, the dark principle of evil. Their religion is not crystallized in a creed; but it recognizes a great First Cause, the Creator of the universe.

Fire, says one of their writers, is the noblest creation of God, because it is "pure, bright, active, fecund, incorruptible." This emblem of divinity is revered in the rising and the setting sun, and in the hearth fire. Bahram, the sacred flame, is kept alive in their houses of prayer with fragrant sandalwood; and in its presence their marriages are solemnized. Each flicker of its fiery tongue slays thousands of the "spies of Ahriman" that hover invisible in the air.

The doctrine that fire is a holy thing introduces into Parsee life some strange limitations. No strict follower of Zoroaster can be a smith, nor can he degrade the divine emblem by using it to burn tobacco. If it damages his property he may quench it with earth and stones; but he is not allowed to vex its subtle spirit with hissing, contentious water. Hence, the orthodox cannot become members of a fire brigade. Casuistry, of course, steps in to round the hard edges of doctrine; and the Parsee, like other religionists, finds some way to solace his conscience while saving his house. Fire is not, indeed, the sole object of his reverence. He also pays honor to the elements, water and earth.

Why the Parsee Expose Their Dead.

This is that has led to the strange Parsee custom of exposing corpses. As soon as life has departed, the body is deemed unclean. It would defile the earth, and so it may not be buried; nor may it be burned, for fire is more sacred than earth. So the Parsees expose their dead on a grating and make their "sepulchers the maws of kites and crows."

The place where the rites are paid is called the Towers of Silence. On a hill overlooking the beautiful curve of the bay, there rise, from the midst of shrubs and shaded paths, a group of low, circular towers of stone. In the interior of each, and raised above contact with the earth, a grating of iron is fixed, with

a circular opening at its center that communicates with a deep subterranean shaft.

To the Towers the Parsee dead are brought on iron biers, and exposed on the gratings, with their faces to the west. Thereupon the mute attendants of the mortuary, the crows and buzzards that perch on the coping, fly down and strip the flesh from the naked corpse. As soon as the bare bones become brittle, they are swept by attendants into the central shaft, whence the rains wash them out to sea by underground channels. This is how the disciples of Zoroaster avoid the pollution of fire and earth by their dead.

Strange Use of Dogs.

In the death chamber itself a strange rite is practiced. A dog is brought in and held in such a position that it stares straight into the eyes of the corpse. The Parsees believe that "millions of spiritual creatures," emissaries of Ahriman, "walk the air unseen." One of these, a corpse demon, takes the place of the departed soul, but may be expelled by the gaze of a dog. On this account the "friend of man," unclean to the Moslem, outcast and pariah to the Hindoos is treated with respect by the Parsees, and by them alone among the natives of India.

It is in the disposal of their dead that the Parsees diverge most widely from the practice of their fellow-citizens. The Hindoo, who piously cremates his dead relatives at the burning ghaut, commits in the eyes of a Parsee an unpardonable sin. The offense of the European is not so heinous; but he does wrong to defile the earth with his graves.

These differences of opinion, however, breed no fanatical hatred in the bosom of the Parsee. He can associate cordially with those who differ from him totally in customs and religion. More accommodating than Shylock, he "will eat with you and drink with you," as well as "buy with you and sell with you;" and so he helps to bridge the gap between East and West. Zoroaster sums up the whole duty of man in the words: "Pure thoughts going out in true words and resulting in right actions." In this there is a point of contact between the Parsee, and the honest Christian, Mussulman and Hindoo.

F. W. REID.

YOUNG MAN OF PARTS.

ROSE FROM A MESSENGER BOY TO BECOME ONE OF THE CATTLE KINGS.

[Omaha Bee:] In 1897 a uniformed messenger, mounted on a bicycle, aged 18; six months later a tramp with 25 cents in his pocket; in 1902, aged 23, a young cattle king, on the high road to wealth, is the history in a nutshell of Bert Moore, who came into the stockyards at South Omaha a few days ago bringing with him several carloads of fat steers from his Wyoming ranch, and, after disposing of them at a good price, walked up to the Western Union Telegraph office in Omaha to inspect the place where he had spent four years as an ordinary delivery boy.

The brilliant career of the young man, who, without friends, and without money, made such a rapid rise in the world, shows the opportunities which still exist in the West for a boy or young man of ability and pluck.

For three years Bert McCune, messenger No. 12 of the Western Union force at Omaha, was the best-known messenger in the city. His true name was "Moore," but at that time he was called by the name of his foster parents, McCune. Bert was ready and willing to work, and was a favorite with customers all over the city. He attended night school, and kept abreast of other pupils who went to school in the daytime.

One day Bert stepped up to the manager and asked for his "time," saying he wanted to quit. Every inducement was offered him to remain with the company, but he declined. He said: "There's nothing in it. I'm going to Wyoming and become a cattle king. No; I haven't any money, but I will have some."

And go to Wyoming he did. The Big Horn Valley, near Yellowstone Park, was beginning to attract attention, and thither Bert journeyed, not by Pullman cars but by riding the brake beams of Burlington Railroad freight cars. It took him two weeks to make the 1000 miles, but one spring morning he entered the Big Horn basin, and was ready for work immediately.

This he secured on a ranch, and began saving his wages. He "homesteaded" 160 acres of land, and induced two cowboys to do the same. Whenever he secured enough money to purchase a cow he did so, leaving the animal to herd with his employer's cattle.

Eighteen months after entering the basin Bert made his first shipment of cattle to the South Omaha stock yards. There were only eighteen head, not enough to fill a car, but the balance were supplied by his employer of the "T Bar Z" ranch.

Before the advent of the Burlington Railroad into the region the Big Horn country was settled by Mormons. When Gentiles began moving in so freely the Mormons began moving back into Utah, selling their stock in the Big Horn basin at small figures. Bert took advantage of this, and, with the proceeds of his first shipment, bought a number of "feeders" from a departing "saint."

All this time he continued to work at the "T Bar Z," investing every cent he obtained in live stock. Buffalo Bill, whose big ranch is situated in that county, began taking an interest in the earnest young fellow and assisted him in many ways.

One year ago Bert secured possession of the homesteads of his two cowboy friends, which, together with his own claim, gave him 480 acres of fine grazing land. On this land he built himself a sod house, and, giving up his position with the "T Bar Z," struck out for himself.

HOW IT TURNED OUT.

Miss De Style: He bet her a kiss Yale would win.

Miss Gunbusta: And how did it come out?

Miss De Style: A tie.

Miss Gunbusta: Is that so?

Miss De Style: Yes; I was at the wedding.—[Colorado Springs Gazette.]

mary took in his supper he was sitting at the table, his head in his hands. He turned a haggard face to her. "I guess I've eaten my last supper," he said, grimly, "but the invention's all right. I've arranged everything with Findlay and Somers. Tell Mrs. MacMicking to have me taken to the hospital." He fell forward insensible.

CHAPTER III.

He awoke with a sense of having overslept himself. Or was it that he had just fallen asleep and his mother had stolen in as she had often done to kiss him good-night. He was sure that somebody had kissed him. He opened his eyes, and on opening them knew that his mother and the good-night kisses of his boyhood were things of years ago.

He was in his room at Mrs. MacMicking's. Last night he had perfected his invention, and Findlay & Somers had offered him \$100,000 for the patent. He repeated again and again to himself the fact that he had completed the work of his life, and that Findlay & Somers had offered him \$100,000 for the patent. He waited for the blaze of joy and exultation he had always anticipated when he had dared to look forward to success. He had never in his wildest expectations dared hope for such success as this. Findlay had told him his machine would revolutionize the whole industry of stocking weaving. Findlay had almost danced for joy. Yet here was he a few hours later, cold, pulseless and quite uninterested. He sighed heavily. He supposed it was so with life. He felt that he had done with life, having no longer the spur and impulse that his work had been.

However, he supposed he must get up. He had a vague sense that he was sadly in need of his breakfast—a sense of sinking through the bed. He half rose—only to fall back feebly.

Then Rosemary seemed suddenly to come up through the floor. She placed an arm beneath his head and fed him from a spoon. And the thing that most astonished him was that he took the food she offered as though he had been all his life fed like a baby. And like a baby he fell quietly asleep.

When he awoke she was still there, sitting by the fire. He was surprised to find there was a fire in his bedroom.

She seemed to know he was awake, although her back was turned. She advanced and once more fed him with a spoon and once again he fell asleep. It seemed to go on all day, this waking and spoon-feeding and falling asleep.

In the evening it occurred to him to ask what it all meant.

"You've been ill," she told him, gently. "Now you will get well and strong again."

"Have you been ill, too?" he inquired in a maze, looking into a white drawn face he scarcely recognized as Rosemary's.

She shook her head.

"What are you crying for?" he protested, irritably. It smote him with a sudden peevishness that she should look so white and thin, and should weep. Then he fell asleep again.

Ten days later he was lying on the couch in his sitting-room. A window was open and there were violets on the table.

Mrs. MacMicking suddenly appeared. "And how do you feel yourself?" she demanded, with adamant cheerfulness.

She remained talking with him till his head ached sorely. Then she got up to go. "I scarcely like to speak of it at such a time," she said, "but I think, Mr. Pendlebury, you must consider it in the bill. The way that girl has waited on you hand and foot for five whole weeks! The doctor says she just saved your life. But it's precious little work I've been able to get out of her. I've had to get in a colored woman, or I should have dropped. You ought to make the girl some little present, and to consider me and my expenses with the colored woman in the bill." Pendlebury, his head in a whirl, promised to consider her and the colored woman.

"Way in heaven's name did you take so much trouble about me?" he protested, staring at Rosemary's thin face, from which her eyes looked large and solemn.

"Oh, I like doing things for people," she explained, lightly, taking refuge as she had done before behind an inexplicable idiosyncrasy.

When she had gone the room seemed suddenly cold. He shivered, and rising, shut down the window.

He became thoughtful. He realized that with \$100,000 in the bank he would be able to live more comfortably than he had lived at Mrs. MacMicking's—able indeed to set up a house of his own. He analyzed a sudden disinclination he felt to leave Mrs. MacMicking. It could not be affection for that estimable but wholly unattractive person. He pondered it out. Light broke upon him. Of course, with \$100,000 in the bank he might marry a smarter girl than Rosemary. But then again the girl wouldn't be Rosemary.

When she brought in his tea the room grew bright and warm again. He pondered no longer. "I should think you'll be thankful to be rid of me," he told her, examining her attentively.

"Oh, I like—like doing—" she insisted and broke down. "Are you going away, Mr. Pendlebury?" The pain in her voice and in her averted eyes told him all he wished to know.

"I'm going away if you'll come with me, Rosemary," he said with a burst of courage. He further found courage to take her in his arms and kiss her. "I'm going to start housekeeping, and I shall want a wife," he said.

There was a roguish twinkle in her eyes as Rosemary returned his kiss. "I always did like doing things for people," she insisted.

(Copyright, 1903, by Arabella Kenealy.)

FOR KEEPS.

Mamma: Don't be so selfish. Let your baby brother play with your marbles a little while.

Tommy: But he means to keep them always.

Mamma: Oh, I guess not.

Tommy: I guess yes, 'cause he's swallowed 'em.

(Philadelphia Press.)

LOMA LINDA HOTEL HILL BEAUTIFUL

On the main line of the Southern Pacific R.R., sixty-two miles from Los Angeles. No fog, no rain, no wind, no dust. Always sunny. Among groves of flowering oranges, surrounded by snow-capped mountains. Loma Linda Association.

Life Than is Mormonism.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.)

BALTIMORE, Feb. 1.—Preaching at the Cathedral on "Christ, the only enduring name in history and the only

representatives of the allies will give him a final answer at the earliest possible moment. Meantime exchanges are still in progress between the allied governments and their respective

coast from which shellfish, etc. supplied to the markets. The in these cases is due altogether to bad local sewerage. There have been other fatal warnings since

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The Development of the Great Southwest.

OUR MATERIAL GROWTH.

WHAT IS BEING DONE IN THE FIELD OF PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

Iron Horse for Big Ranchers.

THE flesh and blood equine is giving way to the iron horse in the work of tilling the soil of the big ranches of Southern California. The first combined horse harvester used in Southern California was introduced by Hubbard & Wright, owners of the Zelzah ranch of the San Fernando Valley. The name "Zelzah" is from the Hebrew, and signifies shade, and applies to the spreading umbrella trees about the hospitable ranch house. Following the introduction of the combined horse harvester this firm has installed the traction steam engine, which hauls the plow at seed time and pulls the cutter and thresher, and at the same time operates them at harvest. This black monster, which feeds on California oil, furnishes the necessary motive and other power to plow, sow and harrow fifty acres per day. It is arranged with headlights and, if need be, may, with double crews, be operated twenty-four hours per day.

Mineral Water.

A MILE and a half from San Jacinto, Riverside county, in the foothills of San Jacinto Mountains, are located a number of springs whose product, by the test of analyses, is shown to be remarkably pure, and by the test of use, effectively medicinal. The waters issuing from these springs have recently passed into the ownership of several wide-awake Southern Californians, among whom are Arthur Letts, Henry W. Louis, Col. John R. Berry, F. U. Nofziger and E. J. Louis.

The water is known as the "Soboba Lithia Springs Water." There are several springs in a group, relatively so situated that their combined product blends into delightfully palatable, pure, soft water. The word "Soboba" is the name of a near-by tribe of Indians, by whom the medicinal virtues of the water are said to have been first discovered, and to their use of it has in a large measure been ascribed the longevity for which they are noted, the lives of some of them, can be shown to have passed considerably beyond the century mark.

Into the mountain or foothill, from which these springs flow, a fifty-foot tunnel has been driven. At ten feet from the tunnel's mouth the temperature is warm; at twenty feet the heat has perceptibly increased; at thirty feet it is hot enough for a steam bath, while at the fifty-foot turn the heat is almost unbearable.

By analyses of this water made by Laird J. Stabler, professor of chemistry in the University of Southern California, it is shown to be free from lime and magnesium salts, which make water hard; also from organic matter, which makes it impure, and on account of its freedom from these harmful ingredients, the distinguished chemist pronounces it a remarkable water.

In addition to containing certain phosphates which have a pleasant and beneficial effect on the nerves, this water is sufficiently lithiated to make it a curative of ailments for which lithia is usually prescribed. Being both pure and soft, and, in the way explained, sufficiently, but not excessively, mineralized, it is pronounced an ideal table water, and is regarded with much favor by discriminating citizens of Los Angeles, who have used it in their families for more than a year, and long enough to test it thoroughly. As a result, a large demand has been created for it in Los Angeles, and the owners propose, not only to market the water all over the United States in its virgin condition, but also to put it up in carbonated form.

Peatlands Potatoes.

NOTABLE results in potato culture are reported from the ranch of A. J. Young, not far from Wintersburg, in the peatlands of Orange county. Mr. Young has made a practical study of potatoes for many years, as his uncle did for a long period before him, so his deductions are to a large extent verified by the test of time. Mr. Young has originated nineteen varieties on the peatlands, and has in a large measure disproved the prevalent belief that good potatoes cannot be grown on that kind of soil. He says that the old theory that a given variety of potatoes will within a few years inevitably "run out" is incorrect. On the other hand, he declares that a given variety may be "worked up" or improved by proper culture. When planting the potatoes he is particular to first cut off the seed of "head" end of each one. From one four-acre piece in 1901 Mr. Young sold the first crop of potatoes for \$400 per acre. On the same land, within the year, he took a second crop, which yielded about seventy-five sacks per acre, and sold at from \$1.50 to \$3 per sack. The potatoes of the first crop were sold for table use. The second crop was sold mostly for seed.

Developments at Moneta.

THE art of making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before has been patterned after by the husbandmen about Moneta with the result that lands which a few years ago produced barley worth about \$16 per acre in good years are now yielding products aggregating hundreds of dollars per acre per year. Almost all the land about Moneta, which a few years

ago was owned by two or three men, has been subdivided into five-acre and ten-acre tracts, now held by individual owners. Apart from the 100 acres of strawberries averaging over \$250 per acre for the past year's yield, there was a large output of green peas. The Moneta Canning Company had several hundred acres in peas and berries, the product of which was marketed in Los Angeles when the prices were high enough, and packed at the company's cannery when prices were low. Considerable shipments went to the Klondike and to the Hawaiian Islands. The peas produced in the vicinity are of superior quality. The cannery gives employment to about fifty hands during a large part of the year. The McKinley Industrial Home, a new enterprise at Moneta, represents a considerable investment. The administration building, costing \$6000, is completed, as is also the superintendent's building, which cost \$7000. The California-Pacific Railway Company's trolley line runs near Moneta, and the Los Angeles and Redondo Railway Company's line, which runs through Moneta, has been converted from a steam road to one operated by electricity.

Polytechnic School at San Luis Obispo.

BUILDINGS for the Polytechnic School to be established at San Luis Obispo are about to be erected. The establishment of the school is under an appropriation of \$50,000 approved by the Legislature at its last session. The trustees who were appointed by the Governor are S. C. Smith of Bakersfield, F. A. Hihn of Santa Cruz, E. J. Wickson of Berkeley, W. M. John of San Luis Obispo, and R. M. Shackelford of Paso Robles, who, together with the Governor of the State and the Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State, as ex-officio members, form the Board of Trustees.

The trustees have purchased 280 acres outside the city limits of San Luis Obispo for the site of the school, and have chosen as head of the institution Leroy Anderson, formerly instructor in the University of California. He resigned the latter position and has taken up a residence in San Luis Obispo to have charge of the various details in putting the school into running order.

The act of the Legislature establishing the school declares that the purpose of the institution is "to furnish to young people of both sexes mental and manual training in the arts and sciences, including agriculture, mechanics, engineering, business methods, domestic economy and such other branches as will fit the students for the non-professional walks of life."

Instruction is to be given in agriculture, domestic science and mechanics. Students are also to be taught English, history, economics, mathematics, business methods, chemistry, physics, botany, entomology, physiology, zoology and physical geography.

San Luis Obispo Chrome Mines.

THE San Luis Obispo Breeze of recent date says: "According to the statement of J. W. Merchant of San Francisco, the chrome mines around San Luis Obispo are to be opened up and thoroughly worked shortly after the coming of the new year. Merchant came quietly into town a few days ago and located a couple of claims near the head waters of Chorro Creek."

"I represent W. C. Doak & Co., a big manufacturing firm of St. Louis," said Merchant. "I am their mining engineer and expert in California. It is the intention of Doak & Co. to open up the chrome mines about the first of the year and work them for all there is in them. My company practically controls the chrome business of California. I will be back in San Luis Obispo in a month and then I think plans will be so matured as to start active work."

"The claims Merchant has located for his employers are old abandoned chrome mines. They are each of forty acres, lying close to each other, in the hills north of town."

Railroad to Douglas, Ariz.

THE Douglas (Ariz.) Dispatch thus confidently speaks in a recent issue of the prospect of a railroad from that town southward:

"That a railroad will be constructed into the Chihuahuas district of Mexico is no longer a debatable question and will doubtless mean more to Douglas than it's possible to estimate just now. This road will open up to the manufacturing world the great timber belt of that section of Mexico. C. T. Karns, civil engineer for the Development Company of America, of which Frank M. Murphy is president, returned last week after making the survey for his company. He had a large and fully-equipped outfit, and has just completed his third survey into the timber belt of Chihuahua. To one of our leading citizens he stated that his road would be built into that section of Mexico leaving from Douglas, which would be the entrance into Mexico; that extensive sawmills would be established at Douglas, where the logs would be shipped and made into lumber. Engineer Karns returned to Prescott to report to President F. M. Murphy, and will return to Douglas in a few days."

Olive Cannery at Ontario.

THE Ontario Record gives the following account of an industry inaugurated in that city:

"Canned olives are certainly a novelty, and it is believed that the first canned olives are being sent out of Ontario this season. And it will not be a bad beginning for a new industry, either, for about one hundred and twenty-five tons of the fruit will be sent from this point, being now in process of preparation at the cannery."

"That there has been a pretty thorough demonstration of the merits of the fruit thus prepared is indicated by the fact that 5000 gallons have been ordered by the Los Angeles groceries of Jevne and Newberry, while

the large fruit house of Lamb Brothers has ordered several thousand gallons. Orders have also been placed for this fruit by Hotel Green, Pasadena; Hotel Coronado; the Van Nuys, Westminster, Hollenbeck and other first-class hotels of Los Angeles and other towns in Southern California. This shows what is thought of canned olives, as put up in Ontario, by many of the best caterers in this section of the State. And there is a good reason why there should be a demand for the fruit.

"The art of keeping ripe olives is one on which tens of thousands of dollars has been spent, with the result that it is admittedly not a success, and about all that is now attempted is to cure a sufficient quantity ripe to meet demands of the markets for a brief time after the harvest, and then to fall back on green fruit for the remainder of the year."

"In the canning of fruit it is necessary that it be perfectly sterilized before being sealed, and that is ordinarily done by heating. But the olive does not stand heat without losing its flavor, and because it could not be successfully sterilized, this fruit has not been canned heretofore. For two or three years R. E. Blackburn has been experimenting with the problem, and now has excellent canned pickled olives, which he put up two years ago. Having thoroughly tested the secret method which he devised, he this year entered on the work of putting up considerable fruit for the market, having bought 125 tons of fruit, which he has in part disposed of as above. He has organized the Electric Olive Company, and the labels were being printed for the cans, giving the place of business as Ontario, but later Mr. Blackburn had them changed to Los Angeles, where the company will move shortly after the beginning of the new year, on account of differences which have arisen over the control of the cannery building in Ontario."

"While Ontario will be the loser in the moving of the business to the city, if it prospers as now seems highly probable, this town will share the benefit which will come to all Southern California in the discovery of the method for utilizing a crop which has in great part gone to waste in past years."

Another Proposed Irrigation Enterprise.

IF ALL the irrigation enterprises proposed for Arizona should be carried out, the Territory would soon be one of the best-watered instead of one of the most arid sections of the United States. The Tombstone Prospector gives the following particulars in regard to the proposed irrigation of one of the leading valleys of Southeastern Arizona:

"A company has been formed by prominent citizens of the San Pedro Valley to be known as the San Pedro Development Association, which has for its purpose the development of the San Pedro Valley and will petition Congress to assist them under the Hansborough-Newlands measure."

"It is the intention of the company to secure a national appropriation for the building of a dam across the San Pedro at a point about two hundred yards below Charleston, where the banks of the river narrow to a point about 200 yards across, and are rock approaches which will furnish abundant stone for the building of a dam 100 feet high which, it is estimated, will hold back water sufficient to irrigate over 200,000 acres."

"At a recent meeting of the company held at Benson, the following officers were elected: John S. Merrill, president; J. M. Cosby and P. A. Lotgreen, vice-presidents; and W. C. Ferris, secretary."

"The company also expects to obtain, under the Newlands measure, an appropriation for assisting in developing the artesian water supply of the valley."

"The San Pedro Valley is without doubt the garden spot of Southwestern Arizona, as the soil has been proven very fertile. Vegetables, fruits, alfalfa and grains of all sorts are grown easily wherever sufficient water has been developed to irrigate the crops, and national assistance will make that valley most prosperous and furnish homes and employment for thousands of people."

Niter Fields.

THE rich niter fields known to exist on Mojave Desert in Southern California are to be developed. The Los Angeles Oil and Finance says:

"These California niter deposits are asserted to rival in extent and richness, those of Chile, which are yet the world's sole source of the native material. The exports of niter from Chile in 1901, for the manufacture of gunpowder, fertilizing, etc., amounted to 1,417,233 metric tons. There appears to be no doubt that the California deposits, which are the only ones of prospective commercial importance in North America, will sooner or later be yielding a large output for domestic consumption and export."

"These deposits lie along the northern side of San Bernardino county, extending into southern Inyo county, and they mark portions of the ancient beaches of lakes formed by the subsidence of the inland sea which covered a wide area in this region in Tertiary time. Being in the heart of a difficult desert region, a long distance from railroad communication, they have been investigated but little. What exploration has been done has been mainly done by parties of men which the American Niter Company has kept in the field much of the time during the past two years. This work, however, has been but superficial exploration. The work to be done now will consist both of assessment work on niter claims and actual development work in various beds to determine, by cuts, shafts and tunnels, the qualities and values of the material."

"With such plans in view, Prof. Bailey, about three weeks ago, left San Francisco with a large force of men, expecting that the party would number about one hundred when Manvel, on the branch of the Santa Fé Railroad in San Bernardino county, was reached. The equipment was to include teams, materials for buildings and small tramways, and varied supplies for living and for the work. The work will continue until interrupted by the heat of summer. This work will be carried on at several points, from fifty to eighty miles from Manvel."

Ways of Women.

MODES AND MANNERS
INTEREST TO THE FEMININE

The Cloth Gown.

FROM the numerous displays in smart shops, we are reminded of the fashion of the past, and upon us, and imposing the clothes. Alas! we had hoped that in its beginning this year, or rather before the heavy gowns were worn, would not make their appearance. While the showing of new goods, of warmer days, has the tendency to make costumes seem out of season, we had served their time of usefulness. Gowns have been so irresistibly attractive than usual, that none of us give them up. An established fact that the reason the present styles, the two distinct fashions, for the gown, with its short skirt, which is only for morning wear, marks a decided light-colored or white, elaborately, extremely becoming, and been so unduly predicted to be carried well into the have taken on distinct lines as ever the ones for reception and theater were full and conspicuous, beside the day

street year, in the morning. The m the flecks of white against the dark entirely too popular to remain a seduced by plain dark colors, with a ence for browns and blues. Brown decidedly smart, with mole-skin, or a petit-gris was raging, it was delight brown, but the last-mentioned fur is told. Red, while it is delightful to nearly every one, is just a little many to adopt for a whole toilette velvet, but glimpses of it are cert gives to gowns a decided cachet. word with every smart dresser now red, in a most expensive quality of cut in a three-quarter length. Si seems, the only trimming being t revers, of a velvet in a darker shad red felt, trimmed in self-toned coqu a most fetching costume, but one l tremely young face. Possibly wh best touch, was the (glimpses of white lace, an ivory tone, which all the hidden charms of this brilli is still much sought after; in fact, are decidedly modish, the blas beautiful frocks along these colo many of them only to, or, a little finished with huge undersleeves. T works of modistic art, ones of wh and collar, of yellow velvet, lent th gray—in a silvery tone—gown, in must be said that the bodice was and very elaborate in detail, and smart. The cloth skirts are cut on sweeping in fact, and trimmed wit vet, or fancy silk and mohair braid contrasting colors, is one of the m beautifying. White-cloth gowns finish, that it is not wonderful that

Ways of Women.

MODES AND MANNERS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO THE FAIR SEX.

By a Woman.

The Gown.

FROM the numerous displays in the windows of our smart shops, we are reminded that spring will soon be upon us, and imposing the arduous task of more clothes. Alas! we had hoped that as winter was so late in its beginning this year, or rather, it seemed late before the heavy gowns were worn, that spring fashions would not make their appearance so distressingly early. While the showing of new goods, destined for wear on warmer days, has the tendency to make the heavy winter costumes seem out of season, and as though they had served their time of usefulness, yet this winter's gowns have been so irresistibly charming, more attractive than usual, that none of us are in any hurry to give them up. An established fact in all our minds is that the reason the present styles are so admired are the two distinct fashions, for the firm severe tailor gown, with its short skirt, which has become privileged only for morning wear, marks a decided contrast, to the light-colored or white, elaborately-trimmed gowns for the afternoon. The accessories of fur which proved so extremely becoming, and been so universal all winter, are predicted to be carried well into the spring months, and have taken on distinct lines as everything else has, for the ones for reception and theater wear are quite fanciful and conspicuous, beside the dark severe ones for

amazing prices, for it does not take many bands of lace, or heavy-cut embroidery, say nothing of silk and chenille embroideries, to run into quantities of money. We have heard and seen so much of the ubiquitous grape design, which has the fabric stuffed to simulate the fruit, perfectly in shape, if not in color, that we are a little tired of it, yet it has been exquisite and is still greatly in demand. The coats to the white frocks are either three-quarters loose fitting, or an extremely short jacket, and often they have so much lace about them as to suggest an all-lace frock, trimmed with cloth. In one instance, the gown was made of lace with strapings and double cape of the cloth, while on the skirt much lace was used as well. A gown destined to captivate everybody for its admiration, was a white linen lawn, most elaborately encrusted with a delicate design of white cloth, outlined with gold cord, and the all-white effect was broken by a curiously-plaited corselet affair, in a pale carnation Liberty satin. The effect is most adorably softened by a hanging of mousseline-de-sole over the satin foundation, which gives a shimmer quite delightful. Quite one of the most fascinating of cloth frocks was built of a jade green broadcloth, encrusted with a heavy écu guipure, in a design of grapes, some of the bunches hanging loose in form of a passementerie. The waist was entirely of the guipure, over a plissé lining of green mousseline, with a small collar and vest effect, achieved by huge scallops of cloth, the edges pinked. Under this little scalloped-cloth collar was a cape of lace encrusted cloth with passementerie dangling from the fastening in front. One more cloth gown and then I am done. It was of a red cloth, with the deep collar of white Cluny, the edge cut in square tops, three across the front and back, and one longer on each shoulder. The tabs falling over the shoulders had appliqué motifs of black Chantilly, upon which lay

in front is modified to a more comfortable line, the backs sweep and train, to some degree; in fact, everything drops downward—shoulder lines, sleeves, skirt trimmings—and for this reason fringes are again admired. The stocks most modish touch is the V dip in the front, and the sleeve must carry a snug, close fit at the arm hole.

New Shirt-waist Models.

THE new shirt waists are beginning to appear in quantities, running through all the different wash silks and wash fabrics by the yard, as well as special patterns, to the dainty hand-embroidered linen ones. The pinks and blues in the linen are simply enchanting, especially with the decorations of flowers in wreaths and garlands, and a design especially graceful, is one of the butterflys, in different sizes. Out of the beaten track of former years' fabrics are the flounced damasks and to write of them gives a poor idea of their beauty, as one can form no conception of their originality. They quite speak for themselves, in a most authoritative way, and the only fear, or doubt, that one can have is whether their great popularity will too soon be their downfall which is so often the case with attractive things, yet, their price will help to keep them where our hopes put them, at least until an imitation arrives on the market. Linen crash makes delightful waists, sometimes their simplicity of tucks and plaits borders on severity, but the daintier ones boast of insets of antique lace, the white of the lace with the tone of the crash, forming a most happy union. In these the insets of the lace are on the front of the waist, while a single box plait of the crash runs down the center, and the cuffs and stock finish is of the lace. The long shoulder effect is carried out in a most exaggerated way on these waists by means of a shaped shoulder piece, stitched flat, accentuating the long lines which are so modish on all garments at present.

Whole Thin Frocks.

FOR the whole frock possibly nothing is more superbly dainty than the embroidered white batistes and when they are made over an underslip of straw-colored china silk, they are dreams of loveliness indeed. These frocks are just blossoming out into the smart shops, and are speedily snapped up. In many the skirts are given a most delightful frongage by frills and insertions of heavy embroidery, while the hand work is reserved for the bodice alone, and takes on a design of hydrangeas with just a suspicion of foliage, of course, all self-toned. Pretty ones in pink and blue, with insertions and embroidery to match, as well as a fichu piece, all ready for making up, are running close with the dotted muslins, which are most attractive with their insettings of undulating insertions of English embroidery, while for nice, general wear are the robes in dark-blue mull, embroidered. These come with the embroidered pieces, the design carried out in white, in a floral design, as are also the embroidered swisses, but the latter are done in delicate colored silks, which keeps them from being quite as practical as the ones done in white linen flous, for the silks are very troublesome to keep looking fresh and crisp, and anything that they are used on, cannot be privileged to resort to the wash tub, as the other embroideries can. Along with these dainty gowns, one cannot refrain from speaking of the wide cape collars, fashioned of lace, and carried out on the same lines as the winter models of fur. They carry the long, soft ends, and are a perfect mass of billowy softness, which goes so far to help out any face, that it will make them much sought after.

Table Fancies.

LACE—Cluny being especially smart—is much employed to achieve the most charming effects, as a center and border of table linen, and the sideboard cover usually corresponds. A volant is smarter than the plain edging of lace, but to many minds this too keenly suggests blinds, and counterpanes to be in first-rate taste. Wax candles in silver candelabra are always in good taste, with any style, and the old Sheffield patterns are much sought after in Paris. Now that one is privileged to obtain linens in all shades and tones, a delightful scheme of palest green, embroidered in white flax thread, the floral touches being pale mauve violets and delicate foliage, needs only the old-fashioned, white wedgewood basket-work china, which is being revived, to achieve fascinating and artistic results.

Dressing the Hair.

WE HEAR whispers again that the hair is being dressed fairly low and extremely broad in the back, waved extravagantly over the ears, but very flat over the top of the head, brought forward over the eyes, and held in place by quantities of small, ornamental combs, and "loop" pins. The effect must be careless, but artistically so nowadays; in other words, all head-dresses are marvelously and cleverly produced types of the most natural of natural hair. D. R. MONTGOMERY.



COSTUME OF WHITE LACE.

street year, in the morning. The mixed goods, showing the flecks of white against the dark grounds, have been entirely too popular to remain smart, and are superseded by plain dark colors, with a most decided preference for browns and blues. Brown, in a light tone, is decidedly smart, with mole-skin, or with sable, and while petit-gris was raging, it was delightful as a contrast to brown, but the last-mentioned fur is certainly a tale that is told. Red, while it is delightful and most becoming to nearly every one, is just a little too conspicuous for many to adopt for a whole toilette of handsome cloth, or velvet, but glimpses of it are certainly most chic, and gives to gowns a decided cachet, which is the watchword with every smart dresser now. An entire suit of red, in a most expensive quality of cloth, had the coat cut in a three-quarter length, finished with stitched seams, the only trimming being the collar, cuffs and revers, of a velvet in a darker shade. A hat of a rough red felt, trimmed in self-toned cock feathers, completed a most fetching costume, but one best suited to an extremely young face. Possibly what gave this frock its best touch, was the (glimpses of the) under-bodice of white lace, an ivory tone, which seems to bring out all the hidden charms of this brilliant color. Pale gray is still much sought after; in fact, all the light colors are decidedly modish, the bias folds doing much in beautifying frocks along these colors. The sleeves are many of them only to, or a little below the elbow, and finished with huge undersleeves. These undersleeves are works of modistic art, ones of white lace, with revers and collar, of yellow velvet, lent their charms to a pale gray—in a silvery tone—gown, in no modest way, but it must be said that the bodice was more lace than cloth, and very elaborate in detail, and certainly extremely smart. The cloth skirts are cut on such generous lines, sweeping in fact, and trimmed with applications of velvet, or fancy silk and mohair braids, while stitchings in contrasting colors, is one of the much-favored ways of beautifying. White-cloth gowns are so exquisite in finish, that it is not wonderful that they command such

a bunch of grapes of white cluny. Across the shoulders, worn rather down, was a garland of roses, accomplished by using white satin, which was formed into flower shape. About the throat was a twist, and cravat, of black Liberty satin, the twisted ends carried down into a second bow, on the bust. The belt finish was a broad sash of red faille, while the buffant of the exaggerated bishop sleeves finally subsided into a broad cuff of red faille.

Costume of White Lace.

GOWNS in lace and ombre, that new, brownish cream, frequently show charming touches of delicate coloring, in painted, or appliqué flowers, and with these heaviest of laces, thin ones are used as fine as cobwebs, the two so blended as to appear but one sort. The illustration shows this scheme, carried out most admirably, being a combination of heavy cream lace with black Chantilly. The skirt in its lines takes on a tunic effect, whose deep points frame medallions of pink crape roses. Folds of black and pink chiffon edge the bottom of the skirt, while scattered sprays of the appliqué flowers head these folds in a highly-decorative way. The bodice is carried out in the cream lace with the Chantilly, and the appliqué sprays, the twist of black velvet passed around the throat being left to dangle at will, over the front of the corsage, the ends finished with a jet fringe. The hat worn with this frock has the flat crown covered with pale pink roses, and the brim in loose folds of black tulle, a deep fall of black Chantilly resting well down on the shoulders. The glimpses we get of the other gown show it to be an oyster-white cloth, with touches of Japanese embroidery down the fronts and in the epaulet effect over the shoulders. The neck finish is a finely-tucked, white crepe de chine, the folded collar spangled with black sequins, and a further touch of black given by the short cravat of panne. Many beautiful, rare bits of oriental embroideries are spotted on the smart dining-out frocks, and while the skirt length

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Life Than is Mormonism.

[BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.] BALTIMORE, Feb. 1.—Preaching at the Cathedral on "Christ, the only enduring name in history and the only

representatives of the allies will give him a final answer at the earliest possible moment. Meantime exchanges are still in progress between the allied governments and their respective em-

coast from which shellfish, supplied to the markets. The in these cases is due altogether to bad local sewerage. There have been other fatal warnings since

"Only a Boy" Stories.

TRUE NARRATIVES OF FINE DEEDS
DONE BY BRAVE BOYS.

By a Special Contributor.

NO. 5.—WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE.

AMONG the heroes of the American navy whose valiant deeds and high character are constant inspiration to the sailor boys of today, William Bainbridge occupies a place in the first rank.

He distinguished himself in three wars and, dying, left behind him a reputation for valor, uprightness, truth and probity.

Bainbridge was, in a way, as remarkable a boy as he was a man. He went to sea when he was fifteen and at nineteen he was a full-fledged captain in the merchant service, having worked his way up to that position by sheer ability and force of character.

Few times in this world has a boy of nineteen found himself a captain of a big ship; but Bainbridge was equal to the position.

Young Bainbridge first went to sea as an apprentice boy. He lived forward with the sailors and did a sailor's work, but in addition he had to study certain hours every day and to learn mathematics and navigation. His seamanship was being taught him all the time.

Many merchant captains took apprentices to sea with them in those days who learned to be officers in the hard but practical school of the fore-castle. They were not usually made officers until they were of age—some of them were never able to get a berth aft.

But when Bainbridge had been for three years before the mast he had shown such remarkable ability that the captain with whom he was sailing offered him the position of first mate in spite of the fact that he was only eighteen years old.

The owners of the vessel, however, decided to give the young man the place of first mate on another one of their ships, the *Cantor*, sailing in the Holland trade. When the boy officer went on board the *Cantor* at Philadelphia he found the crew drunk and mutinous, and the captain unable to control them.

Bainbridge soon had the men under control, the ship hauled out into the stream and what liquor there was on board thrown overboard.

This crew was a tough one and had no respect for the captain, who, in turn, was always "nagging" them. When the *Cantor* dropped anchor in the harbor of Rotterdam the sailors managed to get gin from one of the shore boats, and that night they got drunk and attacked the captain and second mate, intending to kill them.

Hearing the noise of a scuffle young Bainbridge grabbed his pistols and rushed on deck to find that the sailors had the two officers down and were just about to murder them with their knives.

Two men were bending over the second mate. Bainbridge brought the butt of one of his heavy pistols down on the head of the nearest sailor and, grabbing the other by his collar, tripped up his heels and sent him spinning backward down a hatchway.

Before the men could recover from the surprise of the sudden and unexpected assault, the boy mate had brought down two more with the butt of his pistol.

As he raised his arm for another blow his foot slipped and he went down on one knee. A man sprang at him with a knife and Bainbridge fired his pistol. But the powder flashed in the pan. The descending knife caught its point on one of the brass buttons of the boy's coat and, being thus deflected, made a long rip in the cloth, but did not reach the officer's body.

The second mate now pulled himself together and with the aid of one of the sailors who stood by the officers, they rescued the captain and drove the crew forward where they were allowed to get sober and repentant.

The captain, however, was scared by his experiences with the unruly crew and refused to go back to the United States in the *Cantor*.

So young Bainbridge came home in command of her and under him the crew behaved themselves all the way over.

His way was to treat the sailors squarely, feed them well and keep them busy; and so he always had a happy ship.

The owners of the *Cantor* were delighted with the way Bainbridge managed things, and as soon as he was nineteen they made him captain of the ship.

After making three voyages as captain of the *Cantor*, Bainbridge was made captain of a new ship, the *Hope*. On his first voyage in the *Hope* he had an encounter with a small British man-of-war, the captain of which desired to board the American vessel and impress into the British navy such sailors as he took a fancy to—a little habit the English had in those days, and which finally brought on the War of 1812.

The *Hope* was armed with four nine-pounders, had plenty of muskets on board and Bainbridge had drilled the men in target practice since he had been in command, in anticipation of just such an occurrence.

He refused to heave to at the command of the British vessel and a shot was fired at her which passed through the deckhouse.

Instantly Bainbridge let go with his double-shot guns, and after two broadsides the British captain sang out that he had surrendered.

There being peace nominally between Great Britain and the United States at that time Bainbridge did not take possession of the English vessel, but after inquiring what ship she was and receiving the reply, "His Majesty's schooner *Linnet*, commanded by Capt. Sir Philip Townes," he sang out, "Will Capt. Sir Philip Townes please go about his business and report to his master that if he wants this ship he must send a greater force or a more skilled commander?" Then he sailed away for home.

Bainbridge could now no longer be considered as a boy captain, though still extremely youthful for important command, and the other adventures, triumphs and defeats which marked his most active and useful

career are matters of history. He entered the navy and found himself in command of a gunboat at the age of twenty-three.

H. IRVING KING.

SEE PHANTOM TEAMS.

SPOOK HORSES THAT ARE SAID TO BE DRIVEN
BY GHOSTLY DRIVERS.

[Locke (N. Y.) Correspondence New York World:] A couple of ghosts are enlivening existence in this town, and, incidentally, are scaring half the population out of their respective wits.

In a most desolate region at the end of the old military road, a mile from the village of Locke, stands an old mill. It is the property of Bear Conger, a manufacturer of Grotton. Mr. Conger recently had an experience with blackmalters, who demanded that he should leave a large sum of money at a place indicated under the penalty of death. The rascals were caught, and one of them is now under punishment for his crime.

The old lumber mill is operated for a carriage company, of which Conger is president, and from twenty to thirty men are employed there. Long ago there was a great deal of torturing and scalping by the Indians about the site of the mill, and from these legends and its situation the place has always been avoided and regarded among the superstitious with fear. Inside the building there is a stump of a tree which reaches nearly to the roof. It is said that under this stump the Indians once burned a white child to death, and the stump was preserved to mark the spot by the child's family, who vowed vengeance for the deed.

Lately a new terror has arisen. It is declared by night watchmen and others that strange sounds are heard there at night, and these are followed by the appearance of two pairs of phantom horses, one pair driven by a man and the other by a woman, at furious speed. The horses, man and woman are all white. They enter at one end of the mill and come out the other, bounding away in the darkness.

These visits have occurred usually when the night watch was on duty. Four night watches have abandoned the job in succession, and the old mill is at present left in undisputed possession of the ghosts at night. The watchman to whom the apparition first appeared threw up his job next morning. The second one quit at the end of the second week, and the third one stood it for ten days, when he left.

The fourth was a German, who went on duty armed with a set of pistols. For four nights he was undisturbed, but on the fifth, toward morning, the ghostly procession dashed through the mill. The watch blazed away at them with his pistols, keeping up the fire until he could see them no longer. But "De dam thing right troo dem went," he declared, and the spirits faded away in the dark. Instantly the watchman was seized and thrust into the fire box under the boiler. There was little fire there, but the German's torn clothes and blistered hands were proof of his statement.

Several of the employes who go to work before daylight have been driven from the woods by the phantoms. In one case the terrified man didn't stop running until he got to the next village, and nothing could induce him to return, not even to collect his week's pay. A man of unquestioned veracity, who lives in the vicinity, has seen the apparition, as have many other citizens.

IN STIRRING TIMES.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN'S REMINISCENCES OF
TWO GREAT FIGURES.

[Autobiography of George Francis Train:] I was in Washington after this debate, which occurred in September, '62, and was warmly received by the President and members of his Cabinet. I had heard very much, of course, about the freedom of speech of Mr. Lincoln, and was not, therefore, astonished to hear him relate several characteristic anecdotes. In fact, three of the most prominent men in the United States at that time were striving to outdo one another in jests—the President, Senator Nesmyth of Oregon, and Senator Nye.

Mr. Seward invited me to a dinner at his residence, the historic house where later the assassin tried to kill him, where Gen. Sickles killed Philip Barton Key, and which in more recent years was occupied by James G. Blaine. Most of the members of the Cabinet were present. I was asked to describe some of the scenes of my recent travels, and told about Chinese dinners, to their great amusement. Afterward I told them a story then current about Wendell Phillips, the abolitionist. Phillips was once in Charleston, S. C., and returned late to dinner at his hotel. As he approached the door, it was held open by a negro slave. Phillips said haughtily that he had never permitted a slave to wait on him, and that he would not do so now. "How long have you been a slave?" asked Mr. Phillips. The negro replied: "I ain't got no time to talk erbout cat now, wid only five minits fur dinner." Mr. Phillips told the slave to leave the room, that he would not let him serve him at the table; he would wait on himself. "I can't do dat, sah; I is 'sponsible for de silver on de table, sah!"

Loud laughter greeted this story. In the very midst of the uproar the door was burst open, and Secretary Stanton appeared, his face white with emotion. In a choking voice, that was scarcely audible and would not have been heard had not every nerve in our bodies been strained to catch the momentous words we expected, he said: "A battle is raging at Antietam! Ten thousand men have been killed, and the rebels are now probably marching on Washington!"

There was a hush, and we told no more stories that night. It is remarkable that almost all the great battles hung long in the scales of victory. Neither side knew whether it had won until some time after the fighting had ceased. It was so at Antietam, and had been so in the case of Bull Run or Manassas. The true tidings came in slowly.

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—[Prof. Charles Eliot Norton.]

CAPT. KIDD'S CALL.

HE VISITS SUGARTOWN AND REVEALS PLACE
WHERE TREASURE LIES.

[New York Tribune:] Capt. Kidd's treasure is again threatened with discovery, this time through the agency of the supernatural world. David, Vaughn, a widower, who lives near Sugartown, announces that he is the possessor of a straight tip from the captain himself as to the exact location and the amount of the treasure.

"I'm livin' in a shack now," David said, "an' I'm doin' odd jobs fer a livelihood, but jest as soon as I kin get ready and take a trip to somewhere I'll come back here and make some folks feel pretty darn small."

David is a Spiritualist of the most enthusiastic type, and says he receives messages from his departed friends and family daily. His children died in infancy, but David recently surprised the townspeople by exhibiting several interesting portraits of them, full grown and attired in modern garments. He pointed out that the stylishness of their garb put a new feature on all notions of the future life. David's account of his interview with Capt. Kidd is graphic. He describes it thus:

"The Cappen come to me one night about two weeks ago. I was sittin' by my stove a-ponderin' on the certainties of life, jest after an affection' conversation with my dear departed wife. Suddenly I heard a clatterin' behind me, and, turnin' around, I come face to face with a tall, bristly-lookin' cuss, with a bed-quilt arrangement around his waist, jest crowded out with weepers. He had a thin face, kinder red, and a pair of long, whippy mustaches. His hat was peaked and pulled down over his eyes, and his pants was white and kinder half-long and fowlin'. Sez he, foldin' his arms across his chest, and lookin' stern:

"'Do you know me, Dave?'"

"'Ef ye had a skrit on I'd think mabbe ye was the speirit of my wife's mother,' sez I, kinder reachin' out fer facts."

"'Many have cowered before me in my time,' sez the figger. 'I am Cappen Kidd, the most practical, blood-thirsty pirate that ever walked the quarter deck.'"

"I tole the Cappen that I was kinder surprised to meet him, as I had allus thought that the gates was kept pretty close shut where he 'was passin' the winter, but he said he had a pull with the boss down there, and got out once in awhile to take a breath of cool and refreshing air. I invited him to sit down in a draught, and then he tole me his errand. He tole me that he had got tired of waiting for short sports and four-flushers to find his treasure, and had made up his mind to take a day off and give some honest man a straight tip. That's what he done fer me, sir. He said I was the honestest man he had heard of, and should have the treasure as a sort of joke. No, sir; I won't tell anybody anything about where it is. The understandin' is that when I git my hands on it I'm to set apart enough of the funds to pay a libel suit which Cappen Kidd has placed in my hands for prosecution."

"A libel suit?" David was asked, in surprise.

"Yassir; the Cappen tole me that some onprinciple cuss had wrote an article for a magazine a few weeks ago, which said that the Cappen wasn't half as bad as he had been supposed to be. This outraged the Cappen's pride, and I kinder think that was why he come up to tell me where his treasure is."

David says he will start as soon as he can raise enough money to pay the fare. The location of the treasure, he hints, will surprise a great many people.

THE WOMAN OF FORTY.

The woman of 40 is under discussion again. Ah! will we never get through with this delightful subject?

Will the women who write, and the men who think never decide, once for all, that the woman of 40 is the only invariable winner on the map?

"To be beautiful should be the object in a woman's career until she is 40, after which she should become a power," said a modern French writer, and it was also a Frenchman who ventured to say that a woman past 40 should either be abolished or take the veil. What a stranger, this view is indorsed by Miss Janet Achard, an English actress.

Now, why? Yes, why? There are those of us who believe that a good thing is always desirable, and by the same token we believe that if a woman is charming at 20 she should be even more so at 30, and altogether "killing" at 40.

You may not be able to tell off-hand whether she is 40 or 30; in fact, you may not be able to guess within ten years of her age. That is one of her principal charms. The woman who shows her age performs less one of her strongest holds on man; and what does a woman live for, pray, save to captivate the hearts of the male population?

Mme. Recamier was a belle at 80 years; Cleopatra set the world at 40; Aspasia was a power in Greece long after the bloom of her youth was fled; Mme. de Staël had a whole host of worshippers at her feet, including Lord Byron, when she was gray-haired—but why enumerate? The whole history of the world goes to show that the contention of the knowing ones concerning the potency of the woman of 40 is founded on the strongest of facts.

This is only another aspect of the eternal female. The girl of 17 may reign in the historical novel, and her sway may be absolute, but it is not the girl of 17 who reigns in the world at large, and who influences life as she is lived in the twentieth century.

The girl of 17 may get busy with her hearts on in awhile, but the woman who is 33 or 40 plus is the only charmer who cuts ice for any great length of time. All which revives the old quotation:

"What a strange thing is man, and what a stranger is woman!"

[New York American.]

Mrs. Mateland: Henry, I wonder if you love me as much as you used to love me before we were married. You never say the pretty things to me that you did those days.

Mr. Mateland: That's because I love you more than I did then, dear. I love you too much now to lie to you you know.—[Boston Transcript.]

WITH A PAPER OF PINS.

SIMPLE AND INEXPENSIVE—SUGGESTED
CHILDREN WHO ENJOY A PAPER OF PINS.

By a Special Contributor.

A number of jolly evening games can be played with ordinary pins, one 5-cent paper of which foundation for an evening's amusement. A Paper-Spearing Contest.—Tear or cut the paper into inch squares and pile them in a box lid. There should be several hundred squares. Make a good-sized heap.

Place the box lid in the center of the room. The game is to be played and give each player a turn in seeing who, in the allotted to the game, can spear the most pins.

By the rules of the game only one pin can be taken on the pin at one time. If two pins are taken both must be returned to the box. A small prize may be given to the boy who spears the most pins.

Pins and Marbles.—Each boy or girl takes a pin and a marble. The pins are then used to bowl over the pins. A prearranged place for the pin and for the bowler to stand, in order to have an equal chance. If more than three girls should succeed in bowling all three bowls allowed by the rules, the success can have "rubber" games together until one becomes champion.

Pin Run.—Young folk fond of a lively Pin Run. It is easily arranged.

Fill an ordinary square box with soft sawdust. Give each player half a dozen pins. Run around the room six times, endeavoring to reach the sawdust box, to drop a pin, that it will stand upright in the sawdust.

A quick run is not necessary, and not exhausting. A gentle trot is best, but the player must not hesitate in passing the box. He who succeeds in making most pins stand is victor in the game.

Potato Pin.—In this all the company get all players line up against the wall at the far end of the room and give each a pin. Signal each player begins rolling his potato pin, using the pin as propeller. The potato pin is rolled this way and that. It must be followed with the pin. The player first to reach the end of the room is victor.

Stick Pin.—Place a pin cushion on a table at the far end of the room and give each player a pin.

Each player is blindfolded in turn and to the pin in the cushion. As he is bandaged at the room most distant from the pin cushion, guided in any way toward the goal, this is no easy matter.

Pin Point.—For this game use a basket of bananas, peanuts or bonbons. The starting mark is the basket, and the goal by which happens to be handy. See that the basket has a clean, new pin. Every player has in which to get apples or other fruit, of course, speared and held on the pin. Persons who, in three minutes' time, land the goal is winner in the contest.

NOTHING FIXED.

Recently, when a church steeple was in section in a village in the west of Scotland, leading heritors had a conversation with the architect and pointed out the danger which he surmised from the action of the wind upon the great size of which surprised him. He thought it would be apt to disturb upon the pinnacle of the steeple. "Oh, the architect," said the architect: "You see, the steeple round with the wind, and never press surface to it. There is nothing fixed but the wind."

"Awel," said the heritor, "could ye no make the points turn round, too?"—[Scottish Notes.]

STORR'S EULOGY OF WATER.

It is related of the late Emory Storrs that, sitting around a wine table with a number of his friends, he insisted on drinking ice water. They all laughed at his abstemiousness, saying: "What water? You can say nothing for it." But Storrs pronounced the following eulogy of water: "How do you expect to improve upon what is furnished by nature? Here it is—Adam's only gift that has descended undiluted to us of Eden. Nature's common carrier is the rottenness of fermentation, not distillation. Virtues and not vices are its components. Cause drunkenness, disease, death, cruel children? Will it place rags on the backs of the poor, the stock, the farm and furniture? Will it cause poverty and income in advance and distress? No."

"But it floats in white gossamer clouds; it is merry and sky, and hovers in dreamy woods and of all our sparkling lakes. It is where filmy life of earth's landscapes in it piles itself in and shadows drift about in thunder heads, drawn masses of cloud, terrible hiding places, an electric flash of air with vivid lines of fire, and then it falls in rustling curtains, carried by the thirsty woods and fields, and in the eastern heavens His beautiful bow or in with a radiance that seems reflected out of the dew of the frost crystals of the and the dew of the frost crystals of the each leaf in the myrtle. It is here in the each fruit and find there where the corn of the meadow is billowing. It is the life of the world."

—[Boston Transcript.]

—[Boston Transcript.]

—[Boston Transcript.]

—[Boston Transcript.]

—[Boston Transcript.]

—[Boston Transcript.]

—[Boston Transcript.]

—[Boston Transcript.]

—[Boston Transcript.]

D'S CALL.

AND REVEALS PLACE
MEASURE LIES.

apt. Kidd's treasure is again
this time through the agency
David Vaughn, a widower,
announces that he is the
om the captain himself as to
amount of the treasure.

"David said, 'an' I'm doin'
at-just as soon as I kin git
newhere I'll come back here
pretty darn small."

the most enthusiastic type,
me from his departed friends
children died in infancy, but
townspeople by exhibiting
of them, full grown and

He pointed out that the
a new feature on all notions
account of his interview with
describes it thus:

one night about two weeks
ove a-ponderin' on the on-
er an affectin' conversation
Suddenly I heard a clat-

an' around, I come face to
ain' cuss, with a bed-quilt
at, just crowded out with
ce, kinder red, and a pair

His hat was peaked and
and his pants was white and
Sex he, foldin' his arms

tern:
think mabe ye was the
ser I, kinder reachin' out

me in my time, sez the
the most practical, blood-
d the quarter deck."

was kinder surprised to
thought that the gates was
he was passin' the winter,

the boss down there, and
a breath of cool and re-
to sit down in a draught,

erant. He told me that
for short sports and
ure, and had made up his

give some honest man a
he done fer me, sir. He
can he had heard of, and

a sort of joke. No, sir; I
about where it is. The on-
my hands on it I'm to set

to pay a libel suit which
hands for prosecution."
asked, in surprise.

me that some onprincipled
a magazine a few weeks
open wasn't half as bad as

this outraged the Cappen's
was why he come up to
on as he can raise enough

ation of the treasure, he
any people.

OF FORTY.
discussion again.
ough with this delightful

and the men who think
at the woman of 40 is the
map?

the object in a woman's
which she should become
th writer, and it was also

to say that a woman past
er take the veil. What
by Miss Janet Achured,

re are those of us who be-
are desirable, and by that
of a woman is charming

so at 30, and altogether
off-hand whether she is
be able to guess within

is one of her principal
as her age performs loses
man; and what does a

captivate the hearts of
30 years; Cleopatra up-
a power in Greece long

was fed; Mme. de Staël
at her feet, including
haired—but why enumer-

world goes to show that
ones concerning the po-
ended on the strongest of

of the eternal feminine,
historical novel, and her
is not the girl of 17 who

and who influences life as
century.
y with our hearts once

is 33 or 40 plus is the
any great length of time-
tion:
and what a stranger

New York American.
nder if you love me as
before we were married,
to me that you did in

WITH A PAPER OF PINS.

SIMPLE AND INEXPENSIVE SUGGESTIONS FOR
CHILDREN WHO ENJOY A ROMP.

By a Special Contributor.

A number of jolly evening games can be played with
ordinary pins, one 5-cent paper of which will supply the
foundation for an evening's amusement.

A Paper-Spearing Contest.—Tear or cut clean scrap
paper into inch squares and pile them on a pasteboard
box lid. There should be several handfuls, enough to
make a good-sized heap.

Place the box lid in the center of the table at which
the game is to be played and give each player a pin.
The fun consists in seeing who, in the fifteen minutes
allotted to the game, can spear the most pieces with his
pin.

By the rules of the game only one piece of paper may
be taken on the pin at one time. If two are captured
by mistake both must be returned to the pile.

A small prize may be given to the boy or girl having
the most squares when the game is at an end.

Pins and Marbles.—Each boy or girl receives three
pins, which are stuck upright in the carpet. Marbles
are then used to bowl over the pins. Naturally, there
must be a prearranged place for the pins to be stuck,
and for the bowler to stand, in order that everybody
shall have an equal chance. If more than one boy or
girl should succeed in knocking all three pins in the
three bowls allowed by the rules, the successful players
can have "rubber" games together until one or the other
becomes champion.

Pin Run.—Young folk fond of a lively romp will like
Pin Run. It is easily arranged.

Fill an ordinary square box with soft wood ashes or
sawdust. Give each player half a dozen pins and let him
run around the room six times, endeavoring, each time
he reaches the sawdust box, to drop a pin in such a way
that it will stand upright in the sawdust.

A quick run is not necessary, and might prove ex-
hausting. A gentle trot is best, but the player must
neither stop nor hesitate in passing the box to let fall his
pin. He who succeeds in making most pins stand up-
right is victor in the game.

Potato Pin.—In this all the company join at once.
Let all players line up against the wall at one end of the
room and give each a potato and a pin. At a given
signal each player begins rolling his potato across the
room, using the pin as propeller. The potato, of course,
rolls this way and that. It must be followed and guided
with the pin. The player first to reach the other end
of the course is victor.

Stick Pin.—Place a pin cushion on a table or a chair
at the far end of the room and give each player a pin.
Each player is blindfolded in turn and told to stick his
pin in the cushion. As he is bandaged at the end of the
room most distant from the pin cushion, and is not
guided in any way toward the goal, this will prove to
be no easy matter.

Pin Point.—For this game use a basket of apples,
bananas, peanuts or bonbons. The starting point is
marked by the basket, and the goal by a book or any-
thing that happens to be handy. See that each person
present has a clean, new pin. Every player has three
minutes in which to get apples or other trophies out of
the basket and run around the room with them. The
fruit, of course, speared and held on the pin. The young
persons who, in three minutes' time, lands most apples
at the goal is winner in the contest.

NOTHING FIXED.

Recently, when a church steeple was in the course of
erection in a village in the west of Scotland, one of the
leading heritors had a conversation with the architect,
and pointed out the danger which he supposed might
arise from the action of the wind upon the weathercock,
the great size of which surprised him when he saw it
up. He thought it would be apt to disturb the stones
upon the pinnacle of the steeple. "Oh, there's no dan-
ger," said the architect: "You see, the weathercock
turns round with the wind, and never presents any great
surface to it. There is nothing fixed but the cardinal
points."

"Awed," said the heritor, "could ye no' mak' the car-
dinal points turn round, too?"—[Scottish American.

STORR'S EULOGY OF WATER.

It is related of the late Emory Storrs that when sit-
ting around a wine table with a number of legal friends
he insisted on drinking ice water. They taunted him
for his abstemiousness, saying: "What is there in
water? You can say nothing for it." Picking up his
glass he pronounced the following eulogy of water:

"How do you expect to improve upon the beverage
furnished by nature? Here it is—Adam's ale—about
the only gift that has descended undefiled from the Gar-
den of Eden. Nature's common carrier not created in
the rottenness of fermentation, not distilled over guilty
fires. Virtues and not vices are its companions. Does
it cause drunkenness, disease, death, cruelty to women
and children? Will it place rage on the person, mort-
gages on the stock, farm and furniture? Will it con-
sume wages and income in advance and ruin men in
business? No.

"It floats in white gossamer clouds far up in the
merry ether sky, and hovers in dreamy mist over the
woods and all our sparkling lakes. It veils the
where flimsy bits of earth's landscapes in purple haze.
It piles itself in and shadows drift hour after hour.
thunder heads, drawled masses of cloud domes and
terrible hissing places, an electric flash from its mys-
air with vivid lines of fire, and shocks the wide
and falls in falling curtains, as carried by the winds,
the thirsty woods and fields, and old drapery all over
eastern heavens His beautiful bow of in God's mystic
with a radiance that seems reflected out of the glorified
"It glazes in the frost crystals of the mornen itself,
and the dew of the night. It silently creeps in tops
each leaf in the myrtle. It is here in the world and to
each fruit and flower there where the grass blades
of the meadow—heat is billowing. It gems the depths

of the desert with the glad green oasis, winds in oceans
round the whole earth and roars its hoarse eternal
anthems on a hundred thousand miles of coast. It
clasps its hands in the flashing-wave crests of the sea,
laughs in the little rapids of the brooks, kisses the
dripping, moss-covered old oaken well buckets in a
countless host of happy homes.

"See these pieces of cracked ice, full of prismatic
colors, clear as diamonds. Listen to their fairy tinkle
against the brimming glass, that sweetest music in all
the world to one half-fainting with thirst. And so in the
language of that grand old man Gough, I ask you broth-
ers, all, would you exchange that sparkling glass of
water for alcohol, the drink of the very devil himself?"

QUAINT CEREMONIES IN SIAM.

THE PRESENTATION OF THE "YELLOW ROBES"
IN THE CITY OF BANGKOK.

[London Daily Mail:] The Bangkok correspondent
of the Daily Mail sends the following interesting account
of two typical Siamese ceremonies:

"Decorations in the streets; some flags; here and
there a picture of the King with tapers burning as be-
fore a shrine. Curious crowds waiting. Pony carriages,
or 'gharries,' with their occupants, hurrying to the
center of interest, which is the front of a big wat, or
Buddhist temple. In the roadway there is a procession
standing at ease, with the principal figures absent.
Looking ahead you can see the blue uniforms of a mili-
tary escort. Just in front of you in the road there are
a number of oblong couches, roofed over like miniature
cottages—palanquins. The bearers are beside them in
antique-looking liveries.

"There are some led horses caparisoned in what might
be taken for cloth of gold. These are tended by un-
Christian-looking men clad in jackets and loose trousers
(too short) of green and gold. There are a military
brass band and some troops and officers in red tunics
and white helmets. A quaint mixture of ancient and
modern.

"The procession is waiting for the King, who is
within the wat with his suite making his yearly offering
of yellow robes to the priests. The King has many such
visits to make during these Thot Krathin (or presenting
of robes) festivities, and the value of the garments
which he thus distributes every year is set down at
£1000. On previous days he has paid his visits by car-
riage; today he goes by palanquin; tomorrow he crosses
the river in his royal barge.

"An interval of waiting and then a sudden stir; the
military come to attention; people are coming out of the
wat. Richly-dressed nobles, officials and officers appear
in coats nearly covered with gold work, and loaded
some of them, with medals; and then all eyes are fixed
on a figure borne high in a chair of state above the heads
of the people, so that all may see him. A dignified
figure, with a singularly pleasing face, and a winning
smile as he acknowledges the salutations of the people.
This is King Chulalongkorn himself and one finds it hard
to realize that the still youthful-looking man seated
aloft there under the state umbrella, held above his
head, has sat for thirty-four years on the throne of
Siam."

The next day the Queen of Siam presented yellow
robes for the priests at certain wats on the west side of
the river. Our correspondent thus describes the scene
on Her Majesty's return:

"Just as the short twilight is fading a stir on the
river and a bugle note tell us that the procession is re-
turning, and then we get a Siamese scene as character-
istic, perhaps, as any to be witnessed in the country.
One after another come a succession of immensely long
barges, curving high at the prow and stern after the
fashion familiar in pictures, and propelled by long rows
of oarsmen, or paddlemen. We notice one manned by
sailors, pulling sailor-fashion, but this is an innovation.

"The genuine Siamese style is seen in the majority
of barges where the men lift their paddles high after
each stroke all together like clockwork; while one,
standing erect, beats time with a long bamboo rod which
he thumps against the bottom of the boat.

"After the procession has landed it is reformed on the
quay, and in a splendid palanquin, borne high, the
Queen herself passes by. The seated figure is visible,
but it is now too dark to make out any details of its
rich attire. Her Majesty is of no less dignified appear-
ance in public than the King himself. After the Queen
there follow a number of smaller palan-
quins bearing members of the royal household. The pro-
cession moves at a slow and most stately pace along
the roadway and through the great gate in the palace
wall.

"As it disappears we have the pleasure of reflecting
that we have witnessed one of the most typical oriental
scenes that Siam affords, and the effect, in the dim half
light, very nearly realizes one's ideal of eastern ro-
mance."

DAYBREAK.

Thou hast not looked on Yesterday,
Nor shalt Tomorrow see;
Upon thy solitary way
Is one to pilot thee:
Thou comest to thine own
A stranger and alone.

And yet, alas, thy countenance
To us familiar seems;
The wonder of thy wakening glance,
The vanishing of dreams,
Is like an old refrain
From silence come again.

—[John B. Tabb.

READY FOR DEATH.

A man, being seriously ill, asked his wife to send for
the minister, who came and talked some time with the
good, old man. On leaving, he tried to comfort the wife,
saying that while John was very weak he was evi-
dently ready for a better world. Unexpectedly, how-
ever, John rallied and said to his wife: "Jenny, my
woman, I'll maybe be spared to ye yet."

"Na, na, John," was the reply: "ye're prepared and I'm
prepared. Dee noo."—[Scottish American.

WHAT LITTLE SEMINOLES PLAY.

SPORTS MUCH LIKE THOSE OF WHITE CHILDREN
IN BIG CITIES.

By a Special Contributor.

After the Seminole war in which the brave chief
Osceola was defeated, the government ordered all the
Indians in Florida to remove to a reservation in the
West. Most of them went, but a few took refuge in the
regions lying among the big Florida swamps, where their
descendants live to this day.

As soon as the Seminole child is four years old he is
set to work at some light task about the house. He stirs
the boiling soup, watches the fire and replenishes it
with sticks of wood, aids in kneading the dough for
bread, washes and pounds the "kooni" root, a sort of
potato, and contributes in many other ways to help his
mother in her work.

But the children have plenty of time for play, too.
The little girls have dolls made of sticks, with pieces
of rag wrapped around them, and they are as fond of
them as white girls are of their wax dolls with winking
eyes.

The Indian children build little houses for their dolls
and call them "camps," while the boys take little bows
and arrows and go into the woods and shoot small birds,
saying, when they return, "We have been turkey hunt-
ing."

Boys and girls sit around a piece of earth into which
they stick blades of grass and call it a corn field.

One amusement of which the little Seminole Indians
are fond is playing with teetotums. They take a dried
deer skin and peg it out tight on the ground. Then they
take the round roots of a peculiar grass called "deer foot"
and, thrusting through them little sticks about as thick
as a match and twice as long, they set them whirling
on the deer skin by rubbing the upper end of the stick
quickly with the palms of their hands. This they call
"having dance."

They also play at leap-frog, use the skipping rope
and build "see-saws." One traveler who penetrated to
the remote districts of Florida in which the Seminoles
live saw a very well-built merry-go-round which the
little Indian children had made.

They must have originated the idea of the merry-go-
round themselves for none of the children had ever been
away from home and the grown-up people of the tribe
had never been further than the nearest white man's
settlement, and in that place there are no such contri-
vances for the amusement of children. Nor could it be
learned that any picture of a merry-go-round had ever
found its way into the Seminole country.

The little boys of this tribe do not play at being sol-
diers, but they do play at being hunters. They throw
long sticks over their shoulders and say they have a
rifle. Then they go into the woods and make believe to
shoot game with the stick.

The Seminole boys and girls have a bad habit of eat-
ing between meals. A big kettle, filled with stewed
meat and vegetables, always stands ready with a big
spoon in it for any one who happens to feel hungry and
they will sometimes get up even in the middle of the
night to take a spoonful of stew.

The streams in the Seminole country abound in fish
and the little Indians soon become good fishermen.
But their ambition is to be trusted with a shotgun and
as soon as they are old enough they are allowed to take
one and go into the woods to shoot wild turkey. When
the Seminole boy is allowed to do this he counts him-
self no longer a child, but a man.

A FRIEND OF SPIDERS.

"As nothing is thoroughly respected these days with-
out a pedigree," says a woman who has spent a good
deal of time studying the structure and habits of spiders,
"it is well to understand that spiders can boast of the
highest distinction and one of the oldest genealogies."

"What?" cried her young niece who was home from
a boarding school for the holidays. "What! Spiders
boast of genealogy?"

"Exactly, my dear. Let me tell you. Their famous
progenitress, the notorious young lady of Lydia—of
course, you remember your mythology—challenged the
potent Minerva to a spinning match, and was on the
point of excelling her when the goddess flew into a rage,
tore up her work and struck her on the forehead with
the spoke of a wheel. This disgrace drove the young
woman to despair, and she straightway went and hanged
herself.

"But even goddesses sometimes relent, and so Minerva,
in pity, turned her antagonist into a spider, and you
see, my dear, her old and favorite employment has de-
scended to her posterity.

"I have always thought it was naughty of Miss Muf-
fit to run away from that little creature which one
day sat down beside her—it was ill-mannered, at least.
But, in all likelihood, she had heard a great deal, and
seen a great deal written, about the ferocity of spiders,
their cruelty and their insatiable appetite. Now, had
she known Pindar's Susan she would have known that
could spiders throw stones those who make such charges
against them would hear much smashing of glass. Lis-
ten:

"Aren't you a murr'er?" gravely Susan cries;
"Aren't you forever busy with that claw,
Killing poor, unoffending little flies,
Merely to satisfy your horrid maw?"

"But, Susan, don't you feed on gentle lamb?
Don't you on pretty pigeons cram?
Don't you on harmless fishes often dine?"
"That's very true," quoth Susan, "true indeed.
Oh, with what eloquence these spiders plead!
This little rascal beats a grave divine."

"Don't you know, too," continued the woman when
her niece had stopped laughing, "that spiders are really
useful in the economy of nature? They are the food of
many barbarous nations."

"You don't mean that human beings eat spiders?" ex-
claimed the girl with a pucker of astonishment.
"Yes indeed. The Blackfoot Indians and several
tribes of the Southwest eat them and enjoy them. They
are also eaten in South America and in Africa, the in-
habitants of certain sections of these countries spend-
ing much of their time in roasting large, juicy spiders
over the fires and eating them. The Bashile men con-
sider them quite a dainty."—[New York Tribune.

W. LOMA LINDA HOTEL HILL BEAUTIFUL
On the main line of the Southern Pacific R.R., sixty-two miles from Los Angeles. No fog-
always sunny. Among groves of blooming orange
trees. Scenery.

Life Then is Mormonism.

[BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.]

BALTIMORE, Feb. 1.—Preaching at
the Cathedral on "Christ, the only en-

representatives of the allies will give
him a final answer at the earliest pos-
sible moment. Meantime exchanges
are still in progress between the allied

coast from which shellfish, e
supplied to the markets. The
in these cases is due altogeth
bad local sewerage. There ha
other fatal warnings.

Care of the Body.

SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times does not undertake to answer inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice in individual cases. General inquiries on hygienic subjects of public interest will receive attention in these columns. No inquiries are answered by mail. It should be remembered that matter for the Magazine section of The Times is in the hands of the printer a week before the day of publication.]

A Reprehensible Practice.

A CORRESPONDENT writes as follows from a Riverside county town: "The Times' Health Department once noted the needless alarm many persons experience from reading, in advertisements of cures of heart disease, symptoms which nearly every one has, more or less, but which such advertisements state are sure indications of a very dangerous condition."

"If any reputable doctor can deny the statement made in another advertisement of that style, that a lump in a woman's breast is certain to be a cancer, and by the time it hurts, is past cure, he will ease the mind of many a frightened woman."

"Knowing how often there are kernels to be found in the meat of apparently healthy animals, it seems as if such lumps might be sometimes of a harmless nature when in human flesh, or they might be of scrofulous or tuberculous nature. Please publish the opinion of some reliable and conservative doctor. I think it would be of general interest."

It is quite true that speculative and conscienceless doctors are deserving of severe censure for the manner in which they frighten nervous people with their descriptions of imaginary diseases. This is particularly true of those quacks who make a specialty of preying upon the fears of young men, exaggerating the consequence of a symptom that is perfectly natural among unmarried men. Thousands of young men have been driven to the insane asylum and to suicide by these fellows. Some way should be found to make them amenable to the law in this world. They will certainly suffer in the next, if there is any truth in the theory of future punishment.

It is by no means true that a lump in the breast necessarily indicates cancer. Only in a small minority of cases would it have such significance. The correspondent should consult an experienced and conscientious physician.

Osteopathic Treatment.

MUCH interest has been aroused of late in the osteopathic school of medical treatment, professors of which were at first regarded with suspicion and mistrust. Today many intelligent members of the allopathic school are willing to concede at least some good points to this system, the practice of which has been legalized in fourteen States, including California. Osteopaths have a number of colleges scattered over the country, one of which was recently opened between Los Angeles and Pasadena.

There are still many who suppose that osteopathy is merely a form of massage, and only beneficial in superficial or muscular ailments. To such, the following communication from Dr. R. D. Emery, an osteopathic physician of this city, will be of interest:

"Disease of the human body, in part or as a whole, is a departure from the normal—chemically, morphologically and functionally considered—of such magnitude that it can be recognized as an abnormal condition by subjective or objective means."

"That animal and vegetable parasites, commonly called germs and worms, play an important part in the production or maintenance of diseased conditions is an established fact. For example, the little animal belonging to class sporozoa and designated by the scientific name of *Haemamoeba laverani* or *Plasmodium malarie*, is a one-cell animal so small that it cannot be seen with the naked eye, yet by entering the red blood corpuscles in man it causes the disease known as malaria. Again, we find small vegetable cells known as bacteria, which apparently cause disease, e.g., the bacilli which cause typhoid fever, those which cause tuberculosis and those which cause diphtheria. The number of varieties of animal and vegetable organisms which play an important role in connection with diseases of the human body is large, but not nearly so large as is usually believed by the general public."

"What part these organisms play in the great drama of disease is not understood, but it is known by the bacteriologist that if an attempt is made to develop bacteria or 'germs' in media, which are unsuited to their development, that they either perish, or else they grow and reproduce but slowly. They become weakened and deteriorated, knowing that there is an optimum, temperature, pressure and food upon which these 'germs' develop best, we find that if we can alter the environment of these organisms that we can lower their vitality and make them weak and powerless. It is already known that some diseases are stamped out by the icy cold of winter, while others are exterminated by the heat of summer for the reasons above mentioned. Take away the stagnant pools of water, and you remove the malaria from a community. Take away from the cellars, etc., that decaying waste of vegetable matter in the moisture, darkness and warmth of which, together with such food as it provides, the 'germs' of typhus fever, typhoid fever, etc., find a pleasant home, and you remove from that locality the danger of infection by the causative factors of those diseases. Remove from the human body those useless secretions, that undigested and unassimilated food, and those unnatural local congestions and you remove from the body those feeding grounds which are used by these insignificant organisms to produce such rapid multiplications in their numbers and their poisonous secretions that they are able to produce diseases in man. Having removed the feeding grounds the 'germs' become weakened and are thrown from the body. The cause of the disease

gone, the person is well, or soon gets well. Keep these feeding grounds constantly away from the body, and it is a question whether these organisms could ever gain a foothold to produce disease."

"Right here lies the future of bacteriology considered from the therapeutic standpoint, and here also must be considered the future of all acute specific diseases. How can we keep the body free from these feeding grounds of bacteria? This is much more easily accomplished than is generally supposed. We can so regulate the diet that the organs of digestion and absorption can readily dispose of the food which is introduced into them, and by osteopathic treatment we can so adjust the tissues and regulate the circulation that we can remove the local congestions which result from 'colds,' dietetic indiscretions, irritating influences of bacteria, anatomical displacements, mental influences, etc. These congestions show a muscular contraction which interferes with the return flow of blood to the heart from these areas. Such congestions produce an exudation of lymph from the blood vessels into the surrounding tissues, out upon the surfaces of membranes, etc. This exuded material, especially when found in the stomach and intestines, mixed with food, forms the best possible medium for 'germs' to develop in. To remove these 'germs' we must first demolish their homes, and we find that this is most quickly accomplished by taking away the new material which we consider food for us, but which serves them as food and shelter. As undigested food is very active in producing congestions, if we remove this material by discontinuing the injection of food, we soon reduce the inflamed condition by this method alone, and if we then use careful osteopathic treatment in removing all obstruction to the natural forces of the body, we remove the home of 'germs' and they die or are destroyed by the body."

"The meaning of all this may be obvious, or it may require a few words to perfectly elucidate the point. If by the osteopathic treatment and the complete removal of food from a person suffering from an acute specific disease we can destroy the media in which the 'germs' would develop, we not only cure the disease very quickly, but we so weaken by this process every bacterium which has escaped death, that it has very little power to exert an active influence over the next individual with whom it comes in contact. Therefore, in order to remove these acute contagious and infectious diseases from the world, we must remove the feeding grounds of the organisms, which produce these diseases, both those which partake of the nature of filth and stagnation upon the earth's surface, and those which are found in the human body, perhaps best described as decomposing material, which show indiscretions on the part of the individual. The enforcement of better sanitary regulations and a higher and more careful mode of living by the individual would adjust this matter, much to the disadvantage of pathogenic bacteria."

"That these principles are true I have demonstrated time and time again to my own satisfaction, and know of many other physicians who have done likewise. At the present time I am demonstrating this upon a case of typhoid fever in a boy of 14, to such an extent that the whole clinical picture of the case is changed. In handling this case I have so regulated the functions of the body by osteopathic treatment, and have so removed exudations from the stomach and intestines, that notwithstanding the fact that at the onset the case looked very grave, and the initial symptoms were very severe, the case has in no way been dangerous since the first, for the bacilli have been permitted no field in which to develop."

"In the treatment of this case no food—nothing but distilled water—was permitted to enter the stomach from the second day until the eleventh day. The inflammation in the stomach and the intestines was soon much reduced by careful manipulation, and as soon as this was accomplished the pulmonary congestion, the bronchial catarrh, the neuralgia of the heart and the epigastric pains, which had been very severe, began to subside. When this case was at its worst stage the respiration was 48, the pulse 138 and the temperature 103 deg. Fahr. Now, at this writing, at the end of the thirteenth day, the temperature is 99 deg. Fahr., the pulse 110 and the patient will be sitting up within two or three days."

"Two things are especially to be noted as illustrated by this and large numbers of other osteopathic cases. First, that by removing the materials upon which the 'germs' live, you, in a large measure, kill these organisms, the disease does not run its typical course, and the clinical picture is destroyed. Second, as there are no medicines given in these cases, there are no after-effects to be overcome, and therefore no long convalescence following such a sickness. As soon as the real cause of the disease has been removed, the patient is well."

Extremists in Hygiene.

IN HIS hygienic monthly publication, Medical Talk, the editor, Dr. C. S. Carr thus scores the extremists who run hygienic methods into the ground:

"On one hand we have a set of professional men who believe in drugs. If anyone is sick, has a pain or quiver, feels ill-disposed or languid, coughs or sneezes, some drug is immediately thought of."

"Give him a drug."

"No attention is paid to conduct or habits. Everybody is allowed to stumble along in his own way until strangled by some disease or calamity, then the doctor comes. He gives heed only to the present condition of his patient and undertakes to dose him back into good health."

"How the patient eats or drinks, how he sleeps or works, whether he is temperate or intemperate, whether he over-exercises or under-exercises, all these things are passed by and the materia medica is consulted for some remedy."

"On the other hand, we have a set of professional men who do not believe in drugs at all. These people believe in hygiene of all sorts and kinds. They have a string of dietary rules that would scare a blind horse. All sorts of calisthenic exercises."

"Each one has a particular manner of cooking food. There is a right way to go to bed, and a right way to

get-up again. All this and more until life is made some by a multifarious list of things that one must do and that one must do. Things that no one would think of doing except from a standpoint of health."

"Perpetual self-consciousness about the physical stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys, is all their life, simulation, circulation, digestion, nerves, phaw!"

"Then there is the class who have gone some muscle building, dumb-bells, Indian clubs, weights, leys. Lift, pull, strain, jump, squeeze. Make a class. Get a grip that would crush a doorknob, to become as strong as a steam derrick."

"Such people seem to have forgotten that the other tissues as important to the body as muscles are 'brains,' for instance."

"Big, strong muscles are essential for some of the prize-fighters, the coal-heaver, the blacksmith, have them. But the book-keeper, the editor, the do not especially need them."

"They say of a farmer who has more land than can cultivate that he is 'land poor.' He has a big farm. There is such a condition as being 'muscle poor.' There is such a condition as being 'muscle poor.' Muscle developed in excess of the needs of the body must burn out, filling the blood with the products of combustion."

"Put a trained athlete in a business office where nothing but brain work to do and see how quickly he will lie down. He can't stand it. Those large, elastic muscles must have their wonted exercise, or they will disintegrate rapidly. Burn out. The loose in the system uric acid. Had the muscles allowed their accustomed exercise, uric acid would have formed instead of urates."

Uncertainty of Diagnosis.

MEDICAL TALK gives the following instance of a case where doctors differed to a more than degree, in making a diagnosis of a case:

"A woman who had some ovarian trouble had through the hands of several physicians. The told her that she was pregnant. She was very pleased, as she had been married a year or two had been fondly hoping for such an event. The was rather suspicious, however, that there might be a mistake. So he called in another physician, and having him what had already been said and his own case. The physician made a thorough examination and pronounced it pregnancy in the fifth month."

"The woman was jubilant. The husband was quite convinced. Waiting a month or two he came he would make one more trial. He then took her to the office of a renowned gynecologist in this city, after a tedious instrumental examination, pronounced the case to be one of ovarian tumor. This said immediate operation was necessary to save her. He called in several of his colleagues who confirmed diagnosis."

"The husband still had some suspicion that it was yet a mistake. He took his troubles to several physicians who were personal friends. They advised him to go to Cincinnati to a certain diagnostician of great fame in this line. He took his wife with this physician, after a painstaking examination, and opinion in writing, placed in a sealed envelope, and return for them not to open it, but to hand it to a certain physician residing in this city."

"They obeyed the directions. The physician said they were directed to hand the written opinion to Cincinnati physician, made still another examination. Then, opening the envelope, found that he agreed with the Cincinnati physician. The diagnosis was: The woman was getting too fat and there was a large accumulation of adipose tissue in the abdomen. That there was nothing the matter with her, and tumor nor pregnancy. She was advised to exercise, take a little more exercise, and everything would be all right."

"The couple, after all the harrassment, and expense of obtaining the opinions of different physicians, returned to their home and went about usual employment. Subsequent developments showed that the last physicians made the correct diagnosis."

"All of the physicians engaged in this case enjoyed considerable local reputation. Hundreds of people are depending upon them for their opinions. Upon judgment people undergo operations. Poisonous medicines are administered, or any other heroic measures they may happen to advise."

If Nature put not forth her power
About the opening of the flower,
Who is it that could live an hour!

OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY.

W. J. HAYDEN, D. O.
DRS. HAYDEN & HAYDEN, OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS.
322 W. Fifth St., S. E. Cor. Hill, ground floor. Tel. Office residence, BU 2775. Pasadena Office—391 Dodworth Bldg., 7th and Broadway, 1:30 to 5:30 p.m.

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Valentine Gift

THEY NOW TAX BOTH P
INGENUITY.

From a Special Correspondent

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—Good Sir Valentine, being transformed from the patron hearts into the head of a gift on the pace established for him the rival St. Nicholas.

It seems only yesterday since the expression to his feelings in burn in the depths of paper lace and in the approach of the affectionate the young man's thought, if not toward violets at advanced prices, toward receptacles, and gifts quite a spirit of the day.

A fashionable shopkeeper insists that Valentine gifts is largely a matter of for several years they have been general, more personal and more expensive, who usually is satisfied with such admiration flowers, bon-bons or bonnets that will show relations of a more Placées, especially, let their in their purse strings run riot.

Heart-shape gifts, too, seem to have a vogue, and are not largely shown this year are suggestive art-works of jewelry, in bracelets and lockets in the form of your true lover's knot comes in a model for brooches and stick pins. old, and in their place small art nouveau are shown.

The young man has money a plenty, difficulty in making his choice. There are the daintiest of chatelaine rings for one's opera bag. A trifle of a mirror, whose face is hidden by a bird, with head thrown back, can sing. This costs \$12.75, and is to be a gold chain. In the same class a box in art nouveau of exquisite holding a miniature set in rhinestones. A small mirror is disclosed, in is no larger in diameter than a command from \$20 to \$30, according to the miniature and rhinestones. One has just sent out a box like the one.

The rage for all things Japanese has a pretty wrist-bag of heavy Japanese frame of heavily-chased gold. And ornaments offered is a barrette, very which may be worn either in the hair across the pompadour. It is of tortoise gold nail-heads, or a delicate tracery of gold in combs show the same dark, all studded with small gold ornaments with a tiny sea-shell in mother-of-pearl bon-bons, the smart shops are showing powder boxes in Watteau and Dresden to be put to practical use when their enjoyed. The most striking paper, crimson hearts, finished on the top of satin ribbon in the same tint. flowers, the most popular novelties in pale colors combined with exceedingly innocent, but they will a strike terror to the soul as well their sender. A Broadway florist is shaped baskets suggestive of Florida. They are a pale cream in tint, very costly.

An engaged girl will find exquisite especially for her gift to the fortunate in both Florentine mosaic and enamel and smartness both gold and silver. A particularly dainty frame is shown in enamel, with delicate traceries of silver under lily in the center, crowned by two small pictures, costs \$23 a appropriate gift for the "onliest man."

Her fiancé has his bachelor apartment after them they are married, she may send him for his smoking table, a combination lighter. A long, slender horn effect at one end with a silver tail. At the end a round alcohol lamp in silver. is a cigar clip. In real bone and costs \$27.50, but it also comes in cleverly reduced price.

Even the favors for Valentine parties their old-time character. One of the sets in this line is a perfect reproduction of a actress in her new role in a Japanese play of bisque, with real black hair, dressed in style. The kimono is of crepe paper, a fan is perfect to its smallest detail. The pedestal, which may be filled with ver-

From England comes a comical reproduction of a bag, which the London girl lover she goes. It is of real crash, paper, and about four inches in length. It is genuine leather, and a very real cord at either end. Within is a tube to be filled with candy boxes in heart shape there is and Japanese effects seem to be most all god of love being cast somewhat in the

For the Valentine dinner or party, there is a raspberry iced, served in a gold paper. These may be bought at any of the favors are sold. Dinner cards come

this and more until life is made serious list of things that one must do. Things that no one would expect from a standpoint of health.

consciousness about the physical liver, kidneys, is all their talk. action, digestion, nerves.

the class who have gone crazy dumb-bells, Indian clubs, weights, strain, jump, squeeze. Make big that would crush a doorknob, as a steam derrick.

om to have forgotten that there important to the body as muscle.

muscles are essential for some part the coal-heaver, the blacksmith, the book-keeper, the editor, the land need them.

farmer who has more land than he is 'land poor.' He has land with a condition as being 'muscle' to burn. That's it exactly; muscle developed in excess of the needs of the situation.

plete in a business office where he work to do and see how quickly can't stand it. Those large, broad have their wonted exercise. If ate rapidly. Burn out. This is uric acid. Had the muscles of some exercise, uric acid would have been.

gives the following instances of errors differed to a more than a diagnosis of a case:

and some ovarian trouble had been of several physicians. The last was pregnant. She was very been married a year or two for such an event. The husband, however, that there might be a child in another physician, first already been said and his physician made a thorough examination pregnancy in the fifth month. The husband was very jubilant. The husband was waiting a month or two he came more trial. He then took her to a gynecologist in this city for a thorough examination, pronounced of ovarian tumor. This examination was necessary to save her of his colleagues who confirmed.

had some suspicion that there took his troubles to several personal friends. They advised to a certain diagnostician who line. He took his wife then a painstaking examination, placed in a sealed envelope, which to open it, but to hand it, on physician residing in this city. The physician to hand the written opinion of made still another examination, found that he agreed with the first physician. The diagnosis was getting too fat and there was of adipose tissue in the abdomen. She was advised to discontinue exercise, and everything

all the harassment, anxiety, the opinions of different their home and went about. Subsequent developments made the correct diagnosis. She was engaged in this guesswork reputation. Hundreds of them for their opinions. Upon large operations. Poisonous, or any other heroic treatment.

not forth her power of the flower, could live an hour!

—[Tennyson]

ATHIC DIRECTORY.

DAISY B. HAYDEN, OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, 1111, Grand 1 floor. Tel. Office, 2nd floor. Office, 3rd floor. Hours, 1:30 to 5:30 p.m.

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Valentine Gifts.

THEY NOW TAX BOTH PURSE AND INGENUITY.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—Good Sir Valentine is rapidly being transformed from the patron saint of loving hearts into the head of a gift enterprise. If he keeps up the pace established for him this year, he will soon rival St. Nicholas.

It seems only yesterday since the amorous swain gave expression to his feelings in burning words, hidden in the depths of paper lace and impossible cupids. Now the approach of the affectionate old saint's day sends the young man's thought, if not his fancy, turning toward violets at advanced prices, bon-bons in extravagant receptacles, and gifts quite out of the old, simple spirit of the day.

A fashionable shopkeeper insists that the vogue of Valentine gifts is largely a matter of evolution, and that for several years they have been growing more general, more personal and more expensive. A young man, who usually is satisfied with sending the object of his admiration flowers, bon-bons or books, now selects a gift that will show relations of a more intimate nature. Flanccies, especially, let their imagination and their purse strings run riot.

Heart-shaped gifts, too, seem to have exhausted themselves, and are not largely shown this year. Of course, there are suggestive articles of jewelry, including bangles or bracelets and lockets in the form of tiny hearts, while your true lover's knot comes in silver, gold or enamel for brooches and stick pins. But these are voted old, and in their place small articles of the art nouveau are shown.

If the young man has money a-plenty, he will find no difficulty in making his choice.

There are the daintiest of chatelaine articles and furnishings for one's opera bag. A trifle in enamel is a chatelaine mirror, whose face is hidden by a panel, showing a bird, with head thrown back, caroling its own love song. This costs \$12.75, and is to be worn on a slender gold chain. In the same class comes a wee powder box in art nouveau of exquisite pattern, with a lid holding a miniature set in rhinestones. When the lid springs up, a small mirror is disclosed, and the puff within is no larger in diameter than a silver dollar. These command from \$20 to \$30, according to the quality of the miniature and rhinestones. One New York jeweler has just sent out a box like this set in real diamonds.

The rage for all things Japanese has brought into vogue a pretty wrist-bag of heavy Japanese silk in roses, with a frame of heavily-chased gold. Among the newest hair ornaments offered is a barette, very long and slender, which may be worn either in the back of the hair or across the pompadour. It is of tortoise shell, studded with gold nail-heads, or a delicate tracery of gold replica. The latest in combs show the same dark, almost ruby-red tortoise studded with small gold ornaments, in turn set with a tiny sea-shell in mother-of-pearl.

For bon-bons, the smart shops are showing jewel cases and powder boxes in Watteau and Dresden effects, which may be put to practical use when their contents have been enjoyed. The most striking paper boxes are the large, crimson hearts, finished on the top with great bows of satin ribbon in the same tint.

For flowers, the most popular novelties are the small automobiles in pale colors combined with white. They look exceedingly innocent, but they will absorb enough violets to strike terror to the soul as well as the purse of their sender. A Broadway florist is showing some odd-shaped baskets suggestive of Florida and palmetto hats. They are a pale cream in tint, very plain—and very costly.

The engaged girl will find exquisite double frames made specially for her gift to the fortunate man. They come in both Florentine mosaic and enamel, discounting price and smartness both gold and silver effects. A particularly dainty frame is shown in forget-me-not blue enamel, with delicate traceries of silver, showing a slender lily in the center, crowned by a heart. It will hold two small pictures, costs \$23 and forms an appropriate gift for the "onliest man."

If her fiancé has his bachelor apartments, and she wishes him to hint that smoking will not be under the man after they are married, she may send him the newest thing for his smoking table, a combination cigar-cutter and a lighter. A long, slender horn-effect in bone is tipped at one end with a silver tail. At the other end is nestled a round alcohol lamp in silver, while in the center is a cigar clip. In real bone and sterling silver this costs \$27.50, but it also comes in clever imitation at greatly reduced price.

Even the favors for Valentine parties seem to have lost their old-time character. One of the smartest trinkets in this line is a perfect reproduction of a leading actress in her new role in a Japanese play. The head is of bisque, with real black hair, dressed in true Japanese style. The kimono is of crepe paper, and even the tiny fan is perfect to its smallest detail. The doll stands on a pedestal, which may be filled with very small candies.

From England comes a comical reproduction of the traveling bag, which the London girl loves to carry wherever she goes. It is of real crash, pillow-like in shape, and about four inches in length. It has handles of genuine leather, and a very real cord gathers it up at either end. Within is a tube to be filled with sweet-cats.

Of candy boxes in heart shape there is literally no end, and Japanese effects seem to be most popular, the small god of love being cast somewhat in the shade this year.

For the Valentine dinner or party, there is nothing prettier than raspberry ices, served in heart shapes, through each one is thrust a dart and an arrow, made in gold paper. These may be bought at any shop where million favors are sold. Dinner cards come in the form

of double hearts, which stand upright at the covers. The correct flowers for decoration on this occasion are red roses, Jacqueminots or American beauties.

THE PROSPECTOR IN PARADISE.

A miner died a natural death and went straightway to his reward. He was not the first Troanduyker to die a natural death, but he was, so far as the narrator had been able to ascertain, the only one to land with his outfit on the Shining Shore. When this pioneer prospector had been there a long, long while, another miner knocked for admission.

"You can't come in," said the good man at the gate. "We have one miner here now, and he has ruined the streets. Turn a corner suddenly on the way to choir practice and you'll fall into a prospect hole. Besides, he is ever dissatisfied. No matter how good the claim, he will abandon it and go grubbing in another place. No, you can't come in."

"Now, see here, Pete," said the applicant, "I'm no parachute jumper, and I don't want to take no chances on a long drop. You let me in, and I'll not only agree to work myself, but I'll undertake to git that duck out o' these diggin's inside of an hour. You don't know me. I'm a miner all right, but I don't do no work. I'm the walkin' boss—see."

"All right," said Peter, turning the key slowly, "but if you fall, you go."

The newcomer peered down the shaft where the restless prospector was working and coughed. He picked up a pearl and let it fall on the miner's wing, and the miner looked up.

"What have you got?" asked the man at the top.

"Four walls of solid gold," replied the prospector.

"How long have you been on the creek—that is, in the camp?"

"Bout a hundred years, I judge."

"Say," said the walking boss, crouching close to the shaft and shading his mouth with one hand, "have you heard of the new diggin's in Hades?"

"No—what's it like?"

"Well, I've seen them bottling the pure quill—just dipping it up in the ravines and passing it through a funnel and carrying it away to cool. It's a hot country, you know."

"Are you a miner?"

"I am."

"Is that straight goods you are giving me?"

"It is, oh benighted brother, and I could say more, only my time here is limited."

In precisely thirty-eight minutes from the advent of the newcomer the prospector was out and the walking boss had jumped his claim.—[February Lippincott's]

IF WE ONLY KNEW.

If we knew the woe and headache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load,
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be?
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane
Would be cold and stiff tomorrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, these little ice-cold fingers,
How they point to memories black—
To hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How these little hands remind us
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns but roses,
For our reaping by and by.

Strange, we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange, that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine,
Never seem one-half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air.

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth today,
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents,
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all around our path,
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessing of today,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.

—[J. Waterloo Dinsdale.]

NOT CHRONIC.

The squire was trying to secure a pension for a needy old widow. The doctor was an important witness. He cheerfully accompanied the applicant to the squire's office, and stated what he knew about the army record of her husband. The squire took time to fix up the papers, and when the doctor went to sign them he found that what he had stated cut very little figure. The squire had given full rein to his knowledge of what must be proved if he were to succeed.

"But I can't swear to that, Squire; that isn't what I told you at all." Then he repeated the whole statement. The squire apologized and agreed to fix the papers over again. When he finished them and sent for the doctor, the witness discovered a good many changes in verbiage, but very little change in substance. The

squire had again told the story as he wanted it, and not as the doctor had stated it.

The doctor grew wroth, and used a few cusswords, assuring the squire that he was no d-d rascal, and didn't purpose committing perjury.

"Now, look a-here, Doc! You have a chance to do this poor old woman a great service. She is desperately poor. She needs that money very, very badly. You are the only witness left on earth that can do her any good. You know a good deal, but not quite enough. Don't stick in the bark, Doc. Just out with it. It will do her lots of good, and won't hurt you. No, sir; I pledge you my word that a man of your temperament will get over it in less than twenty minutes."—[Henry M. Wiltse, in February Lippincott's.]

Joys have three stages, Hoping, Having, and Had; The hands of Hope are empty, and the heart of Having is sad;

For the joy we take, in the taking dies; and the joy we Had is its ghost.

Now, which is the better—the joy unknown or the joy we have clasped and lost?

—[John Boyle O'Reilly.]

TOOTH TALK

NO. 39.

Prophylactic Treatment.

Few dentists have more than one remedy for sensitive teeth. My Prophylactic Treatment is elastic enough to fit any possible unhealthy condition of the mouth, teeth or gums. Prophylactic Treatment is more than a remedy—it can be made to fit any case. This treatment will arrest decay, heal and soothe the gums and sort tissues of a sensitive mouth, making dentistry as near painless as it is possible to make it without the use of deadly drugs. No matter how much you have suffered heretofore in having your teeth filled or crowned you will find that this treatment of mine, applied before the work begins, will give you the greatest possible ease and comfort during any and all operations.

Care of the Teeth.

When I opened this department four weeks ago, I had no idea of the number of people who were looking for just such an opportunity. Your teeth are cleaned, polished and put in the finest kind of order; the gums and tissues are treated prophylactically. A visit to my office, say, once or twice a month is all that is required to keep them in the pink of condition. My charges for work in this department are merely nominal, as I look upon it as a good advertisement for my business.

Bridge and Crown Work.

I believe in specialization. I have always made a specialty of Crown and Bridge Work. There is not only great difference in the skill employed in this work, but much difference in the quantity and quality of gold used, therefore it is best to go to a dentist who not only makes a specialty of this work but who is thoroughly reliable in every way.

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Life Than is Mormonism.
[BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]
BALTIMORE, Feb. 1.—Preaching at the Cathedral on "Christ, the only enduring name in history and the en-

Life Than is Mormonism.

representatives of the allies will give him a final answer at the earliest possible moment. Meantime exchanges are still in progress between the allied governments and their respective

representatives of the allies will give him a final answer at the earliest possible moment.

coast from which shellfish, etc. supplied to the markets. The in these cases is due altogether to bad local sewerage. There have been other fatal warnings since

Oldest of London Banks.

SURVIVAL OF SOME CURIOUS OLD-TIME CUSTOMS.

From a Staff Correspondent.

LONDON, Jan. 14.—Most people suppose the Bank of England to be the great grandmother of London depositories, but there is another bank in the metropolis which is yet more venerable than the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," and even richer in quaint memories and interesting links with the past. This is "Child's Bank," which stands just at the beginning of Fleet street—where once Temple Bar bridged the way—and of which Lord Jersey is now the principal shareholder.

"Child's" was the first regular bank in London, dating from 1600, and Oliver Cromwell and Nell Gwynn were among its depositors. Aside from its age and historical associations, "Child's Bank," which is among the richest of London financial strongholds, is most interesting because of the survival within its precincts at present of many of the old customs which were universal among the London business houses of three hundred years ago. For greater security, the "junior partners" and "salaried partners" of every old London firm were in the habit of taking turns, week in and week out, of sleeping at their "shop," and to this day the directors of Child's keep up the old custom—Lord Jersey, who is one of the richest noblemen in the land, spending an occasional night at the bank, like all the rest. In the olden days, too, all clerks who eventually did well came to have a share in the business by which they were employed—this being a survival of the apprenticeship system—and even now young men who enter the service of Child's Bank, if they behave themselves, can count on an interest in its operations in time.

No longer ago than the middle of Queen Victoria's reign many of the old customs regarding dress were still being adhered to religiously at Child's Bank. Then one of the partners had his head powdered, while another had to wear a brown wig with a pig-tail. All the partners and senior clerks wore knee breeches, slippers with buckles, blue coats with brass buttons and white neckcloths.

Child's Bank began as a goldsmith's shop. In bygone times, all shops of that kind did what would now be called a banking business, and in the case of Child's, the safeguarding of customers' money simply superceded the trade in the precious metal. Originally Child's was known as "At the Sign of the Marygold." The business in gold was done in the front part of the building, that of banking in the rear, and to this day the room in which the customers are received is known among the staff as "the shop." One of the most famous of the transactions of the bank as a goldsmith's office was the making of a silver "cisterne"—a sort of great bowl—for the Earl of Rutland. The "cisterne" which cost his lordship over \$3000, held fifty-two gallons.

They did a pawnbroking business at "The Sign of the Marygold," too. In the old ledgers of the shop can be found the record of \$25 loaned to the Countess of Devonshire on her coronet and of \$100 advanced on "plate." The bank also loaned Lord Seafort \$2500 on his sword and plate.

In 1689, the rumor had gone abroad that there was to be a run on Child's. Depositors began gathering and the situation looked so desperate that the proprietor of the bank called upon his friend, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough—the great Duchess—to come to his aid. The lady at once collected all the cash of her own upon which she could lay hands and made her friends contribute all the funds they could spare. With these moneys she drove down to the bank, the money, which was in bags, was carried in, and the establishment was enabled to pay every one who demanded funds. Hogarth made a striking sketch of Her Grace's arrival at the bank, with the porters carrying in the bags of gold.

Between the Bank of England and Child's Bank there used to be fierce rivalry. Once the larger institution determined to wipe the smaller one out altogether. So it collected all the receipts for money deposited given by Child's that could be laid hands on, meaning to present them simultaneously in the hope that the private bank would not be able to meet them.

The plan, however, "went agley" for Child's discovered what the Bank of England was doing and, in great alarm, applied to a wealthy nobleman for cash assistance. The man of title, who had a sense of humor, "obliged" with a draft for \$3,500,000 on the bank in Threadneedle street! After that Child's emulated Brer Rabbit and lay low. On the day when the trap was to be sprung, a clerk from the Bank of England arrived at No. 1, Fleet street, with a bag full of receipts on which he demanded payment. Simultaneously with his arrival, a messenger was dispatched to the Bank of England with the nobleman's draft, which he was instructed to cash. Meanwhile the representative of the "Old Lady" was told to present his receipts one at a time. The clerk at the desk took a record of them in a leisurely manner, and so managed to delay payment until the return of Child's messenger, when the representative of the Bank of England was paid in full with the notes of his own institution.

Cromwell and Nell Gwynn dealt with the bank in its earliest days. The favorite overdrew her account, and at her death was in Child's debt to the extent of over \$4000. There is no record that King Charles II ever made the little sum good.

It is not much that a man can save

On the sands of life, in the straits of time,
Who swims in sight of the great third wave
That never a swimmer shall cross or climb.
Some wail washed up with the strays and spars
That ebb tide shows to the shore and the stars;
Weed from the water, grass from a grave,
A broken blossom, a ruined rhyme.

—[Swinburne.]

THE LATEST CRUSADERS.

While women were being cared for, the men pilgrims of the Doukhobors—some six hundred in number—had started on their "walk to Jesus." Early in the morning they paraded Yorkton, singing their dirge-like hymns.

For ten days the seekers for the new light plodded to the east. Neither hunger nor exposure could daunt their determination. Thirty returned to their villages at various points in their journey, but fifty others came from distant points to take their places. At Millwood, three days after leaving Yorkton, they expected the Savior to reveal Himself, and when He failed to appear they were confident they would meet Him in Winnipeg. The strain of long-continuous religious excitement, combined with insufficient nourishment, made many of them subject to hallucination. "John the Baptist," the leader would frequently cry aloud and leap and clutch the air. "I see Him!" he would scream in an agony. "I see Jesus, my brothers. He is here. You will see Him soon." At every such outbreak a paroxysm of emotion would sweep like a wave down the long procession. Three or four were so weakened that they had to be carried on litters. And at last, discouraged and exhausted, they were forced into trains by the police at Minnedosa and taken home.—[Leslie's Monthly for February.]

WINTER SPORTS IN THE ALPS.

THE EISBAHN AT DAVOS, CRICKET, APPLE SPEARING AND "TAILING."

[London Mail:] The High Alps of Switzerland are nowadays not merely "Europe's Playground" in summer, but in winter also. Davos Platz, St. Moritz, Arosa and Grindelwald are just as crowded with visitors in January as in August. And the lucky folk who can spare the time for a winter holiday 5000 feet above sea level are much to be envied.

Every day at a resort like (for instance) Davos is crowded with employment. The true Davos sportsman rises before the sun has appeared from behind the mountains, and after a breakfast of rolls and coffee such as only the Swiss can produce he sallies forth in the crisp air to catch the toboggan club's train.

This is a "special" which is run by the Rhaetian Railway Company every day at 9:25 a.m. from Davos to Wolfgang, where the toboggan course starts.

The "Klosters run," as this course is called, from the village at its foot, is, on a fine day in the season, a sight to be remembered. Surrounded by unrivalled scenery, it winds through impressive forests of pines, each tree laden with cushions of snow. Down this silent highway rush twenty, forty, sixty tobogganers at full tilt, showers of snow flying from the runners of their tiny steeds and the iron-shod pegs with which these are guided.

Now and then an unfortunate member of the band "runs out" into the fleecy drifts at the side of the road, and amid loud laughter emerges whitened from head to foot. Some upset or collide in trying to pass each other. Nevertheless, accidents of this sort are rarely serious here. Snow is a very gentle thing on which to tumble.

But the real business of the tobogganers' day begins when the top of the racing course itself is reached. Up to that point the tobogganing has been a "go-as-you-please" matter.

In a race, however, the sport—or art?—is taken much more seriously. Racers start at intervals of three minutes apart. Their departure from the line at the top of the run is telephoned down by private wire to the club-room opposite the winning post, a couple of miles away in Klosters village. The precise moment of each tobogganer's arrival at the post is noted, and their "times" are tabulated accordingly. The individual who covers the course in the shortest time has won the race.

The results of each race are awaited with the utmost eagerness both by tobogganers themselves and onlookers also.

Sweepstakes are organized in connection with the big events of the season. As soon as the races are over the whole gathering takes the train back from Klosters to Davos, which latter place is reached in time for lunch.

After lunch follows a spell of skating. The Davos "Eisbahn"—the largest artificial rink in Europe—is crowded daily with skaters ranging in skill from professionals of world-wide reputation to tyros who find the mere problem of standing upright sufficiently difficult to afford an endless round of never-flagging excitement.

A band plays frequently. International speed and figure-skating and "bandy" (ice hockey) matches are also arranged. Teams travel from Berlin, Amsterdam and St. Moritz specially to compete with the Davos bandy club, and on match days the local excitement is intense. Needless to say, Britishers take the lead in bandy; its fascination doubtless partly consisting in its decided tinge of danger.

Close to Davos there is a small lake which, when frozen, affords perhaps the finest skating in Europe.

The ice is literally like a pane of glass both in surface and transparency. Unfortunately, a heavy fall of snow generally puts an end to its usefulness fairly early in the season.

Until this untoward and dreaded event takes place, however, the Davos lake skating monopolizes every sportsman's attention. It is too precious to be wasted. Tobogganing and everything else must go to the wall. Huge picnic parties are organized, and skaters remain on the lake from dawn till dusk, and (if there be a full moon,) until midnight. Great is the grief when the inevitable storm comes and covers the exquisite ice beneath a foot or more of snow.

Still, though it would be out of the question to clear so big a sheet as the lake, the rink is always dug out however deeply buried.

Skating is not the only amusement on the Davos rink. Curling (an even more Scots game than golf,) is followed keenly by a number of devotees, who come here specially for the purpose. For nowhere in the Land o' Cakes is such perfect ice to be had for a continuous three months of every year.

At sundown—which occurs somewhat early in this mountainous land—every Davoser takes tea, either at his hotel or with a party in one of the teashops. Immediately afterward, before darkness falls, the toboggan is

brought out again, this time for a run down the Schatzalp.

The top of the Schatzalp is lazily attained in a motor car, pulled by a rope, whose motive power is electrical. At the summit there is the inevitable enormous gigantic sanatorium, its terrace commanding one of the most glorious views in Switzerland.

The road from this sanatorium into Davos Platz is two miles in length, and though full of V-shaped dips it is tobogganed comfortably under ten minutes. By the bye, lies the difference between a toboggan and a cycle. The former can negotiate roads which the latter dare never attempt. Given a straight road and a slope, tobogganing beats cycling on its own ground in speed and pleasure. But on a toboggan you can enjoy a hill whose sinuousness would make it impossible on a bicycle.

"Tailing" is a sport peculiar to the high Alpine resorts. It consists in tying a string of toboggans, sleigh or a pair of horses, and going for a drive. Fun comes when the corners are reached. Then the driver of the tail tries its best to fling off its riders, and succeeds. The successful taylor is he (or she) who most nearly imitate a limpet's clinging power, hardly necessary to add that the faster the pace, the greater the element of excitement.

Cricket on the ice is another amusement indigenous in Alpland, but a more popular game is apple-while tobogganing.

Thus passes an Alpine winter day. Followed by a dance or a concert in the evening, it represents a crowded life of pleasure as any reasonable person could desire; a life, too, which owns this peculiar tonic on earth.

Nor are these winter playgrounds so very far home. Davos is only thirty hours from London, the return fare (first class via Calais) comes to eleven pounds.

NATURE IS A BACK NUMBER.

The philosophers who prate about "returning to nature," living "according to nature," and so on, are amusing chaps. Who is nature, anyway? A bungler, a novice, a child in the human art. For particulars see that chicken fattening which has just begun business in Newton, Kan., with a capacity of 5000 chickens. "By a new process of strutting will be used for forcing prepared food into the throats of the chickens," thereby adding three pounds to each fowl in three weeks. Nature be hanged! depended on nature what should we do for poultry gras?—[New York Sun.]

A feature of the late durbar jamboree in India was the release of 16,000 civil prisoners. If the same had been turned loose, peaceable and law-abiding citizens would have had some lively times.—[Daily Register.]



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The Gutta Percha Tree. From Man ...

Uses for Handkerchiefs

THE FOUNDATION FOR PRETTY
USEFUL ARTICLES.

By a Special Contributor.

WITH sales of white goods dangling so attractive bait, the wise needlewoman mind the numerous and dainty possibilities. Time was when the handkerchief was merely an accessory of the toilet, as the basis of many attractive articles. Hand covers, handkerchiefs, cases, sewing collars and stocks, and even corset covers, selecting handkerchiefs for fancy work of a quality which will not thicken in use, if an embroidered edge is desired, make the finish is firm and will not ravel out in wearing.

For pillow shams use small handkerchiefs, quarter inch hem, inside of which runs a thread of an inch, with a small conventional corner. For each sham join four of the same weight insertion, such as a good grade of torchon. Finish the sham with a frill on the insertion, held loosely but not ruffling the corners. If the sham is three yard square before the lace is sewed on, the lace should be sufficient. If exceeding dimensions are desired, use sheer linen handkerchiefs.

Bureau Covers.
For bureau covers allow three handkerchiefs with narrow hems, showing a delicate embroidery inside the hem. Join with inch-wide insertion and run a band of the same size, finishing with a frill of edging to match. These are particularly effective if laid in a line in a tint to match the other furnishings. Four yards each of insertion and edging needed.

The handkerchief will make a dainty collar much more effective than one which can be made ready made in a shop for the same price. Select a sheer handkerchief with an embroidered open pattern. Cut off the edge to a depth of half inches, use the center of the handkerchief, and make up just as you would ordinary into the turn-over collar and cuff. Turn the corners neatly. The Japanese bordered handkerchiefs in pale colors lend admirably to this work, and can be purchased at sales as low as 15 cents.

A tailored stock effect is desired use two handkerchiefs showing hemstitching and edging.

Make a soft crush collar with one, showing in the center, and finish with a four-inch hem from the second handkerchief. There should be edging left from the collar to make a black cuff.

Covers.

Best covers made from handkerchiefs are the ones which are enjoying quite a vogue.

Each cover select two fine handkerchiefs of the same pattern, preferably a hem inside of a bow knot, fleur-de-lis or other small pattern.

Embroidery. Divide each handkerchief in four pieces form triangles, not oblongs. One of the apex pointed upward forms the central part of the cover.

Joined to this on either side by fine valance are two more triangles, literally standing on their apexes, their bases running along the upper garment.

In the center of each of these pieces is a small semi-circle, forming the arm's eye. Cut the remaining triangle in half at the apex of each turning upward, join by the side pieces. This gives five pieces, cut from the handkerchiefs, forming an oblong about nine by twenty-eight inches long.

Across each of these pieces, which takes the place of a hem down the center. For a waist line, hem the oblong with a piece of heading, through which the run to fit the cover to the figure.

Finish the garment at the top and to form the make a strap of insertion and lace with hem, allowing eleven inches to go over the shoulder.

Finish the arm's eye with heading and lace to

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Uses for Handkerchiefs.

THE FOUNDATION FOR PRETTY AND USEFUL ARTICLES.

By a Special Contributor.

WITH sales of white goods dangling their most attractive bait, the wise needlewoman bears in mind the numerous and dainty possibilities of handkerchiefs. Time was when the handkerchief was valued merely as an accessory of the toilette; now it forms the basis of many attractive articles, including covers, handkerchiefs cases, sewing bags, turn-over collars and stocks, and even corset covers.

In selecting handkerchiefs for fancy work choose those of a quality which will not thicken in washing. If an embroidered edge is desired, make sure that the finish is firm and will not ravel out in the first laundering.

For pillow shams use small handkerchiefs showing quarter inch hem, inside of which runs a tuck of an eighth of an inch, with a small conventional pattern in the corner. For each sham join four of these with a medium weight insertion, such as a good grade of imitation tulle. Finish the sham with a frill of lace to match the insertion, held loosely but not ruffled, except at turning the corners. If the sham is three-quarters of a yard square before the lace is sewed on, four yards of the lace should be sufficient. If exceedingly dainty shams are desired, use sheer linen handkerchiefs with valenciennes lace.

For Bureau Covers. For bureau covers allow three handkerchiefs, preferably with narrow hems, showing a delicate tracery of embroidery inside the hem. Join with inch-wide valenciennes insertion and run a band of the same around the heart, finishing with a frill of edging to match the insertion. These are particularly effective if laid over silk or silklike in a tint to match the other furnishings of the room. Four yards each of insertion and lace will be needed.

One handkerchief will make a dainty collar and cuff set much more effective than one which can be purchased ready made in a shop for the same price.

Select a sheer handkerchief with an embroidered edge as an open pattern. Cut off the edge to a depth of two and a half inches, use the center of the handkerchief for the hands, and make up just as you would ordinary embroidery into the turn-over collars and cuffs, being careful to turn the corners neatly. The Japanese silk embroidered handkerchiefs in pale colors lend themselves admirably to this work, and can be purchased at special sales as low as 19 cents.

If a tailored stock effect is desired use two handkerchiefs of sheer linen showing hemstitching and drawn work. Make a soft crush collar with one, showing a point in the center, and finish with a four-in-hand bow, made from the second handkerchief. There should be enough edging left from the collar to make a pair of cuff-back cuffs.

Cover Covers. Cover covers made from handkerchiefs are the newest thing and are enjoying quite a vogue. For each cover select two fine handkerchiefs, showing the same pattern, preferably a hem inside of which are bow knots, fleur-de-lis or other small patterns in the embroidery. Divide each handkerchief in half, so that the pieces form triangles, not oblongs. One triangle with the apex pointed upward forms the central piece in the back, the base of the triangle running along the waist line. Join to this on either side by fine valenciennes insertion are two more triangles, literally standing on their apexes, their bases running along the upper edge of the garment. In the center of each of these pieces is cut down a small semi-circle, forming the arm's eyes. For the front pieces cut the remaining triangle in half, and with the apex of each turning upward, join by insertion the side pieces. This gives five pieces, cut from four handkerchiefs, forming an oblong about nine inches wide by twenty-eight inches long. Across each end run a cord, which takes the place of a hem down the front the cover. For a waist line, hem the oblong neatly, and finish with a piece of beading, through which wash cord is run to fit the cover to the figure.

Finish the garment at the top and to form the arm-holes, make a strap of insertion and lace with beading down, allowing eleven inches to go over the shoulder. Finish the arm's eye with beading and lace to match

that at the top. Run wash ribbon through the beading, and the corset cover then be drawn in to fit perfectly over the bust. For 12 cents a yard a dainty imitation valenciennes insertion and edging can be bought. Four yards of the former and three of the latter will be needed, which will cost, all told, 84 cents. Add to this two handkerchiefs at 25 cents and the pretty bit of lingerie will cost \$1.34. This could not be duplicated in a shop under \$2.

Handkerchiefs at 19, or even 17 cents and lace at 8 cents a yard will also make up effectively, if care be taken in the selection. During special sales even better bargains may be secured.

Wash Bags.

A stunning work bag for a dashing brunette may be made from an ordinary bandanna handkerchief.

Select a subdued pattern, run a circular casing close to the edge of the handkerchief, and through this draw ribbons of red and yellow, matching the tints in the handkerchief. The four corners form points which hang over and finish the little bag. If a stiff bottom is desired for the bag sew inside the center of the handkerchief a small circle of pasteboard covered with turkey-red calico, measuring three or four inches in diameter.

The stylish English handkerchiefs in colors which now come for men make beautiful handkerchief cases. They cost from 50 cents to \$1, and can be secured in almost any combination of tints.

Take one in violet and white, for instance, with the color in pin stripes. Line it with white or violet lawn, and then fold the four corners together, forming a smaller square. Join three of these with loose cat-stitching in violet, lay inside the case a small sachet made from white or violet lawn, trimmed with lace and scented with violet powder, and a really dainty receptacle is obtained. Care must be taken in selecting the handkerchief, because unless it is absolutely square, it will not give the desired result—that of a square envelope.

FAMOUS WOMEN SWINDLERS.

PROTOTYPES OF MME. HUMBERT AND THEIR FRAUDULENT EXPLOITS.

[Tit-Bits:] The sensational arrest of Mme. Humbert drags once more into the glare of public notoriety that amazing female impostor. Among clever swindlers she may lay claim to highest rank. In every class she found dupes whom she exploited with a ruthless craft, whereof the records of crime can find no equal, and whose blind faith in her pretensions affords a strange study in human credulity.

Beside her exploits, those of Mrs. Gordon-Ballie seem but commonplace; and yet the Scottish adventuress was a woman of no ordinary caliber. Sprung, like Mme. Humbert, from humble parentage, she rose superior to the disadvantages of her birth, and after a tentative and not very successful debut in imposture under her own name disappeared for some years, to reappear as Mrs. Gordon-Ballie, the friend of Syke crofters and universal philanthropist.

Throughout the whole of one severe winter she toured the northern isle, haranguing the crofters and dispensing an ostentatious charity from the proceeds of large gifts, accruing from the purse of an octogenarian baronet whom her guile had brought to her feet. Later, in the same cause, she traveled to Australia, where her success was such that she returned with a grant of 70,000 acres—whereon to found a settlement for her protégés—from the government of Victoria.

Her subsequent career was less romantic. Funds running short, she and her husband—she had been married privately to a man named Frost—were reduced to defrauding tradesmen by cashing worthless cheques. After a while she was detected, tried and sentenced to five years' penal servitude, her partner in guilt escaping with but eighteen months.

A notorious female sharper was Mary Moders, who may be styled the prototype of the modern adventuress. The daughter of a Canterbury Cathedral chorister, she completed her criminal education abroad, whence she returned as a German Princess, in which character she imposed upon people right and left, obtaining large sums from her fatuous dupes, with more than one of whom she went through the form of marriage. Subsequently she took to swindling tradesmen and was transported to Jamaica, whence she escaped only to end her career on the gallows.

The self-styled Baroness de Menckwitz was a woman of many devices who piled her artifices at the end of the eighteenth century. Among other schemes for making money was a gallery where she sold pictures and sculp-

ture that had previously been obtained on credit from too confiding tradesmen; and a fancy dressmaking establishment, that was but a cloak for her nefarious practices. She then took a house in Somerset street, Portman Square, and with the assistance of the "Baron," who, she asserted, was about to be appointed Austrian Ambassador, contrived for a time to live in lavish style by fraud.

Bertha Heyman, like Mme. Humbert, was a woman of large ideas. She put up at the most expensive and fashionable American hotels, had a train of servants, and gave herself out to be the possessor of \$8,000,000. Such pretensions were accepted without question by her dupes, and she netted large sums—on one occasion several hundred thousand dollars from a commercial traveler from Montreal. Like her French counterpart, she is said to have been able to impose upon even the smartest of financiers.

Very ladylike was Emily Lawrence, and none of the London jewelers on whom she bestowed her patronage suspected an ardent thief in the handsomely-dressed occupant of the well-appointed equipage that stopped at their doors. Her depredations were on a large scale, \$10,000 being the value of the gems which on one occasion alone she contrived to carry off from Paris. She eventually received seven years, but what became of the proceeds of her many ingenious robberies has never been known, the long-credited story that they were concealed somewhere in Milbank being disproved when that prison was demolished.



It's
The
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representatives of the allies will give him a final answer at the earliest possible moment. Meantime exchanges are still in progress between the allied

coast from which shellfish, supplied to the markets. The in these cases is due altogether bad local sewerage. There has

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